TRUE WEST

April, 1967 35¢

BLUE-EYED HERMAN WOLF
BY MAURICE KILDARE

"LOOPS AND SWIFT HORSES ARE SURER THAN LEAD"
BY WALT COBURN

ON-FICTION

TRUE WEST Frontier Times OLD WEST

OMEBODY LOST THREE MILLION OLLARS!

•

SAINT OR DEVIL?

•

POWDER RIVER EXPEDITION

•

IN DEFENSE OF THE "OLD-TIME" COYOTE

•

INDIAN SADDLE MAKERS
By Glenn Vernam

TWENTY YEARS AMONG OUR HOSTILE INDIANS

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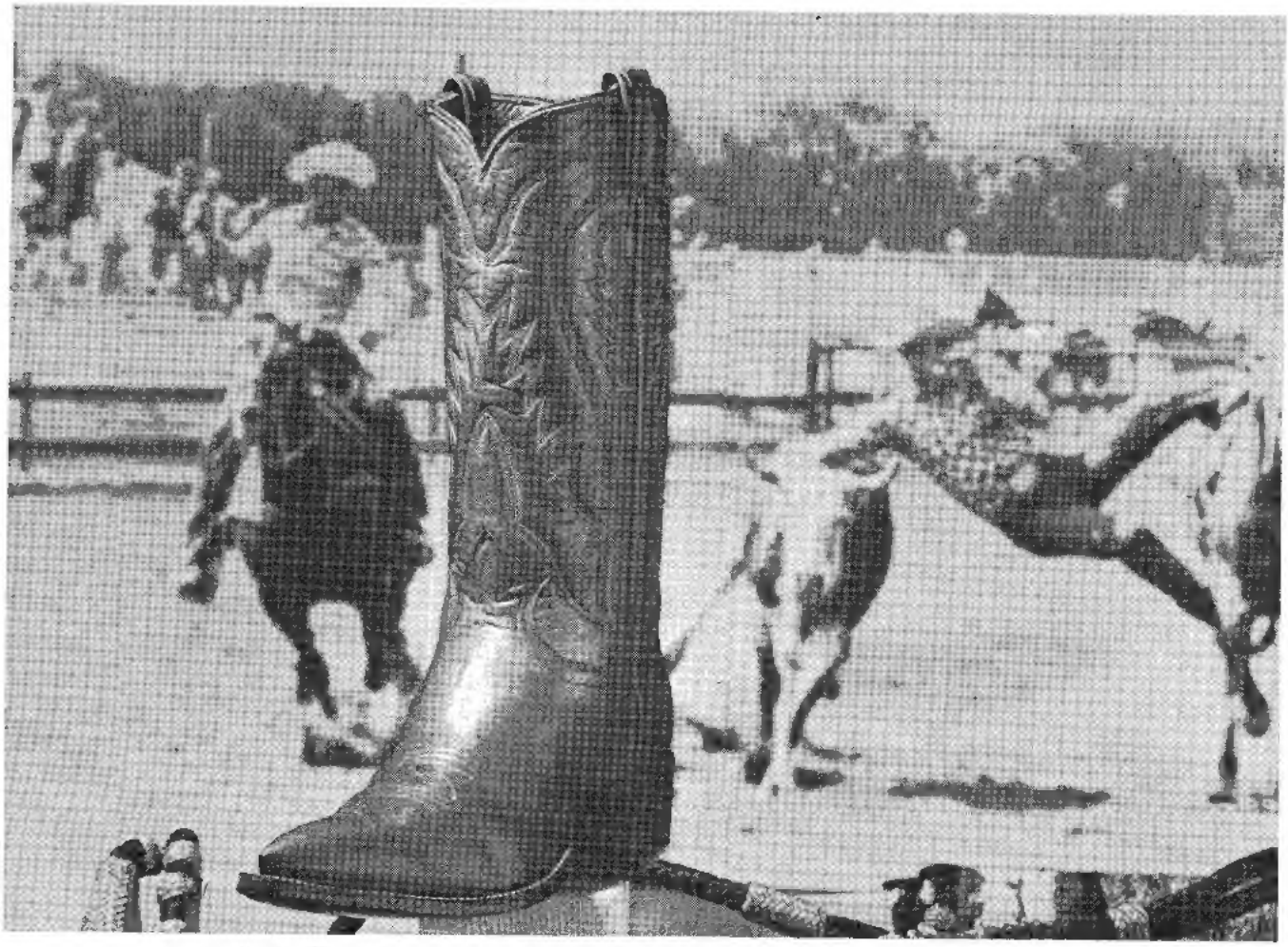

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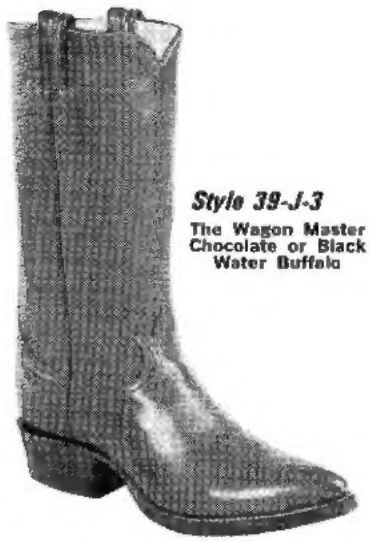

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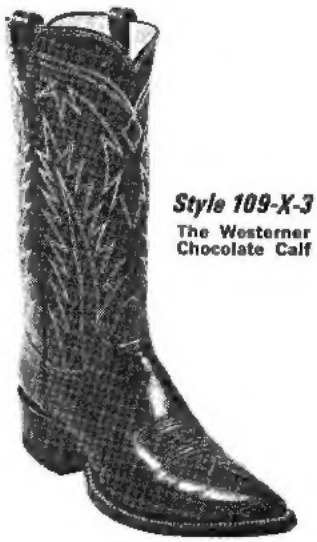

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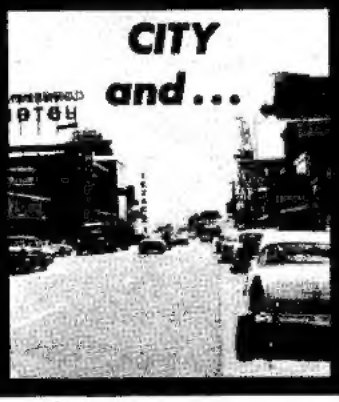

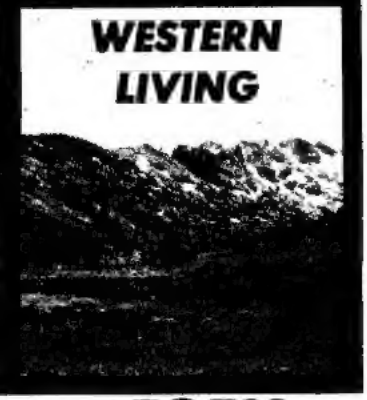

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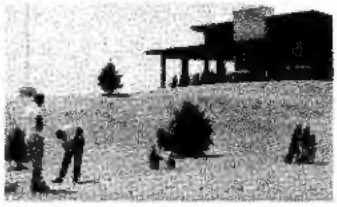

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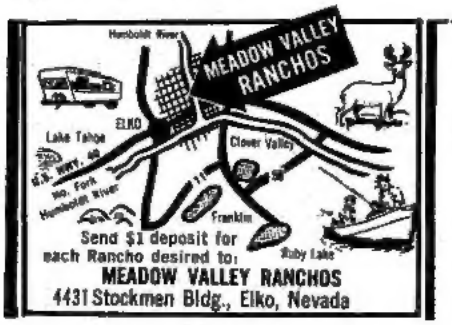

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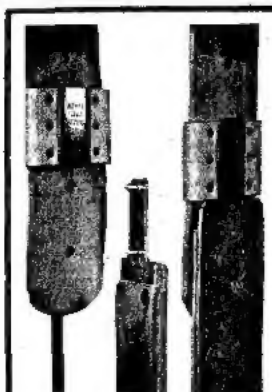

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March-April, 1967

Volume 14, No. 4

Whole No. 80

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Cover: Louie Ninepipe and Orlaine Findlay (Flatheads)
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TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $5.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas.

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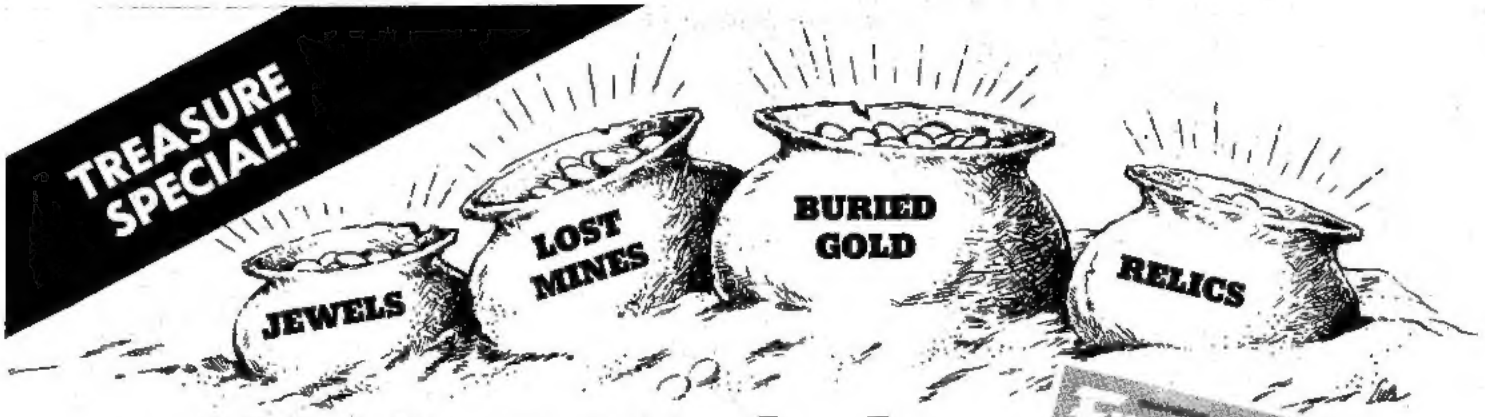

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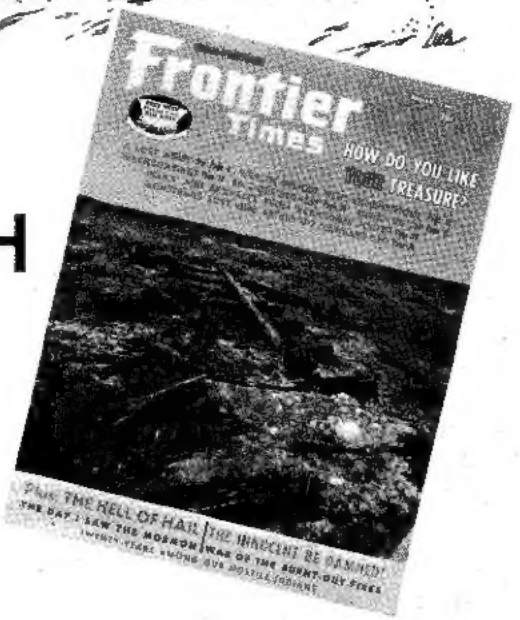

IF YOU HAVE LATCHED ON TO THE MARCH, 1967 FRONTIER TIMES. IT'S THE BIGGEST CACHE OF ALL-FACT TREASURE ARTICLES AND FEATURES YET UNCOVERED.

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★ **BLACK MOUNTAIN'S MYSTERY MINE by Maurice Kildare.** Byers made many trips to his Blue Canyon "bank" and deserved every withdrawal he made. In those days the tellers weren't overly friendly and it wasn't uncommon to get an arrow or bullet right through the passbook! ★ **THE SEA'S HAPPY HUNTING GROUND by William Mahan.** All sorts of loot from five cents to a million—and anyone has a chance to find it whose arms are long enough to reach the sand! ★ **THE LURE OF JADE by W. L. Marion.** If you like your thrill of discovery to come boulder-size—like a microscope inverted—here's a treasure to suit you! ★ **HILL OF WEALTH AND SUPERSTITION by George Prentice.** Its contents revered by the Indians, coveted by the lawless, the founder of the King turquoise mine paid a high price for discovering the abandoned tunnels. ★ **LOST GARRISON OF THE CASCADES by Alvin R. Leichner.** Would you ever expect a lilac tree to be the most important clue to a long-lost Army post and all the many items the soldiers might have left behind? ★ **GOLD ALONG THE CALIFORNIA ROAD by Derral Pilgrim.** When luck starts running bad, it really travels. The Carolinian had lost most of his wealth to the Civil War and what was left was destined to slip from his grasp on the long road west.

OTHER ACTION-PACKED ARTICLES AND STORIES INCLUDE: THE HELL OF HAIL by Carl M. Dunrud, THE INNOCENT BE DAMNED! by Genie and Gaylord Alfrey, HOLES OF THE TURKEY TRACK by Homer Taylor, DEAD MEN CAN'T TESTIFY by Angus MacLean, THE DAY I SAW THE MORMON by Dan Woods, "GET A SPADE" by Lora M. Conant, WAR OF THE BURNT-OUT FIRES by G. B. Farfan, TWENTY YEARS AMONG OUR HOSTILE INDIANS by J. Lee Humfreville and WILDERNESS JUMP-OFF by Ferris Weddle. Plus our regular departments and cartoons.

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True Western

Western Movie Stars

Dear Editor:

An article about the Texas Rangers wherein one "Arch" Miller was mentioned, being a disabled Ranger whom the company of Rangers kept on in spite of his disability. According to the article, Ranger Miller rode and roped successfully although he had the use of only one arm. This is praiseworthy because dismemberment usually discourages even the most hearty from keeping up with fellow workers. Miller sure had spunk to go right along with his buddies and do his job presumably well in every aspect.

There is a fine fellow with whom I work at the local G. E. Company who has only one eye. The man is an arc-welder, burner and setup man on what is known in the business as "small component parts." His name is Charles Arzt. We all call him "Cholly." This man can weld, burn and lay out work in many instances better than fellows with two eyes.

Well, after I read the article about "Arch" Miller, I thought instantly of Cholly Arzt. I brought TRUE WEST into the shop and handed it to him. Cholly was tickled pink to get it and, jokingly, I cracked without a smile, "Cholly, I'm not a chap from the West, but they put my picture on the cover of this issue!" He looked and burst out laughing. We joke before shifts and get a bang out of fooling like that. Most of the welders are rough, tough tobacco chewing guys. But they are all wonderful fellows.

It was surprising to learn that the Rangers used Wild West methods in conducting their activities until 1930. The photo showing Arch Miller with the other Rangers was taken, according to the data under the photo, in 1928. I thought all semblances of the Wild West were gone by the turn of the century (1900); however, my own good dad, Edward H. Boucher, of 41 Castle Street, Great Barrington, Massachusetts, tells me that he can remember, as a lad of twenty or so, of the Wild Bunch's operating down in Bolivia and Dad tells me soberly that the West was wild and woolly until around 1920. Pancho Villa was active as a bad-man around 1916 and there were other isolated instances of gunslinging and gunfighter activities until around 1910 or so. Why not an authenticated article entitled: "Great Gunfighters after 1900"?

Nearly everyone relates the Wild West to around 1870 or so. Actually, I have never heard of any gunfighters after 1900. Slaughter, the sheriff, figured in about that time, but other than Butch Cassidy, The Sundance Kid, and here and there, an isolated gunslinger, who was there?

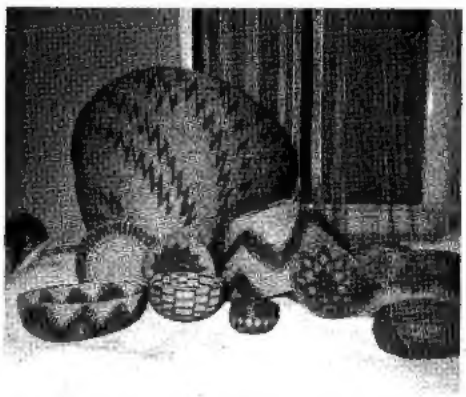
There were the Texas Rangers but they were not gunslingers. Of course, they were, in a sense, but they enforced the law; they naturally must have sleuthed down badmen, but who were the last of the gunfighters just before the "times changed"? Ordinances strictly forbid carrying guns since around 1900 in most towns along the border, I have read. What cowtown was the last town where the cowpokes still came in wearing 45s?

May I ask whether you have ever considered the wisdom of running articles on former great western movie stars such as Tom Mix, Ken Maynard, Johnny Mack Brown, George O'Brien, and others who played so vividly the parts of cowmen and rangers of the late 1880s? These men, especially Brown and O'Brien, were especially forceful in their characterizations as I recall it. I think TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES carry excellent material. Nice going.—Walt Boucher, 83 Wellington Avenue, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Baskets Identified

Dear Sir:

I wish to thank you for helping me identify these old Indian baskets. The museum in New York you recommended identified them as fine examples of Tulare weaving. These baskets were used for storing grain and were probably made between 1850 and 1875. My mother is full-blood Indian and these baskets have passed down through several generations of her people.—Arzy Francl, 429 Evans Avenue, Reno, Nevada.



These century-old Tulare baskets are heirlooms of Arzy Francl.

15 Ranch

Dear Sir:

To my great surprise and delight, in the December issue of TRUE WEST I found a story that means a great deal to me, and has been a part of my early life. The story is "A Complete Wipe-Out."

My father (Clarence E. Haviland) homesteaded the old 15 Ranch on White River, South Dakota in 1907. I was nine years old then. The old ranch buildings (log) were there in good shape but were unoccupied, as the ranch had been vacated. The buildings did not come free with the homestead; my father had to buy them from the former ranchers. This ranch had also been a stage stop.

We lived on the old 15 Ranch for eleven years, at which time I joined the army. I knew Dude Rounds very well; and Neil Rounds, his son and the author of the story, was one of my boyhood playmates. I also knew Gus Craven and his two sons Tom and Ted.

I am aware of most of the old history of the ranch and its people, and the old White River crossing I have crossed a thousand times. In fact, I know the whole country like a book, including the place where the thousands of cattle went over the badlands cliff.—Verlie E. Haviland, 1128 South Grant Street, Stockton, California 95206.

Saloons

Dear Sir:

The very interesting article in the December TW, regarding the part played by saloons in the West, certainly brings a nostalgic twinge.

Of course, I do not know anything about conditions in the 1870s; and even in the 1880s, when I made by debut, I did not have any personal experience with the subject. But in the early days of the present century I became quite observant.

The typical towns on the railroads, especially in the North, were all about on the same pattern. There was the right side of the tracks and the wrong side. On the right side the saloons were usually almost sedate. True, there was frequently a quiet poker game going on but there was none of the flair and blare of the honkytonk atmosphere which prevailed on the wrong side of the tracks. There were no dancehall girls; no stage show put on by waiters and dance girls; very seldom any rough stuff.

The open display of weapons within town limits was discouraged. Even the peace officers did not go around as our police do today with guns at their hips. There is no doubt, though, that many a rough shirt concealed something more than a kind heart.

Every evening in many towns, when the weather permitted, a little band, seldom more than four or five, from the Salvation Army Home would cross over to the wrong side of the tracks. As they played and sang on the sidewalks a little crowd would gather to listen to hymns.

The girls with their tambourines would go into the adjacent saloons and dancehalls. There were never any discourtesies shown them by anyone. Folding money was almost unknown in most places, but silver dollars and even gold pieces came from dealers at the roulette wheel and gambling devices, as well as from the players. Some tossed in poker chips, which were cashed in at full value by the bartenders.

There was something about it all that was reminiscent of the story of Daniel in the lion's den. Rough as the patrons were, most of them respected sincerity on the part of others and any indignity shown those girls would have been resented. All knew that the money collected maintained a home on the other side of the tracks where a down-and-outer could find food, lodging and spiritual comfort; and sometimes a lift to get a new start in life. Where some remorseful dancehall girl might seek solace and through the good offices of the Army be reunited with her family. Where some lonely orphan boy could find friendship and help to get employment.

(Continued on page 72)

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FOR LAW AND ORDER
ON THE FRONTIERS OF TEXAS
by Sergeant W. J. L. SULLIVAN—Texas Ranger
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AND THAT'S NOT ALL, FOLKS! THIS ISSUE CONTAINS 15 ADDITIONAL STORIES, FEATURES AND ARTICLES BY TOP WESTERN AUTHORS . . . HERE'S A SAMPLING . . .

■ **AN INDIAN FIGHT IN JACKSON HOLE** by Agnes Wright Spring. At the beginning the targets were elk and deer; at the last, the targets were white men. This probably made sense to the Indians—for one was getting too scarce and the other was getting too plentiful! ■ **THE LOST LOVE OF JIM YOUNGER** by Edward Knowles. The old outlaw got out of prison, but found himself legally "dead." His signature could never again seal a contract—not even that of marriage. ■ **TALES OF TONOPAH** by John R. Leach—where men were buried with the following words, "You lived in the heat, you died in the heat, you ought not to be too uncomfortable in hell." ■ **SPOKANE'S FIGHTING MARSHAL** by Jay J. Kalez. He had his own personal oath of office: Know what the law allows you to do, then do it! ■ **"X" MARKS MY ROOM** by Gus Wurdinger. The favorite postcard message of vacationing Americans must have started about this time. Here's a look at the Jet Set of stagecoach days as seen by a boy who was at their beck and call. ■ **WALT COBURN'S TALLY BOOK** by Walt Coburn. ■ **CANADIAN GOLD ON A CALIFORNIA REEF** by Robert Nash. This treasure is still waiting—and maybe not too deep. The author has checked around and not a single fish has been reported flashing unusual amounts of money! ■ **I SAW JIM FRENCH DIE** by Olevia E. Myers.—and there weren't any bands playing. He'd holed up like a badger in a cabin on Spunky Creek but the dogs of law and order had already roughed him good and plenty. ■ **J. WRIGHT MOOAR** by J. Marvin Hunter, Sr. The first man to put a price on the head of a buffalo! ■ **"DENVER HAS ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD SHOW TOWN"** by A. L. Clark. It has that reputation now—just as it did a hundred years ago when the Wakely Sisters took it by storm. ■ **ROCKY MOUNTAIN IRON MAN** by Maurice Kildare. The only soft thing about Bruce Neal is his heart. They say his feet are so tough that when he walks on hard ground, his toes rattle! ■ **OLD FORT MORONI** by Roger E. Kelly. Brigham Young sent word to his favorite son to take cover—the Apaches were on the warpath. A stockade of railroad ties hastily assembled became a fort. ■ **SLICK FACED AND SWEET SMELLING** by Richard Sutherland. Red was for bloodletting, white for bandages, blue for veins. And if laid sideways, the cowboy's neck wouldn't have looked much different. Above the dark red sunburn was a strip of white skin where the hair had been, and above that whatever color the mop had turned after its treatment of pomade! ■ **FATHER THOUGHT THE WORLD OF CHARLEY RUSSELL** by C. V. Rubottom. It's too bad every kid doesn't have a man like Charley in his life—but there have never been enough to go around. ■ **THE DOGIE FROM KICKAPOO CREEK** by John B. Formwalt as told to Ol' Waddy. He started out early in life traveling toward sundown, never wanting to be far from a land where the last dying rays would cast a shadow of cattle.

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When he was a very young man, he had run from something—all the way to America's most remote frontier. One wonders what it could have been, for certainly Wolf never ran again—except forward to do battle!

Courtesy Author

These trade tokens, inset, were found among the ruins of old Wolf Post, above.

The SAGA of BLUE-EYED HERMAN

By MAURICE KILDARE

THREE HUNDRED and fifty miles west of the frontier advancing slowly out of New Mexico, Wolf Post stood on a wind-swept river in Arizona's red land of savage Indians. This place of sadness and tragedy never had but three traders, for only the strongest of men could survive where there was no law, no protection, no second chance except that given by a shooting iron.

The post was definitely there in 1868, and some evidence exists that it might have been established as early as 1865. It was called *Chi Bo'gan* (Beaver Hogan) by Navajos around it.

The story of Wolf Post is the saga of a German—Herman Wolf. The name is an alias—one that could never be pinned down either in the United States or in Germany. He and his brother, a major-general in full uniform, said the family were titled figures in Prussia.

Many stories of Wolf, the trading post builder beyond civilization, have grown into hoary legends. One of them holds that he fled Germany after a fatal duel with a brother officer on dawn's field of honor.

Whatever brought him to America, he was described by fellow countrymen, my father and men who worked for him, as a robust giant six feet four inches tall weighing 240 pounds.

Bent's Fort on the Arkansas knew him briefly before he went into beaver trapping. His first partners, who taught him the skill, were W. E. Mitchell and Fred Smith. (Smith was my great-grand uncle.)

Packing a smattering of trade goods and traps on mules, the three men struck deep into southern Arizona sometime in the 1840s. They went down the Gila with increasing disillusion over the disappearance of the beaver trade. Plews were cheap but scarce. Their only profit was Indian trading.

While en route from Arizona back to Taos, Apache Indians jumped them near present-day Holbrook. Although they escaped, their bales of furs were lost.

The three dissolved partnership in Taos. Wolf ventured out on several other expeditions, but the outbreak of the Civil War found him in New Mexico again. After setting out for distant St. Louis, he disappears from the records for about three years. There persists a story that he served in the Union Army until wounded seriously. White men who knew him, as well as Indians, said that he had told them so, but official Army records do not confirm the fact. Wherever he might have been during those years, Wolf returned to Santa Fe and Taos some months before the war ended. He was slightly crippled.

During the fall of 1864 he scouted the Rio Puerco from New Mexico to its junction with the Little Colorado River in Arizona Territory. Following downstream, he made camp where the river pitched torrentially into high-walled stone canyons. It was thirty-five miles from Flagstaff, and about the same distance from Winslow, towns which would be established on the railroad when it came through in 1881-82.

IN the spring of 1865 Wolf sold packs of fur in Santa Fe, outfitted and returned. Either that winter or the next spring he definitely constructed a small picket post cabin on the site of his first camp. At this time the Navajo Indians gave him the name Hosteen Chi (Mr. Beaver), because he trapped that vanishing animal and dried the plews in willow hoops around his diggings. At that time they described him as being an aging man, his full beard of whiskers graying.

He set out for supplies in New Mexico in 1867, following the river upstream. In Tucker Flats a small band of Apaches attacked openly under a hot sun. Wolf killed four while conducting a running fight to the north side of the river with his pack outfit intact.

Eight weeks later he returned to his picket post. Three Mexicans accompanied him, driving a score of mules and horses loaded with merchandise. They snaked cottonwood logs from the

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river flats to enlarge his post, which had a flat mud roof and plastered walls. When finished, the building stood sixteen feet wide and forty long. It occupied a hollow on low dirt banks on the south side of the stream. No openings were left for windows, only slitted holes through which rifles could be fired. In those days the river course was lined thick with willows, tamarisk and big cottonwood trees.

That year the main body of the Navajos moved back into the tribe's ancient homeland when released as prisoners at Bosque Redondo in New Mexico. Spreading from their original 3½ million-acre treaty reservation, many came in around Wolf Trading Post. Not all Navajos had been captured by Kit Carson and the Army. In addition, at least fifty families lived near Wolf who had never been imprisoned.

The Hopi Indians on their trail to shrines on the San Francisco Peaks began to use Wolf's crossing. They sometimes traded for tobacco and a little cloth.

Apaches, raiding north of the river against the Navajos, lurked in a cave on Canyon Diablo, from which they moved out on lightning-like thrusts. That year a large war party of Navajos swept southward. Two days later they returned leisurely, halting at the post. They had many horses, loot and three prisoners taken in battle at the cave.

"We had to slay the others," District Chief Hosteen B'ugoettin reported. (He had escaped from prison at Bosque Redondo in 1866, coming directly to the area to avoid recapture.)

News of Wolf's Post spread widely among several tribes of Indians, who sneaked in at night to trade. To appear in daylight might mean being pounced upon by enemies lurking around to rob and murder. Their trade amounted to more than Wolf had counted on. Soon it became necessary to bring in another supply of goods.

Not wanting to leave the post, he dispatched the three Mexicans east, guarded by Navajos, which tribesmen carried Wolf's letter to the commanding officer at Ojo del Osa (Fort Wingate) explaining their being away from their domain. The Mexicans departed, convinced their employer's charred bones would be found in the ashes of his post on their return. But despite their fears, when they came back two months later he still lived hale and hearty.

During the month of November nine Hopi Indians, bringing dried peaches from Oraibi, were slain close to Newberry Mesa by Paiutes from Willow Springs farther west. They also ran off Wolf's stock south of the river.

Trying to break into the stockade that night, they set fire to one corner of the building but were repulsed. Wolf, using a Sharps rifle, made a sally outside, driving the Paiutes away long enough for the Mexicans to chop out the fire. Hiding out around the post, Wolf and the Mexicans waited until the Paiutes renewed their attack. Five were killed while sneaking in through ground shadows.

Several families of Hosteen Redshirt had come out of the Painted Desert to reside across the river from Wolf Post. The gunfire brought these Navajos to the rescue. Crawling in among the night-shrouded rocks and willows, they knifed some of the Paiutes to death. When the rest broke and ran, the Navajos pursued hotly.

Guessing their course of flight, Redshirt deployed his men ahead, laying an ambush on the sands at Grand Falls crossing. A dozen Paiutes were killed. (Some Navajo narratives claim twenty-eight.) Wolf's stock was recovered and triumphantly brought back.

A surprise dawn attack by Apaches ten days later did not conclude so successfully. One Mexican died outside the post and another sustained serious wounds. Then Wolf fought the savage raiders to a standstill single-handed. Rising again to the occasion, the Navajos chased the Apaches south. As soon as the wounded Mexican recovered sufficiently to travel, the remaining two hurried home to Albuquerque.

WOLF

THE NEXT YEAR Wolf planned to freight out bartered products, furs, hides, and woolen blankets in Navajo wagons which had been purchased or had been issued to them by the agent at distant Fort Defiance. But the summer turned very dry. Waterholes were nonexistent and grass withered before heading. Hiring Redshirt to guard the post, Wolf loaded his mules and horses and set out for Santa Fe via Fort Defiance.

The California-Santa Fe Trail passing through northern Arizona had come into general use, so arranging for a freight outfit to follow him, Wolf brought back some trade goods on his pack stock. The ox-drawn train arrived home in the fall, filling the store and flowing over into nearby hogans.

The following spring, after the Indian ponies were grass fat, a Ute war party plunged south across the San Juan River. Avoiding the Hopi villages on their nigh impregnable mesas, they raided and killed toward the Little Colorado River. Signal warning smokes marked the blue sky day after day. Redshirt did not believe they could break through other Navajos to Wolf Post. He could not have been more wrong.

At last the women and children with the flocks were rushed south into heavy pine forests to hide. The Navajo men gathered to make their stand in the river basin. Their ambush was contrived in the rocks near Newberry Mesa. Furnishing the rifles and ammunition, Wolf joined them in an all-out attempt to halt the terrible Utes.

Seemingly without the least suspicion of danger, the raiders arrogantly plunged into the trap. A galling fire was poured into them as the screaming Navajos closed around.

When charged, the enemy surprisingly panicked into utmost confusion. They proved not to be the unbeatable fighters as their reputation held. More than twenty Navajo women and children taken prisoners on the way south were rescued. Horses and other plunder fell into Navajo hands. Most of the Utes who finally broke through to seek refuge on the mesa at their backs were on foot.

Again making a complete surround, the jubilant Navajos didn't believe it possible that one of the enemy could escape. Yet that night a mere handful did. Tracked down in a run, in daylight, this remnant was finished off.

The disaster met by the Utes convinced other Indians that raiding the Little Colorado River basin was much too dangerous. No other foray in such great force ever occurred again. But Wolf Post was attacked by small groups in the years to follow, both by red and white renegades.

During the next four years comparative peace settled over the post. Wolf personally did not go out for trade goods,

Supply trains were the only mode of transport to remote stations of the Southwest such as Wolf Post.

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

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but sent Indian freighters and Mexicans hired in Albuquerque. Many supplies were obtainable from the increasing traffic off the trail passing over Canyon Diablo near its junction with the river.

Hosteen Redshirt, B'Ugoettin and their numerous families acquired their first cattle through Wolf. He obtained the stock from a Texas herd en route to the territorial capital at Prescott. The weak and sore-footed ones could be bought for a few dollars a head.

In the summer of 1874, a wagon train of Mormon immigrants came down from Lee Ferry, crossing the river near the post. After resting over in camp, they cut a dug-way over the river for easier crossing. Afterwards the ford was about equally well known as Wolf Crossing and Wagon Wheel Crossing.

A PARTY of Navajos returning from a deer hunt on the San Francisco Peaks reported that some Paiutes camped there held a captive white woman. The following week Yavapai Indians from the southwest also saw her and tolf Wolf. Sending for B'Ugoettin, Wolf offered him $100 in trade goods to rescue the unfortunate prisoner.

That afternoon when the Navajos were gone, outlaws robbed Wolf Post. Packing provisions and clothing in sacks, they disappeared north into the Painted Desert.

On the second night the Navajos returned from the San Francisco Peaks. The Paiutes had fled before contact could be made. They left behind three whites—two young girls and an elderly woman—in camp with their throats cut. There had been three white prisoners instead of one. The bodies were wasted thin and showed evidence of torture and mistreatment. Nothing was ever learned about them, where or when captured, let alone their identity.

Bent on one more attempt to destroy Wolf Post, the Apaches moved north, but got no closer than the long cave in Canyon Diablo at present Two Guns. The Navajos, striking swiftly, turned them back with heavy losses.

Fleeing south into Sunset Pass, the unlucky Apaches collided head-on with a patrol of the U.S. 5th Cavalry. Several were killed by the troopers, who buried them where they fell.

Advance surveys of the Atlantic & Pacific railway were going on by this time. Also, 1875 saw further increase of traffic on the California-Santa Fe Trail. Immigrants and California-bound miners were added to by cattle and sheepmen, themselves invading northern Arizona's high plateau. A few established themselves on the Little Colorado River watershed near Wolf Post.

Mormons coming down both sides of the river in its sere loneliness, flocked southward in a last minute drive to occupy the best tillable land ahead of other settlers. Eastward on the river they founded Ballenger, 1876, near where Winslow would be established five years later.

One 1877 spring morning rapid gunfire upstream aroused Wolf. Navajos sent to investigate found two men shot dead in camp; a third had fled. Wolf himself buried the bodies.

The post was held up and robbed five times during 1880. Each gang numbered from four to six. They always took food and clothing, and on one occasion money. The four who robbed Wolf of money sneaked in at two o'clock in the morning.

Wolf never barred his back door, only the front one into the store. He was awakened by being thrown out of bed. The bandits stripped his cash drawer of less than a hundred dollars, and suspecting that he had a larger sum hidden about the post, demanded it.

Wolf denied there was any more than what they took. Beaten, and bound hand and foot, he refused to admit different. The robbers heated wires in the cookstove and burned his feet in an effort to make him disclose his money cache. Wolf said nothing, and never groaned once in pain. The approach of daylight made the outlaws apprehensive of Navajos, and they finally left.

At mid-morning Indians, coming to trade and finding the front door barred, went around to the kitchen. Shortly they had Wolf released and his painful burns doctored.

Already an old man and somewhat feeble, Wolf now hired the first of a series of clerks and general roustabouts.

A LARGE number of dissatisfied Mormon settlers were leaving the upper Little Colorado River settlements, taking the long trail back to Utah. They had large families, were destitute, and usually got only as far as Wolf Post before their grub ran out. Rather than allow the little children to starve, Wolf always gave these poor people staple supplies.

For better protection of his ever increasing business he constructed a small square stone building with a lean-to wooden shack on the mesa of solid stone overlooking the river. A few yards from his old stockade, the surface of this great rock, cracked in places, served as the post floor.

In November 1881, tracks of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad stopped at the brink of 250-foot-deep Canyon Diablo twelve miles south. Before it was able to construct a bridge, the holding company went bankrupt. Further delay ensued, and a small boom town, Canyon Diablo, sprang into existence. Honky-tonks, gambling dens and small stores flourished temporarily. The end of the railroad became the terminal for wagon freighters and a stage line thirty-five miles on west to the mountain town of

Courtesy Jeanette Volz

Herman Wolf confided in his good friend, Fred W. Volz, shown here with his wife, as to the location of his gold, but none has been found.

True West

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Flagstaff, a town which came into being overnight. Wolf was now provided access to more and cheaper goods.

At long last he communicated with relatives in Germany. From across the seas they shipped him at regular intervals barrels of bottled Rhine wine. The broken glass of those colored bottles still covers the ground around the ruined walls of Wolf Post.

After the railroad's arrival, the California-Santa Fe trail was soon abandoned for all practical purposes. Outlaw activity increased, and the white man's whiskey was readily available to Indians. Wolf Post was due for more violence.

Five white outlaws again made a raid after dark. Wolf was very brutally handled. Once more he stoutly insisted he had no money cached anywhere.

He was caught alone because his one employe was absent with the wagon to get a load of freight at Canyon Diablo station. After this occurrence Wolf made certain his doors were always secured at night.

The Aztec Land & Cattle Company had taken over the railroad grant lands. This company, heralded as the Hashknife because of its brand, brought in 40,000 head of cattle. They were ranged from Holbrook west to Canyon Diablo. Other cattlemen followed, and some became consistent trouble makers. Indian stock was run off, and Navajos found on the range were driven back across the river.

The Navajos, claiming ancient rights to the range, were in constant turmoil with the cattle companies. There were eruptive range fights, and men killed on both sides. Only Wolf's good reputation prevented the Navajos from running all white men and their stock off grassland below the river. That area was then in the public domain and legally subject to occupation.

One roundup wagon crew discovered that Navajo squaws scavenged their abandoned camps. Picking up tin cans the women recovered the spoonful or two of baking powder left in them when tossed aside. Some sadistic man added arsenic to the baking powder. A number of Indians were killed, one entire family being wiped out after eating bread made with the powder.

Wolf got in a supply of .44 caliber revolvers and rifles, the Navajos' favorite firearm. The ammunition could be used in both. A few shots close to riders' heads soon drove the guilty outfit from proximity to the river.

The Indians themselves sometimes engaged in fatal gunfights at Wolf Post. They gambled for .44 cartridges on saddle blankets in the walls' shade. Two losers, much the worse for being filled with firewater, got into an argument. While devil winds swirled across the barren country they jerked their six-guns. The shooting ended with three lying dead on the ground.

MOST of Wolf's time after 1890 was spent resting in an easy chair. He was by then completely white-haired, taciturn, an almost deaf old man who seemed to be merely sitting out the balance of his days. He did his trading in Navajo talk while a clerk handled the goods. Indian products filled the old stockade then used as a warehouse.

Many legends grew up about him during those final days. One alleged that he concealed great wealth somewhere adjacent to the post. He seldom left home except once or twice a year, driving a wagon to Flagstaff for a small load of merchandise. Or he would go over to Canyon Diablo station where he had a 12 by 14 stone warehouse used for storing merchandise arriving by freight train. He made these trips because at Canyon Diablo another German, Fred Volz, had established himself and they could reminiscence about their native land. The same was true of Flagstaff, where John H. Lind, also from Germany, managed Babbitt Brothers' trading company-hardware store.

The last week of August, 1899, Wolf drove to Flagstaff. He informed Lind that his brother, Major General Francis (Franz) Wolf, making a world tour, planned to come inland for a visit on reaching San Francisco. He was there in Flagstaff to meet him.

While waiting for his brother, Wolf also told Lind he had nearly $100,000 in gold that he was thinking about putting in one of the local banks. Lind advised Wolf to do so, especially after being informed that he (Lind) was named administrator of his friend's will.

Wolf began to feel "under the weather," and since his brother had failed to put in an appearance, the old man drove back to the trading post on September 2. Arriving very sick and almost helpless, Wolf went to bed. He refused to let the young man then working for him go to Canyon Diablo and summon a doctor by train. When he passed into a coma the clerk rode there anyway, and dispatched the wire. In the meantime General Wolf had arrived in Flagstaff.

When the message reached Dr. E. A. Miller, General Wolf joined him to take the first train east to Canyon Diablo. Borrowing a buckboard from Volz, they reached the trading post at midnight, September 4. Wolf had died about 9 p.m. the evening before.

Flagstaff undertaker Ed Whipple took a casket to Canyon Diablo to bury Wolf, in the *camposanto* south of the tracks from the two-story depot. Lind and Volz stood beside the open grave while General Wolf read the burial service for his brother in German.

The tombstone inscription reads:

HERMAN WOLF
3 SEPTEMBER 1899
IM 69 LEBENSJAHRE

According to John Lind, who lived until 1933, Whipple made a mistake when ordering the blue granite grave marker. The inscription gives his age exactly

(Continued on page 63)

Courtesy Mrs. S. I. Richardson

The Navajo family above lived at Wolf Post in 1895. Hopi pottery plaques, below, which Wolf bought but never sold depict the culture of the area.

Courtesy Mrs. C. D. Richardson

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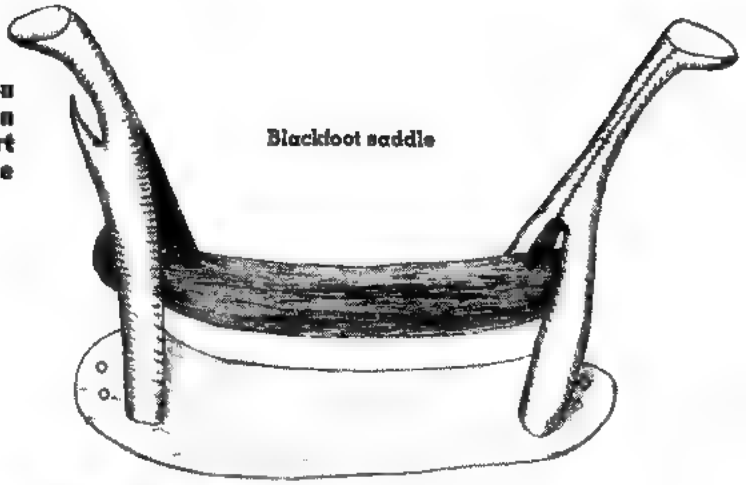
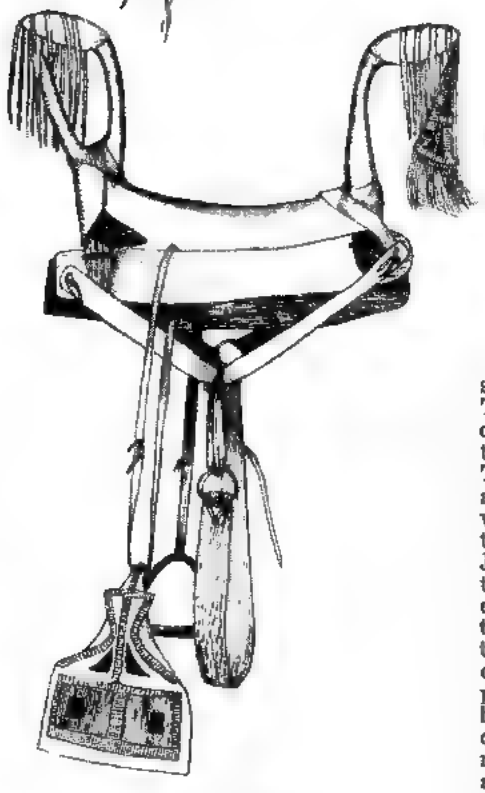
It was a common saying in the early West that you could tell a mounted Indian from a white man in two ways—the manner in which he kept his quirt going in time with every jump of his horse, and the way he sat his saddle . . .



Blackfoot saddle

INDIAN SADDLE MAKERS



Shoshoni saddle

By GLENN R. VERNAM

Illustrated by the Author

From the book MAN ON HORSEBACK, Copyright © 1964 by Glenn R. Vernam. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Row

WITH the possible exception of a few isolated cases in the far Southwest, we might truthfully consider the Indian to be America's first saddle maker. While the French and English colonists along the Atlantic seaboard were importing their saddles from the old country, the native red men north of the Spanish settlements and west to the Pacific were building their own riding gear of native materials fifty to two hundred years before they were first induced to start swapping their own work for manufactured articles.

Unfortunately, practically nothing is known of the early craftsmen who first set the pattern for Indian saddlery. There are a few indications that some of the Indians were using saddles of their own making as early as 1630-1640. These accounts are so lacking in detail as to shed little light on exactly when, where, and how the rigs were made or to what extent used. According to Dr. John C. Ewers of the Smithsonian Institution, the oldest fully documented Indian saddle of native manufacture known to exist in any collection dates back only to the early 1830s. Any creations, changes, or developments that took place in the preceding centuries can only be a matter of conjecture. Nevertheless, considering the basic principles of saddle making, the limited range of materials available to the Indian, and man's inherent opposition to change, it seems logical to believe that native saddles varied little in style between their earliest conceptions and the designs commonly found in later years.

In the beginning, much of the new craft was influenced by captives from the Spanish settlements. There was considerable traffic in Mexican slaves during the seventeenth century. All the southern Plains people prized such captives very highly because of their knowledge of handling the new animals and constructing suitable saddlery, metal working, and the like. The crafts and skills thus displayed under duress were quickly adopted by the Indians.

Most of the native Americans possessed an inborn cleverness in contriving devices helpful to their mode of life. When the advent of the horse opened up a whole new world of progress to them, they had no trouble in selecting their needs from nature's storehouse. Just as they flaked stone arrowpoints into serviceable weapons, and shaped buffalo hides into comfortable homes, so they selected crotched tree limbs and elk antlers for saddle forks and made stirrups from bent sticks. Thin slabs split from cedar or cottonwood served as sidebars, while sun-cured rawhide provided seat coverings and bound the several components together in a sturdy replica of the rigs used by the foreigners.

Indian saddles were made in three basic designs. One was the plain wood-frame packsaddle tree, very similar to the white man's old sawbuck variety, with curved pommel and cantle. While made for packing, it was often covered with a robe and used for riding by men who had nothing better at hand. The second was the treeless pad saddle, which will be discussed later. . . . The other was the sidebar tree model covered with rawhide and usually fitted with a suspended seat. The later bore a strong relationship to the packsaddle but had higher forks and a better appearance.

The most peculiar thing about all these sidebar saddles was their uniformity in size throughout the country. Though there was occasionally a variation in width when made to accommodate some particular horse, few saddle makers departed from, and none altered, the average length. In general, they gave the appearance of all having been cut from a single standard pattern. When we stop to consider that this held true throughout half a continent populated by a myriad unrelated primitive people who had no metallic tools, processed materials, printed diagrams, or even a common

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language, it would seem that civilization's bright minds might do well to ponder the native intellect of so-called savages.

WHETHER north, south, east or west, Indian saddles seldom fell outside of the common 17- to 21-inch length. That was only a 4-inch variation for the whole country. Within individual tribes, the margin was usually less than half that. Those of the Utes stayed within a 17- to 18-inch limit. The Crows made theirs slightly longer, 19 to 20 inches. The Cheyennes had the widest variation, 16 to 19 inches. The 20- to 21-inch Shoshoni model was the longest of all. Other tribes held to similar ranges of length within the general limited scope.

In other dimensions, the sidebars held to the uniform three or four inches in width and one-half inch in thickness. Their profile shapes were usually fairly standard within each tribe, the slightly curved or sickle-shaped design being most common. Round, square and tapered ends appeared as definite tribal patterns, as did the straight or deeply scalloped edges and the placement of holes for attaching the rigging.

The rigging was always about the same, two straps on either side, tied with thongs. All were made to accommodate a single cinch. The stirrup straps were simply looped over the sidebars and left free to slide forward or backward at will.

Forks were made from elk horns, bent wood, or natural tree forks. On the high-pommel model, the forks were shaped like an inverted Y. Their angled ends were laced to opposite sidebars, allowing the shank part to extend upward and serve as a horn or cantle. There was usually little distinction between horn and cantle, both being about the same in size and shape.

Among the people of the northern Plains an upward protruding hook on the outside of the front fork was often present. The primary use of such hooks was to hold the front end of the suspended seat in place. It also provided a handy depository for quirt, arrow quiver, parfleche, or similar extras. As a place to swing a papoose carrier on moving day, it had few equals.

This was especially appreciated by women riders. And it was women riders who most commonly used these extremely high-forked saddles. Men usually showed a marked preference for the lower forks or treeless pad outfits. Early travelers in the West made frequent mention of the extravagant pommels and cantles seen on women's saddles. Francis Parkman wrote that they ran up to eighteen inches high among the Sioux of southeastern Wyoming. The Astor Fur Company men, Robert Stuart and Gabriel Franchere, reported similar extremes among the Walla Wallas and Nez Percé in 1812-1814. Clark Wissler says it was the general rule throughout the Plains country. Too, it was the saddles of the women which usually carried the most decoration.

Aside from ceremonial and parade outfits, men's sidebar saddles ran chiefly to bow forks. The uncovered packsaddle style seems to have been in evidence to considerable extent in many sections. The Lewis and Clark journals speak of those seen among the Shoshonis of southwestern Montana as being much like the packsaddles used by the French and Spanish. Various observers mention similar rigs in other localities.

A design of the packsaddle variety was in use in early times east of the Mississippi River. James Adair left us a description of some of this type which he saw in the Chickasaw towns in 1775. He said they had the sawbuck end notched together three inches below the ends, two pairs set fore and aft like a packsaddle and lashed to the sidebars with rawhide thongs. The sidebars were thin boards split out of oak. When assembled, the whole rig was covered with green buffalo hides, hair side out, and laced to the tree with rawhide strings. The whole was then dried to extreme hardness.

"When thoroughly dried," he wrote, "it appears to have all the properties of a cuirass saddle." A trimmed bearskin was used for a saddle blanket.

He further commented at this time that among the southeastern Indians in general, "The shape of their saddles is very antiquated and mean, like those from the West Indies."

This would lead us to believe the original Spanish stock saddle . . . a Santo Domingo development of the middle 1500s, might well have found its way to the southeastern mainland as it did to Mexico during the early period of Spanish expansion. Thus it could have fathered the original Indian saddles of the Southeast as its relative did those in the Southwest.

THE MAJORITY of the Eastern nations, like those of the Deep South, seemed to favor the low sawbuck and bow-type forks. Fairly low Y forks were used to some extent among the Great Lakes tribes. These were often carved in artistic designs, especially among the Menomini.

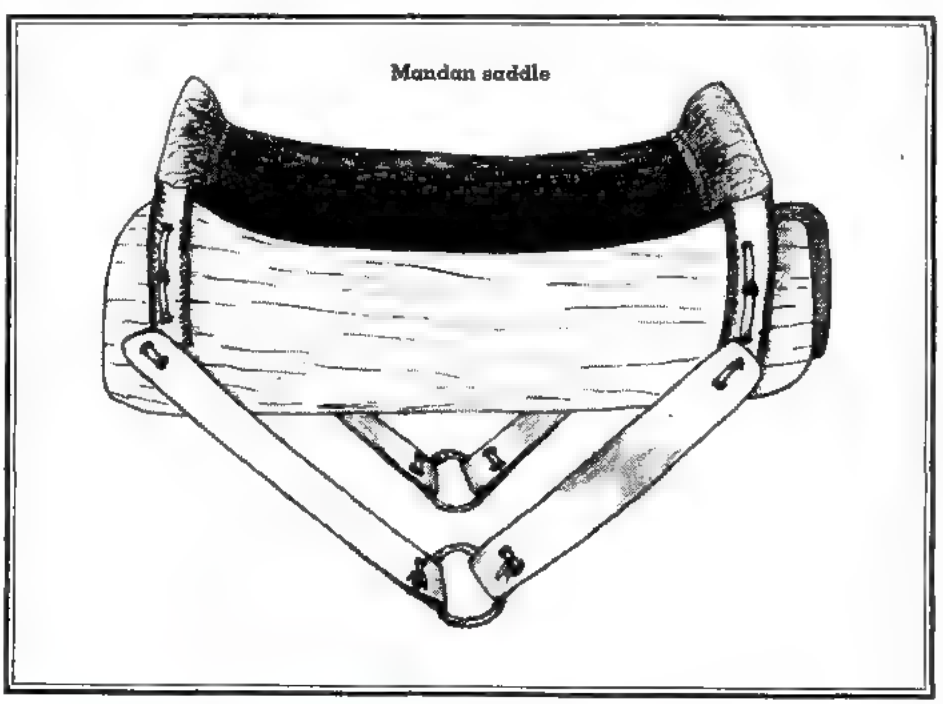
The fashioning of elk and deer antlers into saddle forks was practiced mainly in the West. East of the Mississippi, wood was the chief material. The bow forks were rounded strips of wood or horn bent in circular shape, while the Y style came from large elk horns or natural tree forks trimmed to a proper fit.

Edwin James describes an Indian saddle in the making. While returning with Major Long's Rocky Mountain expedition in 1820, James fell in with an Indian and his wife somewhere along the upper Arkansas River. The pair had suffered some recent misfortunes, and were reduced to one horse without a saddle. The explorers took pity on their plight and extended hospitality for the night at the camp.

That evening, the woman borrowed an axe from her hosts and chopped down a suitable cottonwood. She cut two forks out of the tree, hewing them to proper size and shape. Then she split a pair of thin, flat boards out of the tree body to serve as sidebars. These were smoothed down with the axe and trimmed to some twenty inches in length. Matching holes were bored through the forks and sidebars with a heated ramrod, and the parts lashed together with wet rawhide thongs. More wet rawhide was laced over the whole rig, after which it was set by the fire to dry and shrink itself tightly around the wood. The couple went on their way the following morning, the crude but serviceable saddle, padded with a robe, permitting them to ride one at a time in reasonable comfort.

Wood forks predominated among all the Plains tribes. Whether of the Y or bow type, wood was easily worked and, when covered with rawhide, was as durable as the more brittle horn. Moreover, the tough forks found in most ash, elm, and cottonwood trees were nearly always available in good supply along the prairie streams. Wood was also better adapted to the making of fancy forms and extremely high forks.

In the fir and pine regions of the Pacific Northwest, the situation was reversed. Forks and heavy crotched limbs of suitable size and strength appear rarely in such straight-growing woods. Here, we find the native saddle makers turning more toward deer and elk antlers for material. Franchere, Ross, Wyeth, and many others mentioned the preponderance of horn forks among all the intermountain tribes between Great Salt Lake and British Columbia.



Mandan saddle

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Among these people, cinches, latigos, and stirrup straps were of braided hair. Stirrups were of bent wood covered with rawhide. The horn was also usually covered with rawhide. This covering was more prevalent with the elaborately decorated high-forked women's saddles.

The high forks of horn and wood were in considerable favor throughout the Rocky Mountain region. Garrard said high-forked saddles carrying much decoration were a particular characteristic of the Cheyennes. These often had bead- and quill-trimmed leather housings that covered the horse's back from withers to tail.

Bow forks, however, were not uncommon among all tribes. The use of bows tended to increase as one moved east from the Rocky Mountains. Most of them were made of horn. Individual saddles built with a Y fork and a bow cantle appeared indiscriminately in various sections but were by no means common.

The Crows, Mandans, Minitari, and Assiniboines rode mostly bow-type rigs. They appear to have favored a somewhat higher style of bow than was used in the East. A few Y forks were also used.

In the Southwest, Indian saddles followed the old Spanish and Mexican styles more closely. The earlier ones, of course, employed the familiar Y- or bow-type forks and rawhide coverings, but even these showed the Latin influence. This was enhanced by the Spanish rigging and decorative materials which they somehow managed to acquire for most of their outfits.

As a general thing, such tribes as the Navajo, Hopi, and Pima showed a marked preference for the bow-type forks. With the Apaches, Comanches, and Caddoes, the inverted Y predominated. But this was not a hard and fast rule. According to early observers, both divisions used the opposite type to some extent, as in the North.

AS FOREIGN influence grew and expanded in the Southwest during the eighteenth century, the saddles of all these Indians steadily drew closer to the Spanish pattern, both through choice and availability of materials. Mexican trees were used whenever obtainable. . . . We have a Navajo example from this transition period, showing the main characteristics of both Spanish and Indian parentage. Incidentally, nowhere else were Indian saddles ever known to carry double rigging.

Bear, buffalo, and cougar skins were used for saddle blankets throughout most of the Indian country. More often than not they were decorated around the edges with quill- and beadwork, colored hair tassels, and carved bone ornaments. In the Southwest, where cotton had been grown and woven into fabrics long before America was even known to Europeans, cloth blankets dyed in attractive colors appeared frequently.

Some saddles were simply crude rawhide-bound frames over which a buffalo-robe pad was thrown to ease the harsh jolts of rough angles. The majority, however, employed the suspended seat principle. This feature gives cause to wonder where the unread American Indian picked up an idea so plainly reminiscent of the ancient Hungarian aid to comfortable riding. We only know that the earliest records of Indian saddles show this innovation already in operation.

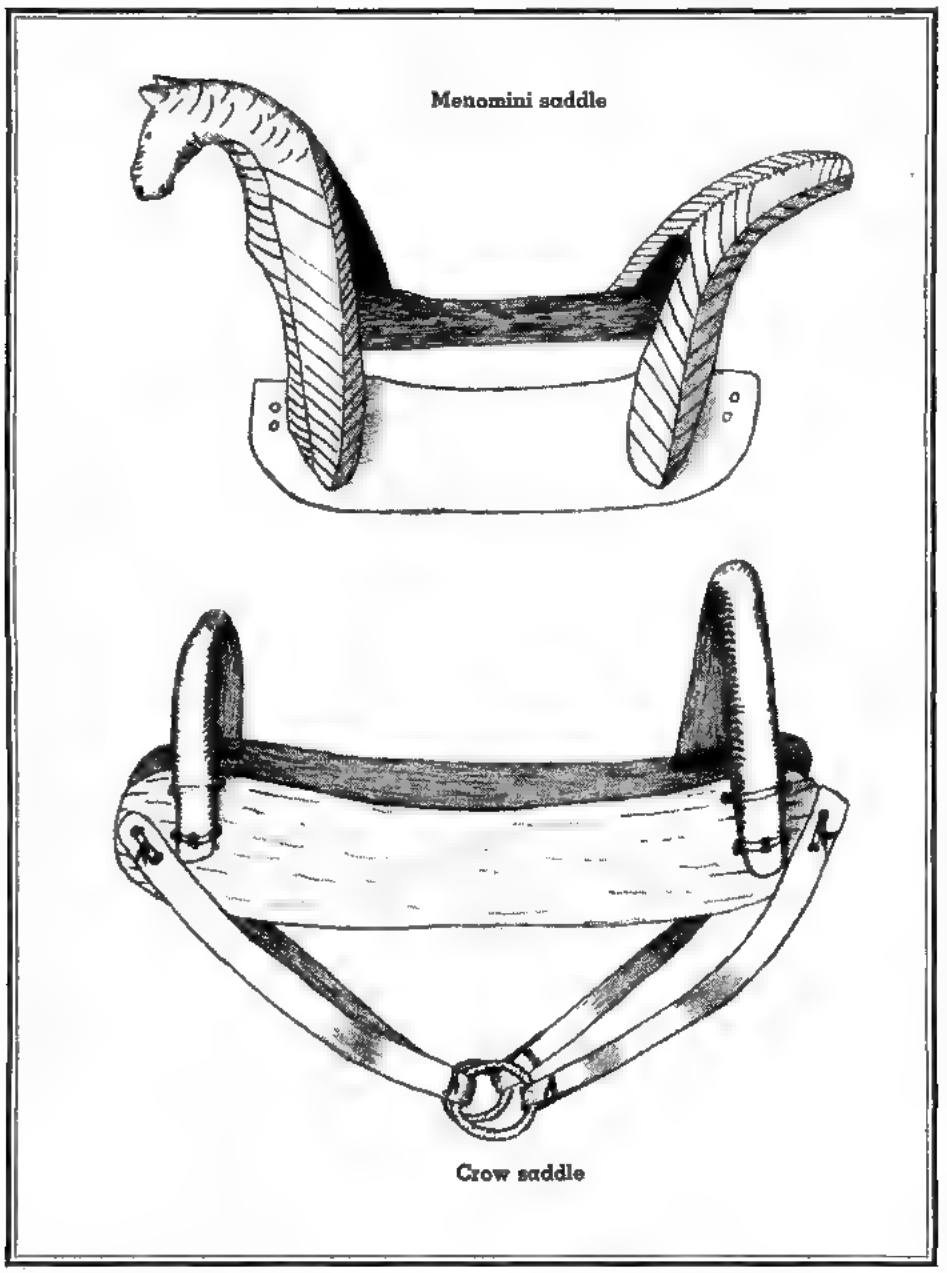
Along with the sidebar saddle came the treeless pad design. These ranged from rather crude rush-stuffed cushions used by the Pimas to the well-constructed and finely decorated creations of the North. Such saddles were light in weight and easy on both man and horse. Used almost exclusively by men, they were prime favorites among buffalo hunters, war parties, and for racing or long journeys. Wissler believes that they were used before the slower advancing frame saddles appeared.

Dr. Ewers follows this up by pointing to the sixteenth century pad saddle of Spain brought to Mexico in the middle 1700s. Such rigs likely made their initial appearance in America much earlier than that, as it was undoubtedly a first cousin to the Spanish pad on which the Argentine pioneers patterned their Gaucho saddles. They are described as four-cornered pads stuffed with hay and secured to the horse by a surcingle cinch.

When white men first penetrated the northern Plains and Rockies, they found a similar pad of much improved design in general use among all the horseback nations of those regions. Hendry reported seeing them among the Blackfeet as far north as Calgary, Alberta, in 1754. Others noted their presence in various separate sections during the same period. As horses had reached those regions only some ten or fifteen years previously, there seems little doubt that the use of pads arrived with them, as Wissler's reasoning suggests.

A glance at the Sioux pad will show the ease of construction under primitive conditions, as well as the evident light weight, flexibility, and comfortable security under the press of war or buffalo chases. Two pieces of tanned skin, each about 24 by 30 inches, were cut to match in sort of an hourglass shape, with the greater width at the rear. These were placed one on top of the other with the edges even and then sewed down the center with two parallel rows of stitching spaced about two inches apart. Another line of stitching ran around the outside edge to hold the duplicate leather facings together after the interior was stuffed to the right thickness with deer hair.

Elk and deer hair, by the way, is hollow. Thus it remains fairly fluffy after



Menomini saddle

Crow saddle

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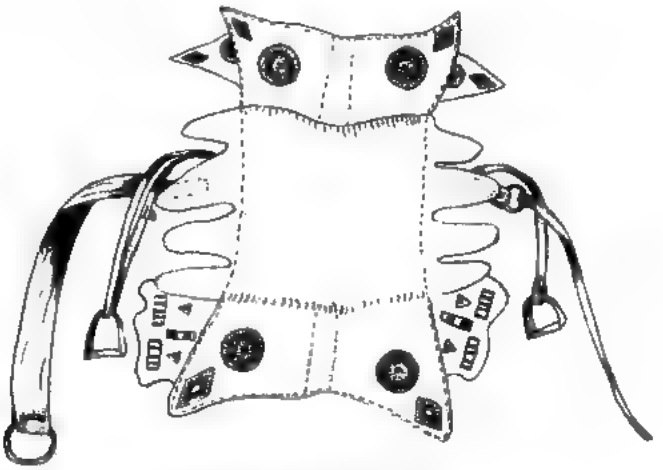
extended use, instead of matting down like horsehair and most vegetable padding.

With the pad properly stuffed and sewn, a third piece of leather, 12 to 15 inches wide by twice that long, was placed crosswise in the center of the base pad and sewn in place to serve as a seat cover. This piece usually had scalloped or fringed ends. Onto its underside, near the edge, was sewn the 2- to 4-inch-wide strap used as a cinch. A latigo strap was attached on the opposite side. Stirrup straps were fastened to the seat cover or to the ends of a rawhide band which ran completely over the saddle. The latter method concealed the cinch attachments and also allowed a freer play to the stirrups. The completed rig seldom weighed over three pounds.



Sioux pad saddle construction

SUCH SADDLES were frequently embellished with bead- and quillwork. Four large rosettes of beadwork on the outer corners of the skirts were common decorations. Other fancy work on the edges and extra flaps usually ran to individual ideas. The outside seam was often concealed beneath a band of trimming.

Pad saddles were usually present in the ever-familiar picture of Indians riding around an enemy with their bodies slung on the off side of racing mounts. A warrior was reasonably secure in spread-eagling himself on the animal's side while he shot over or under its neck, if the pad were cinched tight enough to insure carrying his weight on one stirrup, his opposite heel hooked under a flap or ornamental knob on the back of the saddle and his head and one arm thrust through a rawhide loop suspended from the saddle or the horse's mane.

This style of fighting was practically the same method practiced by the old Cossack tribes of Europe a thousand years earlier. How it happened to spring up on opposite sides of the earth in such widely separated eras is something else for antiquarians to ponder over.

A variant of the pad saddle was the Cree war rig used in the middle 1800s. This was merely a broad band of rawhide cinched a trifle loosely about the horse. The rider took up the extra slack in the cinch by thrusting his feet under it as a substitute for stirrups.

A similar method was employed by the Comanche mustangers of Texas when chasing wild horses. They, too, depended on a single band of rawhide cinched around the horse. But as an added improvement, they attached small loops of braided rawhide to the bands for use as stirrups. The loops were made only large enough to receive the rider's big toes. Frank Collinson wrote of seeing this style used on the Staked Plains as late as 1882.

And here we have another one of those little riddles which persist in rearing their intriguing heads along the horseman's trail. How did plain surcingle rigs come to appear simultaneously among such widely separated peoples as the Texas mustangers and the Canadian Crees 1,500 miles to the north? And what, if any, is the relation of the Texas toe-loop stirrups to the toe rings of the South American Gauchos twice that far to the south? Pure coincidence, perhaps! Yet the mysterious long arm of common parentage remains to plague the imagination.

In the early days all Indian stirrups were of much the same general bentwood pattern. Men of the Plains tribes west to the Rockies favored the simple triangular shape. Beyond the Shining Mountains and up into Canada the round-top style was the most popular. Round tops also predominated in the northern territories of the Mandans, Minitari, and Assiniboines. The large, square type with decorated sides was chiefly a woman's stirrup. It was native to the central and northern Plains and used most extensively east of the Continental Divide.

It was undoubtedly something of this sort that Maximilian referred to when he wrote of Assiniboine stirrups as being rawhide-covered affairs made in the shape of shoes. Occasional examples of this type had the footplates almost as long as the foot. The sides were also sometimes cut out in openwork patterns to suit individual artistic tastes.

The basic principle of all these stirrups, however, was the same. The cruder ones were simply willow withes bent into shape and tied together at the top. The better ones predominated, being well designed and carefully constructed. Cottonwood was a favorite material for this work; it was light, tough, and easily fashioned.

A SCATTERING of Spanish iron stirrups, buckles, rings, bits, and other metal trappings began trickling into the northern regions in the early 1700s. Indians were avid gamblers, traders, and visitors. Their commerce was widespread throughout the continent. International warfare also added much to the dispersal of useful commodities. It is not surprising that items of Spanish manufacture antedated the arrival of the white man into the West by many years.

A rope made from wild hemp was found to be much in use by the Nez Percé when Lewis and Clark arrived on the Clearwater Fork of Snake River in 1805. Clark wrote that it equalled any rope he had ever seen produced by white men.

Hair was used for strapwork to some extent by most of the Plains people, though they usually preferred buffalo hide. Hide bands made very durable cinches and were less inclined to chafe than those of hair. Bits were often made of twisted rawhide, especially by the Comanches. Thongs of the same material were excellent for latigos and stirrup straps. Braided rawhide or long strips of buffalo hide were used for ropes. The latter was favored for picketing horses because of its ability to give and stretch without weakening.

Rawhide from the heavier portions of buffalo skins was used by all the Plains tribes for shoeing horses. This was the same old method practiced by the ancient Tartars and brought west through Arabia, Spain, and Mexico.

Another thing that traveled from East to West without much alteration by passage of time was the rump housings and cruppers extending from the saddle cantle to the mount's tail. A crupper design found among the Crows was strangely similar to one of far-off Guatemala.

With this single exception, and save for minor tribal peculiarities, such accouterments followed the same general pattern among all Indians. Made of well-dressed leather, often fringed or bordered, and heavy with elaborate designs worked in quills or beads, they added a handsome touch to spirited horses in holiday mood. As a rule, they were reserved for ceremonial occasions, visiting excursions, and capturing the eyes of admiring maidens. The patterns of colored beads overlaying alternating shades of leather had a way of rippling in the sunlight with the movements of the horse that would delight the eye of any beauty lover.

Fancy beaded and quilled breast collars were often used with such display outfits, though commonly dispensed with in everyday riding.

Watchful eyes might also catch a further bright, flashing message from a small mirror attached to the saddle. Indian riders often had a small trade mirror hung on their bodies or among the saddle ornaments.

Many people harbor the erroneous idea that Indian warriors carried those little trade mirrors for the sole purpose of admiring themselves in unemployed moments. But that was not the most valuable function of the little glass, which was really the keystone to a country-wide communication system.

The Indian was probably America's first heliograph expert. With the shiny surface of the glass tilted toward the sun, he could communicate with his fel-

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lows across miles of wilderness.

The mirror was used to attract the innately curious antelope and draw them within range of concealed hunting companions. Horsestealing parties found it a most valuable aid. With two or three mirror-armed lookouts posted miles away in either direction to observe any enemy movements and direct the escape route, it was comparatively easy for the main actors to steer the stolen herd clear of recapture or direct pursuit. Many kindred uses made the mirror the most sensible thing in the world.

Colonel Richard I. Dodge wrote that in drilling warriors for combat, a regular practice in most tribes, a chief would usually command the drill from an outside position, preferably the top of a knoll. His orders to the company would be communicated by signals in most cases, often with mirrors. Dodge felt that the Indians were far more proficient at such signaling than any of their white contemporaries.

WHILE the Apaches were the only Indians to wear spurs, all the tribes considered quirts as standard equipment. These all followed the same general pattern, a bone or wooden handle with leather thong lashes affixed at one end. There was usually a wrist loop on the opposite end.

It was a common saying in the early West that you could tell a mounted Indian from a white man in two ways—the manner in which he kept his quirt going in time with every jump of his horse, and the way he sat his saddle.

As a matter of fact, no one familiar with the older Indian's style of riding would ever be in doubt about his identity. He habitually sat his mount in what appeared to be a constrained and rather awkward manner. On parade or at ease, his body was held stiffly erect; in motion, he rode bent slightly forward, his thighs nearly perpendicular and shanks bent back to bring his heels up against the horse's flanks. Likely his shoulders would be somewhat hunched and his arms anything but relaxed.

The one tribe departing from this general rule was the Apache. They rode more in the manner of their Mexican neighbors. Using the longest stirrup leathers of any tribe, their lower legs did not present the sharp angle commonly seen among other Indians.

But all this was merely superficial. Unorthodox as their style might have appeared, Indians knew few superiors as riding men. In war or on buffalo hunts or the trail they rode like centaurs and well deserved the title of Tartars of the Plains. Early writers agreed that they were among the world's most skillful horsemen. Colonel Dodge wrote of what he called their "incredible feats of horsemanship" on several occasions.

It should be noted in passing that the native red men all originally practiced man's natural habit of mounting from the off side of the horse, as have all primitive races. This was another source of disparaging remarks made about the Indian's peculiar riding methods by uniformed and intolerant white observers.

Indian women were often the recipients of even harsher criticism from form-conscious male outsiders. Judged by white standards current at that time, their style was undoubtedly a far cry from that decreed by Eastern fashion. Still, that doesn't alter the fact that they could ride where most white women couldn't even drag a halter. Habitually riding astride, as had their Sarmatian sisters of 4,000 years before, they were somewhat inclined to show a lack of the feminine grace which white men deemed so important. But seated deeply in the high-forked saddle so admirably suited to a land that knew few refinements, they well deserve commemoration as horsewomen of the first order.

Perhaps it was their appreciation of good horsemanship that led them, as well as their men, to abandon the old home-made rigs for better equipment as soon as white traders began moving into the country. For good as they were and long as they had served a worthy purpose, the crude frame saddles were undeniably less comfortable to horse and rider than the better-designed rigs made by white craftsmen. The Indian recognized this as quickly as anybody. As soon as superior saddles began to show up, he rated them next to guns as desirable trade items.

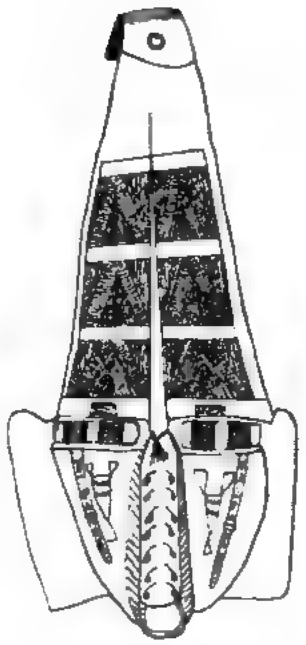
Exactly when this branch of commerce saw birth is uncertain. In fact, it was more of an evolutionary process than a birth. We know Spanish equipment was coming out of Mexico and the Santa Fe country in the very early 1700s, some as the result of the Indian raids. By the middle of the century a fair scattering of Indians were riding Mexican outfits. Spanish saddles and bridles were also present as individual specimens in practically every tribe throughout the North when the first white men arrived there.

In various portions of the Southwest, raiding, gambling, trading, and the passing back and forth of illicit French traders all helped to bring about a wide distribution of the Spanish gear. Wily traders working out of Natchitoches and Fort Chartres found a lucrative profit in bringing Mexican saddles from Santa Fe and Chihuahua. The bulk of them seem to have passed into the hands of western riders and traders bound for the Indian country. They apparently had little appeal among eastern horsemen. Few of them were in use east of the Mississippi.

THE WEST'S affinity for Spanish-type saddles stems to a large extent from their direct relationship to the old Indian-made rigs. Both apparently shared a common ancestor; then each departed in its own separate direction for over a century. During this separation, the cumbersome old Spanish saddle slowly evolved into something more suited to the caballero's taste and the vaquero's work, while the Indian was shaping his deep-seated, high-forked design toward the riding security demanded by wild horses, racing buffalo, war maneuvers, and hazardous mountain trails. When the creative developments of both factions met, it was to form a liaison which eventually produced the heir known as the western stock saddle.

Parkman's writings repeatedly mention Spanish saddles, bits, and spurs as those most commonly used among the mountain men. Pommel holsters for pistols were often seen on such saddles.

It was this growing demand by both Indians and mountain men that started the Spanish, or Santa Fe, saddles moving into the central and northern Plains in quantities shortly after 1820. The opening of the great Santa Fe trade which followed the Mexican Revolution of 1821 brought increased numbers of them to the Missouri River and added impetus to their distribution.



Shoshoni crupper

Along with all this was the profit factor, a not inconsiderable aid to any mercantile expansion. According to the diary of General George C. Sibley, there must have been an immense profit in transporting saddles to St. Louis. At Santa Fe, in 1826, the general itemized a list of equipment bought to outfit Captain Brannin for a trip to St. Louis. Included were 'five Spanish saddles @ $4.70 each." As these rigs were then selling for twelve to fourteen dollars at the Missouri River, it is easy to see why traders were exerting themselves in bringing the finer things of life to the red men. A reflection of this rise in the saddle business is found in the many new saddle shops that sprang up in St. Louis shortly after 1820.

The fact that the saddle trade in Indian country was truly booming is pretty well documented by an account Thornton Grimsley had with the American Fur Company. This single account, one of many similar items from the old fur company records, brought to light by Barbara Kell of the Missouri Historical Society, covered the period of October, 1832, to October, 1833. During those twelve months this saddle maker sold the company approximately 200 saddles. Grimsley records through that period, and earlier, show numerous sales to the U.S. Indian agency.

Of course, not all of these saddles were of the Spanish model. Saddle makers then as now turned out whatever the customers wanted. There were always some who called for the more elite Eastern types, which were much cheaper, a factor which carried weight in the Indian trade as it did elsewhere. Of the two hundred Grimsley saddles sold to the American Fur Company in 1833, seventy were listed as "Spanish saddles." They sold at $12 or $14 and up. Thirty were "common saddles," at $8, apparently the hornless muley or English-style saddles popular in the convention-minded East. Pack saddles were $1.50 and "common bridles" $.75 Also listed were fifteen "Falbacke" or "Fullback" and thirty-six "Pigeon" or "Piegan" saddles.

There is some uncertainty about the

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spelling and consequent identity of the two latter models. Miss Kell found the writing, poorly penned and age-dimmed, hard to decipher; some words were spelled differently in different places while others were almost illegible.

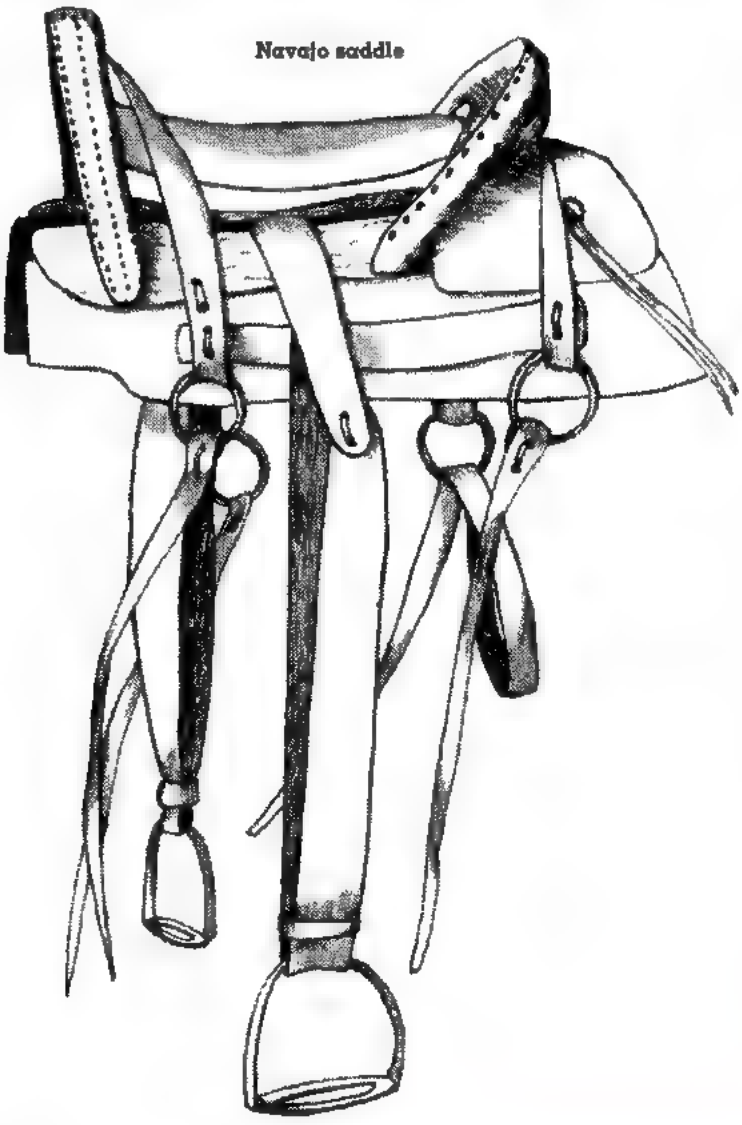
If we accept "Falbacke" as correct, we must consider the word to be merely the name of the maker or designer. "Fullback," on the other hand, would seem to denote a logical distinction between a full-cantled rig and the flat-seated English variety. The latter theory seems more plausible; a cheap saddle patterned after the Spanish type would carry a designation setting it apart from the common flat tree.

Concerning the other model in question: if "Piegan" is meant, we might consider it a saddle especially designed for the Indian trade on the upper Missouri River. The Piegans were an important division of the Blackfeet ranging along the east flank of the Montana Rockies. Attaching their name to an article intended for that general region would have been a most natural proceeding in commercial circles.

Dr. Ewers, however, presents an interesting alternative in describing a saddle used by some of the Plains tribes in the 1800s. It was made with a very low pommel and cantle. The Indians usually relegated it to the status of a packsaddle; but, like all Indian rigs, it was used for riding when need or inclination arose. In the Blackfoot country, where it saw considerable use, the Indians called it the "prairie chicken snare saddle." Knowing the early Westerner's predilection for corrupting native names into words of his own choosing, it is easy to understand how such a name might quickly have become "pigeon" to Indian traders and saddle makers alike.

BUT whatever they were called and however made, the white man's saddles soon assumed an important position among all Indian horsemen. After about 1840, they were no novelty in most sections.

Maximilian said they were in noticeable numbers among the upper Missouri River tribes in 1833. He further noted that they soon lost much of their former identity after coming into Indian hands. One of the first things a native commonly did upon obtaining a manufactured saddle was to cut away everything that didn't appeal to him and then embellish it after his own fashion. Among the Mandans, Minitari and Assiniboines, this usually consisted of lining the inside with red or blue cloth and decorating its outer surface with colored cloth, beads, bone ornaments, hair tassels, buckskin fringes, and dyed quills. Silver and nickel trimmings were much sought after in later years.



Navajo saddle

The Blackfeet and Crows often covered their saddles with cougar skins. The hides were lined with a piece of red cloth large enough to form a broad border around the entire skin, head, tail, body, and legs. This was placed over the saddle with head and tail hanging down on opposite sides. Less important skins were used when the highly prized cougars were unavailable. Robes of this nature were rated very valuable, often commanding the price of a couple of good horses.

Similar practices held sway all over the West, varying only in minor details. Gregg, Farnham, and Garrard were among the many to mention the likeness of patterns among the various nations on the central and southern Plains. West of the Rockies, Mexican outfits from California began reaching the intermountain peoples after 1824. With this the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company annual fur brigades, independent American and Mexican traders and wandering mountain-men fostered a distribution of white man's equipment in the Northwest that was equal to, if not ahead of, that on the Plains.

Along with their saddles, Mexican ring bits were highly prized in the Indian country. The same might be said for the big heavily ornamented spade type. The vaquero's fancy leather headstalls, resplendent with silver and nickel trimmings, also held an irresistable appeal. Few Indians north or south could resist the elaborately designed metal stirrups, while reins of braided hair or contrasting colors of leather were universally popular.

Bridle decorations, especially among the Navajo, frequently included one of antiquity's oldest symbols in the form of a crescent-shaped amulet attached, points down, to the bridle browband. This was the same type of charm so popular with Roman, Arab, and Moorish horsemen in guarding their mounts against evil spirits.

There is a strangeness about such a unique charm and belief in its properties appearing halfway around the globe in almost identical form among unlettered red men. Its origin—a coincidental native creation of unknown times, or perhaps the bequest of some superstitious Spaniard? Quien sabe? All we can be sure of is that it found a reception that extended on to the twentieth century cowboy.

All this, however, is not to suggest that the old Indian-made gear vanished into the limbo of forgotten things overnight. Far from it! The transition period lasted, in most sections, for around three quarters of a century. As a matter of fact, there was still plenty of old-time native equipment in use when the Great White Father finally managed to set his wards afoot and relegate them to a round of maggoty agency bacon and tepee patrol.

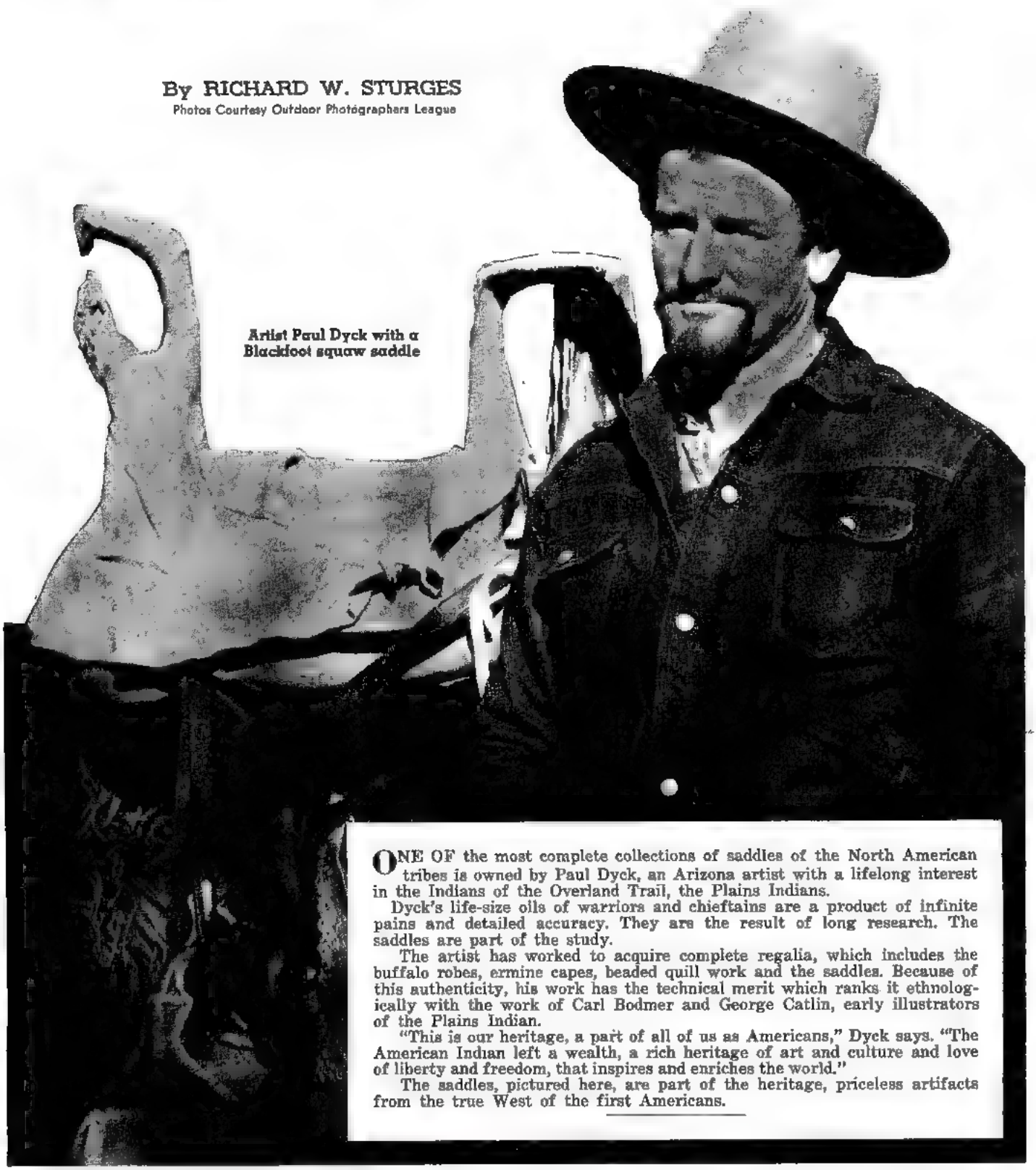
In the meantime, the Indian rode whatever he could get, depending on luck, skill, or wealth. As there were few class distinctions in his democratic society, the available items of better grade simply took their place side by side with the less good. Up until the closing years of the last century, many an old Indian rode a manufactured outfit to chase the white man's cattle off his scanty reservation grass, while many a later-generation youth became a budding cowboy atop some old pad rig or rawhide-covered sidebar saddle.

ARTIST COLLECTS RARE INDIAN SADDLES

A FOUR-PAGE PORTFOLIO

By RICHARD W. STURGES

Photos Courtesy Outdoor Photographers League



Artist Paul Dyck with a Blackfoot squaw saddle

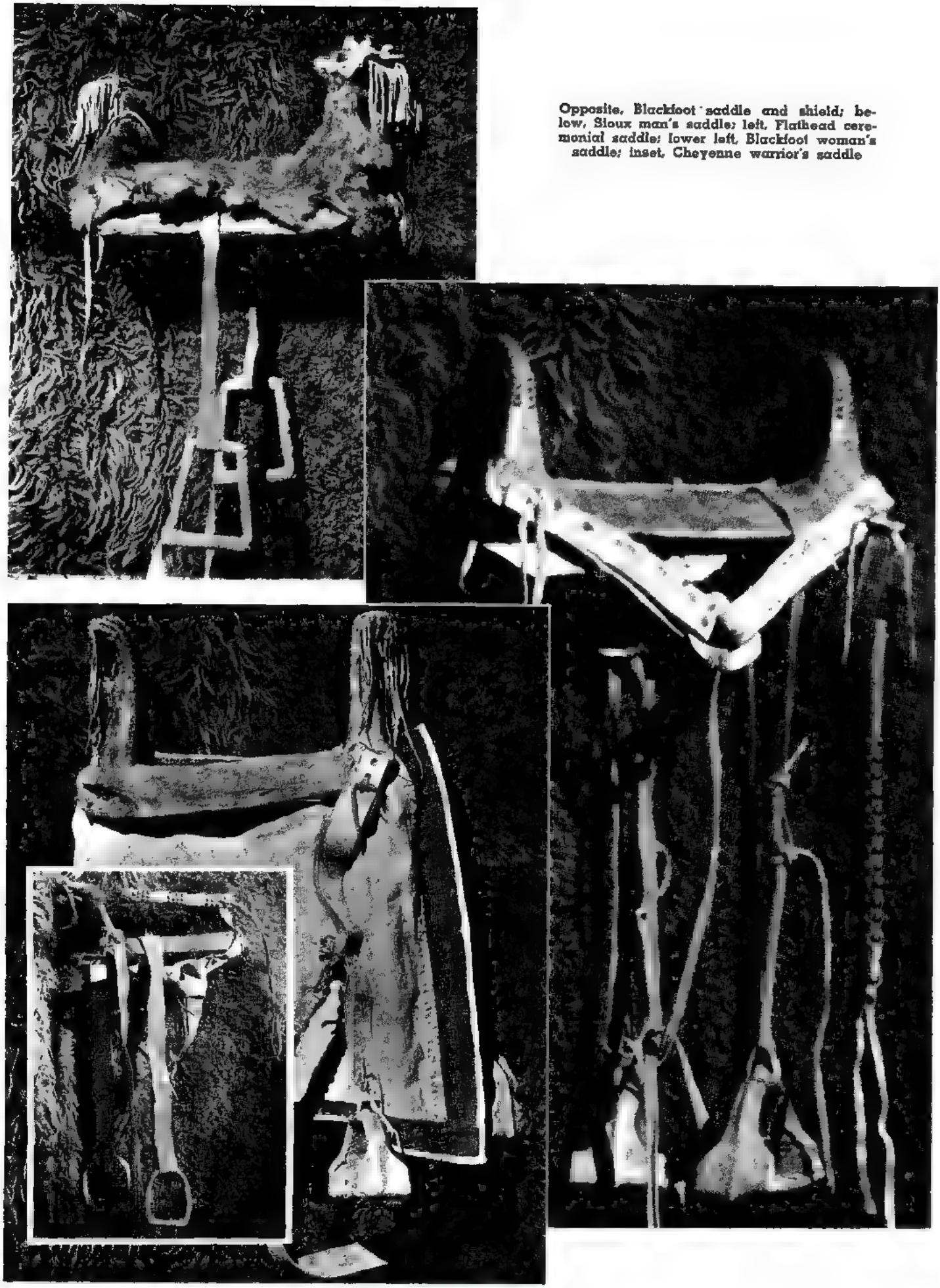
ONE OF the most complete collections of saddles of the North American tribes is owned by Paul Dyck, an Arizona artist with a lifelong interest in the Indians of the Overland Trail, the Plains Indians.

Dyck's life-size oils of warriors and chieftains are a product of infinite pains and detailed accuracy. They are the result of long research. The saddles are part of the study.

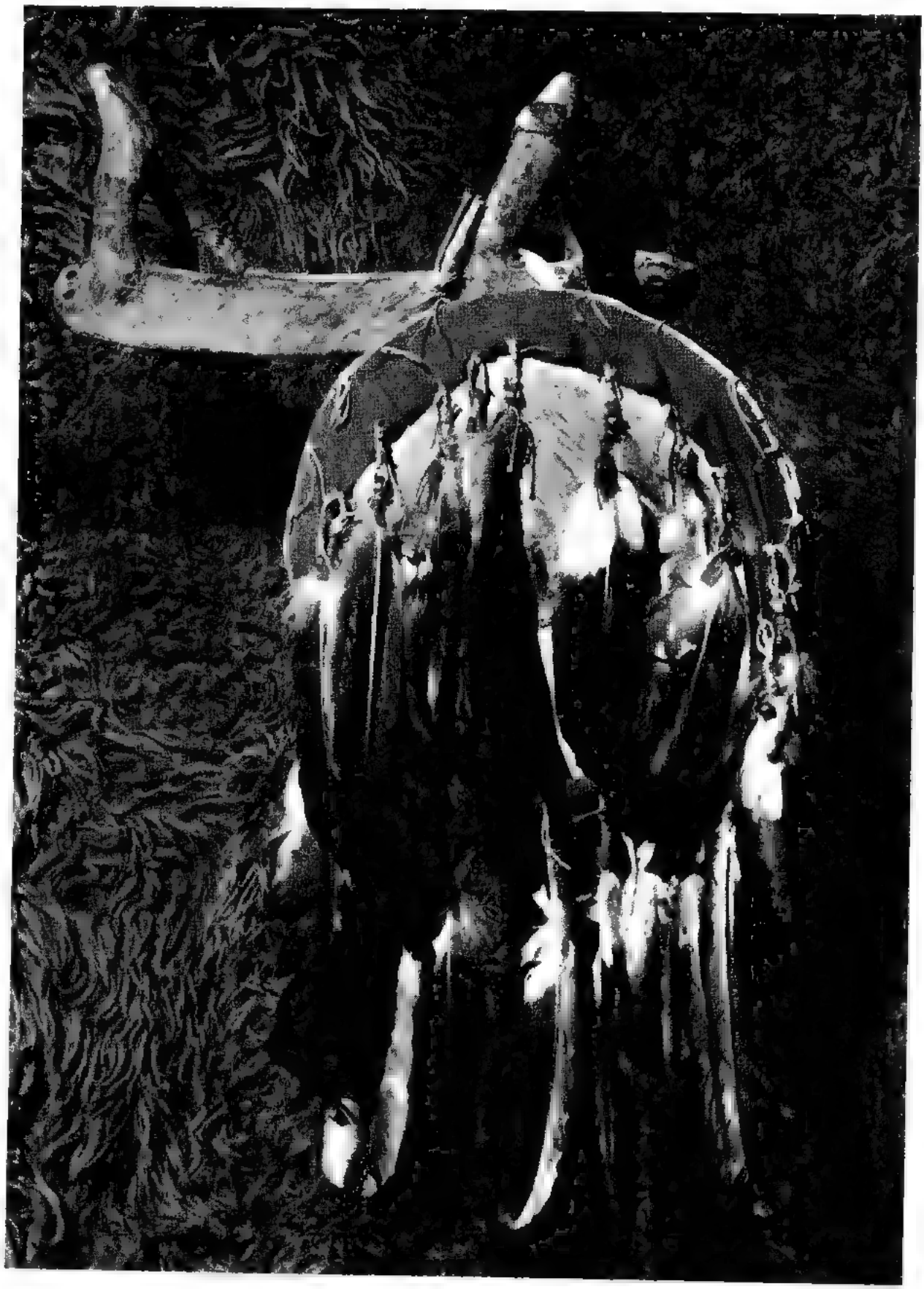
The artist has worked to acquire complete regalia, which includes the buffalo robes, ermine capes, beaded quill work and the saddles. Because of this authenticity, his work has the technical merit which ranks it ethnologically with the work of Carl Bodmer and George Catlin, early illustrators of the Plains Indian.

"This is our heritage, a part of all of us as Americans," Dyck says. "The American Indian left a wealth, a rich heritage of art and culture and love of liberty and freedom, that inspires and enriches the world."

The saddles, pictured here, are part of the heritage, priceless artifacts from the true West of the first Americans.



Opposite, Blackfoot saddle and shield; below, Sioux man's saddle; left, Flathead ceremonial saddle; lower left, Blackfoot woman's saddle; inset, Cheyenne warrior's saddle



Ironic that these men who had dug their gold from the frozen earth had to relinquish it to the frozen sea

SOMEBODY LOST THREE MILLION DOLLARS!

By JACK MILLER

Photos Courtesy Author

IS three million dollars in gold still shifting about the bottom of Alaska's "Inside Passage"? During the years 1897 to 1904 nearly $100,000,000 in Yukon gold was shipped out of Alaska down the West Coast. An estimated three million dollars in nuggets and dust was aboard the *S.S. Islander*, flagship of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company, when it left Skagway August 14, 1901, en route to Victoria.

The *Islander*, built in Scotland in 1888, was the fastest and most beautiful ship in the Canadian Pacific's northern fleet. The "unsinkable" *Islander* had a 240-foot long steel hull, a 42-foot beam and with her triple-expansion engines and twin screws was capable of steaming 20 knots.

Among the 181 people aboard were many "unlucky" lucky miners from the Whitehorse River country with their fortunes of hard-earned gold.

The *Islander* steamed down narrow Lynn Canal, the present-day route of the Alaska Ferry System, to Juneau. Early the next day, Thursday, August 15, the *Islander* departed Juneau at its usual fast pace. A few miles down Stephens Passage, at the mouth of the scenic Taku Inlet, a large iceberg flanked by many smaller bergs had drifted into the middle of Stephens Passage with the help of an offshore breeze. By the time the *Islander* had reached this ghostly fleet, a dense fog bank had made the danger invisible.

The Captain of the *Islander*, H. R. Foote, was in the saloon having a post-midnight lunch. Earlier he had had his temper raised by his pilot who was under the influence of alcohol when they left Skagway; the crewman had been celebrating with the wealthy miners.

To the starboard, the few passengers who lingered on the decks could see the huge shape of Douglas Island come to an end. Then the *Islander* became enveloped in the white mantle of glacial fog. The steam whistle shattered the night with its first warning blast, but the racing engines did not slow their beat. Again the whistle bellowed into the night. When steam poured from the whistle the third time, the echo returned to the ship with frightening suddenness. The echo came back from the enormous iceberg which had been calved by Taku Glacier and now lay directly in front of the ship.

The *Islander* hit the massive ice mountain squarely, and awakened all of the passengers and crew who had been asleep; but when the ship hit the berg the hull buckled, leaving the stateroom doors jammed tightly shut.

Panic-stricken passengers were told that there was no danger because the watertight doors had been secured so the compartments were sealed. Many of the passengers went back to bed, even as the chief engineer was reporting to Captain Foote that the pumps could not handle the inrushing glacial water.

When it was realized that the *Islander* had been inflicted a mortal blow, Chief Steward Simpson and other officers organized a rescue party to remove trapped passengers from their staterooms. The thundering sound of axes again panicked the passengers. Scared people rushed

The *Islander* sits in the port of Sitka. Just over the bow is Baranof Castle; astern, below the ensign, is one of the old Russian blockhouses.

The *Islander* lies in the still waters of Fort Wrangell harbor. The photo was taken from the location of the present-day Federal Building.

from below onto the decks, half asleep and dazed with shock. The decks of the *Islander* were mass confusion as she went down. Of the lifeboats that were lowered, few were filled to capacity. One of these drifting boats missed the still turning screws by inches when the bow submerged, pushing the stern high in the air. As the hull sank lower in the water it was racked by a great explosion; the whole superstructure appeared to rise from the decks. Then the lights went out and the *Islander* was gone.

MOST of the Whitehorse miners abandoned their treasure to save their lives but some secured satchels of gold before the ship went down, and one determined prospector plunged overboard with a suitcase containing $40,000. Neither he nor the gold ever came up. Most of the passengers who didn't make it to lifeboats were thrown into the water by the blast and clung to bits of wreckage, but they couldn't survive the two-hour dip in the glacial waters.

Among the forty-two who died was Captain Foote. The last words of the Captain as he slipped from his fragment of the *Islander* were, "Tell them I tried to beach her."

Dawn brought about the organization of a volunteer party headed by Chief Engineer Brownlee and his mate. They walked up the beach toward Juneau in search of help, reaching the Treadwell Mine where the Steamers *Flossie* and *Lucy* were docked. By noon the *Flossie* was back at Juneau with her flag at half-mast, the *Islander's* survivors crowded on the deck and six of the dead laid out below.

A report of the disaster didn't reach outside until the Steamer *Queen* arrived in Victoria August 18. Then news spread like wildfire from people who had heard it at the wharf. The number of deaths was greatly exaggerated, but it all made for a sensational news story.

The *Islander* became the object of an intense search by many fortune seekers, and after three years she was found lying in forty fathoms of water. Men who had heard of the hoard of gold lost when the *Islander* went down engulfed the area with grappling hooks, but managed to raise only a few barnacle-encrusted steel plates. These were sold for nearly their weight in gold as the only souvenirs of Alaska's worst marine tragedy.

The next few decades saw many divers descend to great depths in the freezing waters of Stephens Passage. But not until 1934, through new salvage techniques, did the rusted hull of the *Islander* rise to shallow waters. Hard-hat divers searched the wreck thoroughly but found only a trace of the gold the *Islander* took with her.

Previous salvage work done by a Portland, Oregon company was believed to have produced several cases of Scotch whiskey and a camera that still worked. The hull of the *Islander* was taken to Greens Bay, a few miles from the scene of her death, where it stayed until 1952 when it was broken up and sold as scrap metal.

Many theories have been offered—some say the miners tried to save their fortunes as the *Islander* went down; others say the gold "slipped out" as the *Islander* was raised; some think the gold on board was pirated in early grappling operations; other contend the *Islander* was carrying no gold when it left Skagway—that it had already been stolen.

Whatever theory you prefer, $3,000,000 of Yukon gold disappeared and chances are it's still in the depths of Stephens Passage.

Members of the crew and passengers pose on an iceberg while taking aboard ice in Glacier Bay, left. The iceberg is obviously aground; otherwise, there would be danger of capsizing. At right is the "saloon" of the *Islander* with staterooms on either side.

"LOOPS and SWIFT HORSES are SURER THAN LEAD"

—and in this case, they had to be. Not a single rider had brought his gun along—despite what you see in the painting!

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Illustration by Charles M. Russell

By WALT COBURN

IN 1916 Charles M. Russell painted a picture of three cowpunchers roping a bear in the badlands country of Montana, and following are the true facts behind this painting he titled "Loops and Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead."

On June 1, 1904, the Milner Square roundup, with Bill Jaycox as wagon boss, was camped in the Larb Hills near the head of Larb and Timber Creeks, north of the Missouri River. It was the spring calf roundup and consisted of around twenty cowpunchers.

Rain had been falling off and on during the night, and when the nighthawk brought in his remuda at daybreak and drifted them into the rope corral, he was missing about forty head of saddle horses.

That morning at breakfast the luckless nighthawk was the butt of a lot of rough joshing and hoorawing because of the horses he had spilled, and like as not the wagon boss, Bill Jaycox, had chawed him out for sloughing off on the job, accusing him of bushing up in the lee of some rimrock to get out of the rain—that mebby he had better pack a lantern instead of a midnight lunch—how come he hadn't kept close track of the bell horses that were apt to stray off during the night, taking their bunch quitters along—was he getting deaf?

Ray Campbell, who was the roundup cook and a good cowhand in his own right, opined that the nighthawk must be tone-deef, and Bill Jaycox agreed he was shore-hell stuck with a night blind, tone-deef nighthawk, and that was about the size of it.

"It wasn't only the rain and thunder and lightnin' poppin' close," the nighthawk kept trying to explain, "that kept scattering the remuda from hell to breakfast. It was somethin' else that kept stampedin' the horses every time I let 'em scatter out to graze. I like to rode my horse down hazin' them scattered bunches back into the remuda."

The nighthawk suggested to Jaycox that it might be a good idea to have a cowhand lope over to the D H S roundup that was camped a couple of miles away and see if their nighthawk had spilled any horses during the stormy night.

"I'll swear on a stack of Bibles," the harassed nighthawk pleaded, "that it was some sort of spook that was boogerin' my remuda last night. Mebby a bunch of horsethieves, or the halfbreed Metis that live in the Larb Hills."

"Alibi Ike," Bill Jaycox snorted his disbelief. "I've got the one and only night-blind, bell-deef nighthawk in the Montana cow country. Spooks and horsethieves, Injuns on the war trail! You been mixin' loco weed with your Bull Durham?" Jaycox tossed his empty tin coffee cup in the big dishpan and headed for the rope corral that held the remuda, to rope out his horse for the morning circle. That was the wagon boss' manner of announcing that breakfast was over and it was time for the cowhands to catch their morning horses.

Jaycox detailed several men to hunt for the missing horses, then led the rest of the twenty-odd cowpunchers on early morning circle, dropping them off in pairs to work the rough scrub-timbered country.

IT was one of those chilly mornings with spotty showers spilling from the black-bellied thunderheads driven by a raw wind. The Larb Hills was typical badlands country cut by deep box canyons, hogback ridges and sandstone rimrock, spotted with scrub pines, buck brush, and thorny clumps and tall thickets of wild berry bushes. A few miles distant was the wild plum thicket where the previous fall my half-brother, Wallace Coburn, had killed a big female silvertip grizzly and her three big cubs one evening at sundown, thereby establishing some sort of a record for bear hunting.

Jaycox and his circle riders were about three or four miles from camp, scattering his men as he went along. He had dropped off Joe Reynolds, who was repping for the Reynolds Long X outfit; Frank Howe, the Circle C rep; and young Charlie Shufeldt, known as the Shufeldt Kid, a bronc rider who rode the rough string.

While riding along a scrub pine hogback ridge Jaycox sighted the missing horses. They were bunched up and running, headed for camp like they had been found by the men detailed to hunt them. But there was no sign of any horseback ers hazing them towards camp, and as Jaycox watched the running bunch it was plain that those horses had been spooked and were running scared just as the nighthawk had claimed.

Jaycox motioned towards the running horses, calling out to his circle riders that the nighthawk was correct as hell.

At about the same time Bill Jaycox had sighted the missing horses, Joe Reynolds and Frank Howe and the Shufeldt Kid had caught sight of them at a much closer range, and saw what was causing the stampede. It was a big bear following a short distance behind the frightened horses at a seemingly clumsy loping gait, but surprisingly fast.

"Head him off!" Frank Howe shouted and took down his ketch rope, shaking a loop out as he gigged his horse with the spurs. Joe Reynolds and the Shufeldt Kid were already spurring their horses to a run, loops built in their ketch ropes. The three riders traveled at a high lope to head off the big bear.

Let it be said here and now for the benefit of any reader unfamiliar with the Montana cow country or unaccustomed to the instinct of horseflesh, that the sight and pungent odor of a bear was synonomous with danger. Even a gentle broke saddle horse would become badly frightened at bear scent. The animal stench of a bear would flare any horse's nostrils, and doubly terrifying was the sight of a charging bear. That warning instinct of danger was especially true of the cow country range horses which were at the mercy of prowling wolves and coyote packs, mountain lions and bears, any hungry beast of prey in search of fresh meat—but bears in particular.

At sight of the three rapidly approaching horsebackers the loping bear halted in its tracks. When the riders came nearer, coming at him from three separate directions to hold him trapped, the bear reared up on its hind legs, prepared to do battle.

THE Shufeldt Kid's green-broke bronc showed less fear than the broke cow horses of the other two men. The Kid was a good bronc rider, wild and reckless as they came, and he spurred the bronc close as he swung his loop. As the loop left his hand the bronc whirled and the bear's forepaw combed a bunch of hair from the horse's tail. The loop missed its throw by a narrow margin, and the spooked bronc bogged its head and commenced pitching and snorting. From then on the Shufeldt Kid had his hands full to keep from being bucked off and set afoot while his loose horse stampeded.

Frank Howe spurred his frightened horse close enough to try his luck. His big loop settled down over the bear's head, but before Howe could jerk up the slack the bear pawed the loop off with one swift swipe of its paw, and Howe's horse whirled and tried to stampede.

Joe Reynolds spurred his horse near enough to try his luck. As his loop went across the head of the bear, still on its hind legs, the bear's paw shook off the loop. Joe's horse shied off and tried to pitch but Joe yanked his head up as he crowhopped and tried for a fast getaway.

Frank Howe then spurred in for a second try. As he threw his loop, his horse shied off and the loop missed. The bear suddenly decided to make a run for it.

As he dropped down on all fours and started off at his fast clumsy lope, Joe

Illustration by Walter Wilwerding

Reynolds spurred his reluctant horse in pursuit. They closed the gap, Reynolds roped the bear by a hind leg, jerked up the slack and reined off. Thrown off balance, the bear rolled over on its hindquarters and was dragged along by the saddle horn.

Frank Howe spurred in close, swinging a hungry loop that head-roped the bear. Howe jerked up the slack, taking his dally wraps around the saddle horn as he reined off. The noose jerked tight around the bear's thick neck, and the next moment he was stretched out, choking down.

As Joe Reynolds took his dallies to stretch out one hind leg, agonized gasping and snarling growls came from the bear's open mouth, the lips folding back to reveal big white fangs.

The choked animal sounds and the close-up rank stench of the hairy pelt put terror in both rope horses and Reynolds and Howe were hard put to handle them. For a while, it was a tug-of-war and odds in favor of the fighting bear whether or not the two spooked horses would force their riders to turn loose their dally wraps on the saddle horn to prevent a pile up of bear, horses and men.

By that time several cowhands had ridden up, ropes down and loops built and each man trying to control his frightened horse.

"Shoot the bear! God's sake! Shoot him in the head!" Frank Howe cried out, and Joe Reynolds was seconding the motion in colorful profanity.

But nary a cowpuncher there packed a six-shooter that morning, having left their guns behind in warsacks and bedrolls.

Finally, at long last, with the bear choked down and gasping, the angry snarls were no longer heard and the stretched-out animal had quit struggling.

A cowhand named Frank Patterson dismounted and opened the big blade of his jackknife. Other cowpunchers on foot grabbed big rocks and began beating on the bear's head, while Patterson was struggling through the thick matted neck hair to cut the throat of the slowly dying beast.

It was not until after the bear's throat had been cut and its skull beaten in by rocks and it was dead beyond all doubt that Frank Howe and Joe Reynolds released their dally wraps around their saddle horns to slacken the taut ropes.

THE BEAR was turned over to Pete Beaucrafts, a French-Canadian Metis breed, who was camped on the creek hunting wolves. Pete and his squaw skinned the hide and kept all the meat except a hind quarter which the outfits divided between them.

Pete's squaw tanned the hide and gave it to Wallace Coburn to place in his trophy room at the Circle C Ranch.

The cinnamon bear was a full grown female they judged to weigh between 600 and 750 pounds.

Ray Campbell, in later years Sheriff of Phillips County, who was then working as roundup cook for the Milner Square outfit, described the bear roast he cooked as being tough and gamy. "Somewhat of an understatement," according to Doc Corrigan who was repping for the 76 with the Milner Square wagon. Doc said when he cut off a big hunk of the roasted bear meat with the blade of his jack knife and shoved it into his mouth, it had a rank taste and was as tough as chawing on an old cowhide. The longer he chawed the tougher it got, swelling one side of his jaw for all the world like a lump-jawed steer. He was about to choke down, when all of a sudden he puked up the big hunk of swole-up bear meat, and his unhinged jaws popped back in their sockets loud as a .22 pistol shot. Doc said if anybody ever mentioned bear meat to him again he'd bend a six-shooter barrel across their boneheaded skulls.

THE ROPING of the bear in the Montana badlands of the Larb Hills thus made its notch in cow country history. The story was told more than once by Frank Howe around roundup camps and bunkhouses when I was present to listen. The pertinent facts of Frank Howe's version of the three cowhands roping the bear are identical with the story Ray Campbell told in a written statement made at Malta when he was Sheriff of Phillips County in 1954, at the time Mr. W. J. Nankeman of Saco, Montana, was compiling historical data for the plaque on a boulder monument at Saco, in commemoration of the roping of the bear and the Charles M. Russell painting depicting the event.

I have also in my files a duplicate of a statement relating the story of the bear roping made by Jim Swendell, wagon boss of the D H S roundup, and Q. P. McClammy, a cowpuncher working for the D H S.

Since Jim Swendell's version of the roping is somewhat vague regarding the identity of the actual ropers, and brings Frank Patterson, one of the Milner Square cowhands into the picture, allow me to quote a few paragraphs of his statement regarding the roping of the bear.

"They started out on circle at daybreak with W. W. (Bill) Jaycox leading circle. When three or four miles from camp they found the saddle horses, lost the night before. Jaycox started two men back with the saddle horses. Then one of the cowboys saw the bear. The bear was just a little ways from the horses.

"The men decided to catch the bear and started out. The bear started for the badlands, and first one cowboy and then another cowboy quit the chase. Frank Patterson, who was riding a somewhat locoed horse was able to get the horse to do most anything, due to the fact that he was somewhat locoed. He stuck to the chase, whipping the bear at every other jump with the end of his lariat. He chased the bear into a deep narrow coulee and called back, 'Come on, I got her!' The bear then turned, making a strike at Patterson's horse. The bear missed the horse, but caught the tail and pulled her claws full of hair from the horses's tail.

"They tried to rope the bear but the bear would push the rope back over her head. Finally someone roped a front paw, then another (roped) a hind leg. They stretched her out. Somehow, none of the cowboys happened to have a gun that morning, whereupon after throwing several well aimed rocks at the bear's head, Patterson jumped from his horse, and cut the bear's throat with his jackknife, having a tough time doing it.

"From then on the Patterson horse was called the Bear Horse because he followed the bear."

Save for a few minor discrepancies the main details of the roping of the bear are much the same. Put the two versions together and you might get the true story, but undoubtedly it was Joe Reynolds of the Long X and Frank Howe of the Circle C who were the actual ropers, with the Shufeldt Kid (Charlie Shufeldt) there at the scene.

The roping of the bear took place in 1904 and it has been over forty years since I heard the story as told by Frank Howe and Joe Reynolds. Let it be said that Frank Howe was a natural story teller around the roundup camps and bunkhouses, and while I have heard him relate the story of the bear roping many times, he never told the exact same story twice, and I have only a vague recollection of his mentioning that Frank Patterson was riding a half-loco horse.

Frank Howe and Joe Reynolds have long since departed on that last ride across the Big Divide, and Bill Jaycox has long gone to the Shadow Hills. I doubt very much if any of the cowpunchers working for the Milner Square or the D H S outfits are still alive. To the best of my recollection Sheriff Ray Campbell has gone on the Long Circle.

It was Wallace Coburn who told the story of the roping of the bear to his lifelong friend, Charlie Russell. Since the cowboy artist was a stickler for details he had Wallace take him on a pack trip to the actual scene in the Larb Hills where the roping took place, and they took Frank Howe along to explain how it really happened.

In his painting that bears the date 1916, Charles M. Russell has captured the badlands country of the Larb Hills in perfect detail as I remember it. The clumps of wet sagebrush in the foreground were typical of the badlands. The only discrepancy in the painting is that Frank Howe is wearing a cartridge belt and holstered six-shooter. None of the cowhands had a gun that day.

In the 1916 painting, the bear depicted is a silvertip grizzly. Thus Charlie Russell made use of his artist's prerogative to change the big cinnamon bear to the more ferocious silvertip grizzly.

TWENTY YEARS among our HOSTILE INDIANS

From a book by J. Lee Humfreville, describing the characteristics, customs, habits, religion, marriages, dances and battles of the wild Indians in their natural state. Hunter & Company, Publishers, New York, 1899.

AN INDIAN DINNER PARTY

IN THEIR wild state, savages were kept moving constantly from one place to another for the reason that when grass was consumed in and about their camps, they went elsewhere—not to get away from the filth which had accumulated about them, but to supply forage for their animals and food for themselves.

Besides, the wild Indian was naturally of a roving disposition; he was not satisfied to remain long in one place no matter how comfortable it might be. He had an insatiable desire for new scenes, to visit old and new acquaintances. Often he changed location to please one of his daughters, whose heart was attracted to another portion of the country, where she hoped to see some young man she fancied; again he moved for reasons known only to himself.

I have seen them locate in beautiful places that afforded protection from the rigors of the winter. In a few weeks the spot was deserted and they were occupying a barren, inhospitable place. The weather had no terrors for the red men when they desired a change of locality; they were constantly on the move during all seasons of the year.

On notable occasions they held a feast. Of these the greatest of all was a dog feast. Their dogs—every Indian village and camp was overrun with them—were a species more or less inbred with the coyote and gray wolf. For a feast of this kind some of the fattest dogs were killed. The Indians would sit all night eating the meat of a dog boiled in a pot, bones and all, cooked without salt, and eaten without accompaniments of any kind. The flesh of a dog, when boiled Indian style, has its own peculiar flavor. It is stringy and tough, though the fat of the animal when boiled is passably palatable. I have been to many of these feasts, and must confess that I do not relish dog meat.

A great feast was once held near Fort Laramie, pending negotiations between Colonel Wm. E. Maynadier and Red Cloud, at which many Indians were present, probably 10,000, all Sioux. Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses was not present at the treaty but arrived a few days afterwards, and I had a talk with him. This was after the massacre of August, 1863. As he called me his son, I gave him a banquet consisting of hard bread (a kind of cracker supplied by the Government to the troops), bacon, salt pork, dried beans, peas, rice, hominy, sugar and coffee.

There were about 250 Indians present at this feast, including Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses and other chiefs less notable. The cooking was done by the troops in kettles and pans belonging to the garrison, and was served by the soldiers on tin plates. Our Sioux guests sat in a large circle after their own fashion and ate with their fingers, refusing to use the knives and forks with which we supplied them. This was not a meal, but as some of the troops aptly remarked, a perfect gorge.

The Indians sat eating the entire night; when morning came there was not a vestige of what I had supposed was an abundant supply, besides something for each one to take to his lodge for his family. The amount of the very much sweetened coffee they consumed was astounding. This feast would not commend itself to the ordinary white man on account of the tempting dishes provided, but as few, if any, of these Indians had ever tasted such a variety of food, they made many grunts and gesticulations testifying to their high appreciation of such a delicate repast. They licked their fingers and looked at each other in astonishment, their eyes following the men serving the food as if saying to them, "Give me some more."

After the feast was over and the Indians had "good hearts" for the time being, on account of the fullness of their stomachs, Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses arose and made a speech, saying in substance, "For this feast and for all that we have received at the hands of our friend, Possuscopie (Roman Nose, for that was the name these people called me), we will pour out the goodness of our hearts."

Many of the Indians who partook of the feast made me presents afterwards, mainly consisting of buffalo robes, some of which were decorated in the most gorgeous style of aboriginal art. I also received some tanned deer and antelope skins, and other articles of small value. I must have received that day, in all, fully sixty or seventy skins. Many of them were handsomely decorated with porcupine quills, and were as soft and pliable as a piece of the finest cloth.

The labor of tanning them on the fleshy side required great skill. In preparing them the roots of the hair were not injured; otherwise the hair and fur

(Continued on page 46)

Huffman Photo

A Sioux warrior's grave. Photo taken January, 1879 near present site of Jordan, Montana.

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Dave Cook

The BANE of THIEVES

Dave Cook simply had more on the ball than the men he was called upon to chase—physically, mentally and morally

By RALPH McCARROLL

Photos Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

DAVE COOK might well have spent his life as a humble Kansas farmer if a sneak thief hadn't stolen his poke of gold dust. Though he was only nineteen, he ran the culprit down, recovered most of the money and discovered that he had an instinct and liking for catching criminals. He went on to become one of the greatest lawmen the West ever produced.

His father, George Cook, was an honest, industrious farmer and land speculator with the restless soul of a pioneer. He moved with the frontier—from Indiana, where Dave was born in 1840—to Iowa, then on to Kansas Territory. He settled his family on a farm forty miles west of the Missouri River in what is now Jefferson County, Kansas.

The Territory was embroiled in a near civil war over the issue of slavery. Northern settlers were in the majority, so it seemed inevitable that the state would be admitted to the Union as free. In desperation, the pro-slavery settlers from the Southern states resorted to violence and intimidation. Bloody clashes between the two factions were frequent. Farms were burned—many settlers were killed.

George Cook took a firm stand against slavery. His farm became the target of guerilla raiders, bent on destroying his property. There was constant danger. Pitched battles were fought, and through necessity, young Dave became skilled with rifle and pistol. He developed coolness and courage under fire. Between raids, the hard work of the farm matured and toughened his body. He was a man at fifteen.

By 1858, the trouble had died down enough that Dave and his brother felt free to go to the Colorado goldfields. They hoped to earn enough to buy their own acreage. George Cook gave them his permission, a wagon and team of horses, and his blessing.

Denver and Auraria were competing settlements, with Cherry Creek between them. When the Cook boys arrived, they found a discouraging situation. The alleged pot of gold was largely in the fertile mind of a pamphleteer named D. C. Oakes. He wrote and circulated a booklet titled, *Pike's Peak Guide and Journal*. His imaginative tales of the easy wealth to be picked up in Colorado were accepted as gospel by thousands of people. They streamed into the state, totally unfit for the hard life of a miner—poorly outfitted—badly informed. They tried to find the elusive treasure and failed. Many hundreds were forced to return, broke and bitter, to the homes they had left in such high spirits.

The Cook brothers were made of sterner stuff. They prospected on Clear Creek with little success, then moved on to Missouri Flat. There they found enough pay dirt to justify filing a claim. They built a snug log cabin on their place. The young miners worked very hard, lived frugally and slowly accumulated a poke of gold worth $250, enough to finance the coming winter when mining always came to a near standstill.

One unforgettable day, the carefully hidden poke of gold dust could not be found. Some heartless character had entered the cabin while the boys were working and made off with it. The loss was a crushing blow. It meant that they would probably be forced to return to the farm, penniless and defeated.

Dave Cook, only nineteen and completely inexperienced as a manhunter, resolved to catch the thief. Instinct seemed to guide him on the right course. He canvassed the population of Missouri Flat and accounted for every miner, except for one, a ne'er-do-well named Jerry Tolman. Further probing revealed that Tolman had been seen riding east at about the time the theft took place. Dave found Tolman's trail and tracked him doggedly for three days. He surprised the thief in camp and recovered most of the gold. For the only time in his career he let a criminal escape punishment. He was doubtful that the crime was serious enough to merit the hanging that surely awaited Tolman if he were tried by the miners of the Flat.

THE BROTHERS worked their claim for two years and returned with enough money to finance a farm and put in crops. They seemed destined to settle down to a life of toil on the good earth, but fate decreed otherwise.

The Civil War was at its height. The Cook brothers decided that it was their duty to enlist. Dave was rejected for combat, but the Army had a better use for him. He was assigned as a scout and guide for supply trains, a job that was vital to the Army. The supply trains were a tempting target for Indian and rebel raiders. Good, experienced men were needed to get them through.

Dave Cook was fully matured, an impressive figure. He was six feet three inches tall, wiry and durable. His features were striking—a firm jaw, straight nose, blue eyes—a look of intelligence. He cut his hair short and sported a heavy mustache. In his dress, he was conservative. He was blessed with a keen mind and photographic memory, especially for faces. He was an expert marksman,

shooting left-handed. His horsemanship was superb. He was well liked and respected by other good men.

There was considerable trouble with the Indian and Rebel raiders, but Dave found that a third enemy was looting the supplies. Some members of his crews were stealing from the wagons and blaming the losses on the Indians. The detective instinct tugged at him and he looked into the matter. In less than a week, he spotted the guilty ones and turned them over to the Army for prosecution. His superiors were so impressed with his work, they assigned him the job of cleaning out the whole system.

The monthly losses were staggering. Dave found that a group in the Army's quartermaster department had banded together into a well organized gang. They were stealing thousands of dollars worth of supplies each month. Dave, in his own way, ferreted out the guilty ones and broke up their racket in a short time.

He was next sent to the headquarters of the military district of Colorado in Denver. There, he was made first assistant to Alden Warwick, chief of the district. It was an important assignment to give a young man of twenty-two.

The Colorado district was plagued with many problems. A severe drought had killed most of the crops. Cattle starved for lack of forage. Food prices rose to fantastic levels. Many farmers and ranchers abandoned their land and came to Denver to find work. The weaker ones among them turned to thievery to subsist. Government warehouses and corrals became prime targets for the bolder ones. Feeling was still high over the Civil War and caused much trouble.

Alden Warwick was an honest and dedicated officer, determined to rid his district of crime. He was understaffed, so Dave Cook got a warm welcome when he arrived to help.

The lone thief was not the major problem. Everything seemed to indicate that well organized gangs had formed to loot the town and the surrounding country. It seemed logical that the base of operations would be in Denver, but how to locate the leaders and bring them in? Dave had an idea.

He was not yet known locally, so he proposed to work on the problem undercover. He suggested to Warwick that he be allowed to dress in shabby clothing and haunt the saloons and dives where thieves were apt to congregate. By becoming one of them, he believed that he would get a lead on the gang and be able to get the information that was needed. Warwick hesitated because of the danger to Dave, but finally approved the plan.

DAVE dressed himself in seedy clothes, rented a dingy room in a disreputable part of town, and set to work. Before long, he was accepted as a familiar fixture. He made the rounds—listening—watching—making mental notes. Slowly, skillfully, he won the complete trust of the thieves and outlaws. A pattern began to form. The prime suspects narrowed down to two men, "Goggle-Eyed Ed" and "Smiley."

Dave was a skilled card player. He managed to get the pair in card games with him and they became friendly. He casually dropped hints about his "shady past" and intimated that he was interested in easy money. The crooks became friendlier by the game and finally took him into their confidence. They spilled the details of their simple and profitable operation.

About a dozen "honest" citizens of Denver acted as spotters for the gang. They located homes to be looted; the professionals did the burglarizing and paid the spotters for their information.

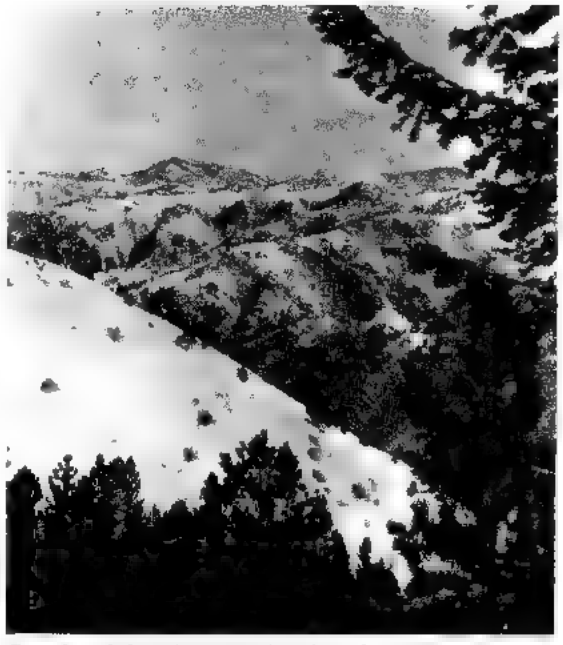
Government property was handled in a different manner. Soldiers, hungry for a few extra dollars, would ride a stolen horse out to the edge of town to a saloon. The owner of the saloon would buy the horse and then re-sell it to the gang, which would take it to a distant market and sell it again. Each transaction paid a profit.

Dave Cook arranged for a secret meeting with Alden Warwick. A trap was set. The plan was for a soldier, an honest one, to take an Army horse to the saloon and sell it. Dave would be hidden and watching the deal. Another detective, W. Frank Smith, would be with him.

The trap was sprung. Shortly after the horse was sold at the saloon, a confederate mounted the animal and rode north. The two detectives trailed him for fifteen hours. A hundred miles from Denver, the ride ended in a little valley on the St. Vrain River. The outlaw was met by two others. The trio was put under arrest by Cook and Smith. A search of the valley yielded twenty-one horses, peacefully grazing on the lush grass in the valley, and the captives were persuaded to talk. They went into great detail about the gang, spilling names and locations.

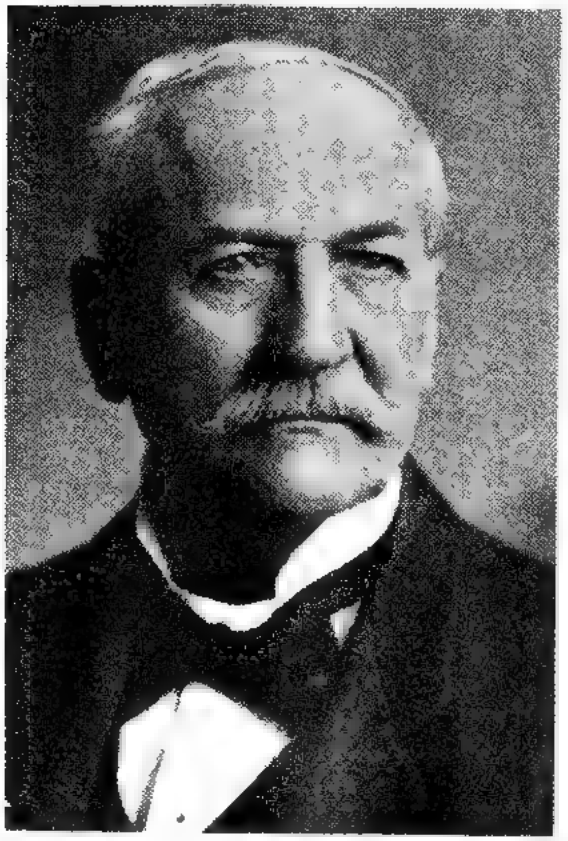
After the prisoners were taken back to Denver and locked up, the officers took swift action against the rest of the thieves. The unsuspecting Smiley and Goggle-Eyed Ed were arrested; the citizen spotters were rounded up. Secret warehouses were raided and more than $10,000 worth of stolen government property was recovered.

The backbone of organized looting in the Colorado military district was broken, but there still remained the lesser problem of the loners. Dave was assigned the job of bringing them in. The loner was usually a tough, hard-bitten criminal who preferred to work by himself, striking when he ran short of cash.



Rough Colorado terrain in the area where Dave Cook hunted down many wanted criminals

Denver, Colorado, as it looked in the early 1870s



Dave Cook in 1905, near the end of his long law enforcement career

He was unpredictable and hard to anticipate. Operating in the remote areas, he hit fast and disappeared into the wilderness with whatever horseflesh he could round up in a hurry. Usually he would push hard to a market a hundred miles or so away, sell the horses for cash, and take to the trail again.

Dave Cook succeeded where others had failed, mostly because of his tremendous endurance and horsemanship. When the report of a raid reached him, he took to the trail at once. He rode for as long as five days and nights without rest, commandeering fresh horses along the way. More than one chase ended with Dave's coming up on an exhausted horse thief, gun in hand, choosing to make a fight rather than to go on. The pursued always got his chance to surrender. If he preferred the gun, he lost to the lightning-fast, left-handed draw of Dave Cook.

During the months he chased loners, his rides took all directions, like the spokes of a wheel, with Denver as the hub. It was on these long, lonely trails that Dave conceived the plan which was probably his greatest achievement. He knew that there must be a better way, but how? How could he shorten the time it took for a rancher to ride to Denver, report a raid, and return with Dave Cook? The delay gave the loner a big start.

There were small settlements and ranches all around with capable men on them. Why not organize a select group of men from these fringe areas into a volunteer organization, similar to the vigilantes; men who could take to the trail at once when notified? The victim of a raid would go to the nearest member of the group for help. The word could be spread and the men could be in action even before Cook received the news. The whole district could be blanketed by trusted men, alert to any stranger with a few horses and no bill of sale.

Dave explained his plan to Alden Warwick, who supported it wholeheartedly. A meeting of carefully selected people was held in Denver and plans were formulated. Seventy-five good men pledged their guns to the organization. There was to be no pay. Any rewards collected would go to the one making the arrest. All prisoners were to be handed over to the nearest law officer or brought to Denver. These men differed from the usual vigilante group in that they did not set themselves up as judge and jury. Their job was to apprehend and detain.

The name chosen for the new organization was "The Rocky Mountain Detective Association." It was a name that became justly famous.

The plan worked so well that outlaws looked for safer fields for their thievery and left Denver alone. Dave Cook enjoyed a short period of comparative peace.

VOLUNTEERING again for the Army, Dave was accepted and immediately assigned to detached duty as a government detective, working with Alden Warwick. He was back where he started. Early in 1864, Warwick was transferred and Dave succeeded him as chief detective. It was a pretty responsible assignment for a young man just a few months past his twenty-third birthday, and the year 1864 was a bad one for Colorado. A winter of sub-zero weather made mining impossible. Miners moved to the city for comfort. Many, cut off from their income, resorted to robbery and petty crime for their subsistence. Idleness led to much small trouble in the saloons.

Spring came and, with it, a deluge of melted snow and ice. Cherry Creek swelled and then overflowed, causing one of the worst floods in pioneer history.

In June, the Cheyenne, Kiowa, Arapaho, Sioux and Apache Indians banded together in a last ditch effort to drive the white man off the land he considered his birthright. Ranches, wagontrains and small settlements were wiped out. At one time, the fighting came to within twenty-five miles of Denver.

Additional trouble came from a band of Confederate guerillas led by James Reynolds. He penetrated the state with his horde of zealots and caused much worry.

The First Colorado Cavalry was mobilized and began the tough job of restoring order on the several fronts. Dave Cook was ordered to ride with them.

Chiefs Left Hand and Black Kettle made peace and went into winter camp at Sand Creek. On November 29, the infamous Colonel Chivington attacked the peaceful Indian camp and callously ignored the American flag and the flag of truce which flew in plain sight over the village. The senseless slaughter roused the Indians to such a frenzy that fighting was extended. Dave Cook had no part in the event. He was honorably discharged from the Army on October 6, 1865.

Six months later he was elected City Marshal for Denver. He plunged into further adventures in his vendetta against criminals, but there were many problems. In those hectic days on the frontier, it seemed that law enforcement was a continual merry-go-round. As soon as one situation was cleared up, another rose in its place. Eternal vigilance was necessary to keep the upper hand.

The Civil War was over. Veterans from both sides drifted west in search of adventure. They brought their weapons and their strong opinions with them, and clashes were frequent. Right behind them came the parasites—the prostitutes, crooked gamblers and confidence men. Crime and violence increased at an alarming rate. The daylight hours belonged to the honest—the night hours to the lawless.

Much of the trouble was tolerated by the businessmen for the profit it made them. Their philosophy was that so long as the toughs killed only each other, why worry?

Dave Cook introduced a new concept. He invaded their hangouts, harassed them relentlessly and let them know they were not welcome in Denver. He stepped on some "respectable" toes in the process, but he controlled the crime situation.

Some of the crooks withdrew to the outer limits but found the Rocky Mountain Detective Association didn't like them either.

Cattle rustling had become a popular form of thievery. The Colorado Stock Growers Association, formed in 1867, tried to combat the new menace and failed. Their Denver office called on Dave Cook for help. He agreed to tackle the problem. He worked methodically—pored over records—asked searching questions. Members of the Rocky Mountain Detective Association sent him reports.

A strange picture came to light. Dave re-checked carefully to verify his findings and wrote his opinion. He was invited to reveal his findings at an indignation meeting of the stockmen. As he read, a stir ran through the crowd. He had facts, figures and names, all carefully documented. He read some more. There were shouts of anger. The names he was reading were those of most of the officers and prominent members of the Stockmen's Association!

There was a sudden, hurried exit of the guilty ones. The next day they were visited by an angry delegation of honest members who threatened them with prosecution if they refused to pay for the stolen cattle. They paid. Part of the money went to Dave Cook as a reward for a job well done. The Stock Association disbanded, to reorganize later with more honorable men at the helm.

A DISTURBING report reached Dave Cook's office. Thirty horses had been run off in Kansas. The thieves struck swiftly and vanished without a trace. Then there was another raid, hundreds of miles away. Then another and another. The method of operation was the same. It looked to Dave Cook as though a master criminal with a genius for organization was directing the raids from a central point. The logical place to headquarter would be Denver, for the city was large enough for his operation to be inconspicuous. Messengers on horseback could come and go without attracting much attention.

Dave Cook and Frank Smith went to work on the problem. They ran down every clue, no matter how small. Underworld stool pigeons sent in little scraps of information; tips came in from members of the Rocky Mountain Detective Association. The mass of evidence pointed to one man—L. H. Musgrove. His two top lieutenants were Ed Franklin and Jack Willetson. All three were

(Continued on page 58)

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even Jack didn't know how he got his "power." Here's one secret that would have to come from the horse's mouth because only a horse would know!

Jack Healy, THE HORSE TAMER

By JESSE R. GREEN

THE FALL RAINS set in early one year in southern Montana when "horsepower" meant horses and nothing more. Muddy roads handicapped the ranchers in taking their wheat to the elevators. Grain wagons with high sideboards were used and, when loaded, they were very heavy.

A well-known rancher, using two teams, had mired down in a mudhole. Sizing up the situation, he decided he had no choice but to unload. He had thrown off only a few bags when Jack Healy rode up beside him.

"Those are good horses you have. They are capable of pulling you out." The rancher shook his head. He was a good driver and he knew his team.

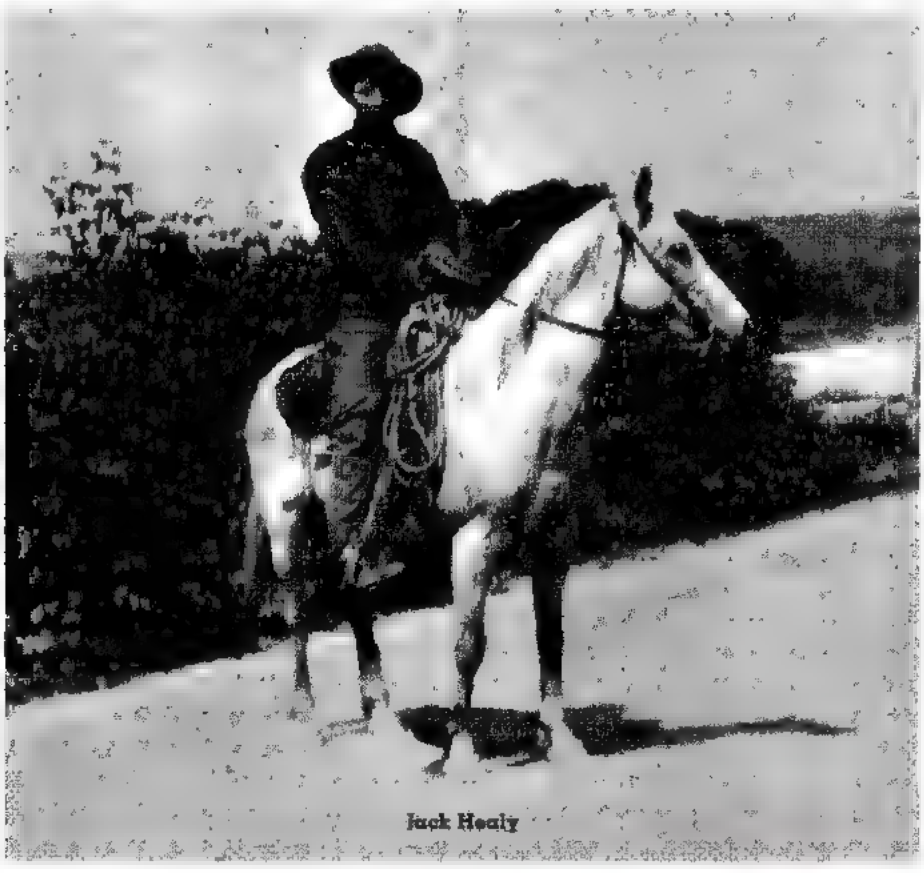
"If I can't drive them out of here," Healy said, "I'll help you unload." The rancher agreed.

Jack walked around the horses, giving each a pat as he passed. He then mounted to the seat, tightened the lines, and clucked to the teams. They pulled with a strength which seemed without measure, and the load moved to better ground.

The rancher smiled his relief. "Come up to the house for a meal."

"No, thanks. I'd rather have a drink."

Courtesy Author



Jack Healy

Happily accepting the payment of a shot of whiskey, Jack rode away.

All over the central and southern section of Montana the fame of Jack Healy had spread. He was a wizard with horses and every locality had its stories of his power. Mostly the only reward he asked was whiskey.

One of his favorite stunts was to walk up to a team hitched to a loaded wagon, the team stopped. Jack would offer to let them go for the price of a drink. The driver might as well agree, for the team would balk until Jack released his power. In contrast, if the driver had a balky team, Jack could speak to them and they would pull with supernatural power. He could permanently cure a balky horse, in fact.

Once while riding a country road, Jack met a band of loose horses being driven by two men he knew. The horses would not pass Jack until he gave the word. To him this was a joke.

Jack Healy was born in Deadwood, South Dakota, about 1876. He was the oldest of six and the family moved to Helena, Montana, while gold was still being mined. His father must have been a prospector for he went off to the Klondike Goldrush and disappeared without a trace.

As a lad Jack helped support the family by milking cows. At eighteen he, too, went north, possibly to the Great Slave Lakes, where he left a wife and son when he returned to Montana several years later.

He was a slim, wiry man of six feet, weighed about 160 pounds, and had black hair and blue eyes. He moved with the speed of lightning. Jack had many brushes with the law but was never in the penitentiary.

He practiced his art of horse taming in the triangle between Helena, Bozeman and White Sulphur Springs, all in Montana.

Jack's mother was said to be part Indian and Jack always said he inherited his power from her. His mother and sister could call wild birds from the trees to light upon their persons.

A Willow Creek rancher tells of being in a field with Jack when he spotted a curlew on her nest. The curlew is a hen-sized bird, with a bill shaped like a sickle and almost as long. They are as wild as birds come.

Jack approached the nest slowly, the bird watching him all the way. He picked up a few grasshoppers, lifted the bird from her nest, fed her the grasshoppers, stroked her feathers, talked to her quietly, and replaced her on the nest.

This is the only story about Jack and birds. He specialized in horses.

THE WILDER the horse, the better Jack liked to work with him. He could go into a corral filled with wild ones, slap them on the hip, pull their tails, lift up their feet, crawl under them. The only record of his being kicked was when he crawled under a fence and got it from a mule.

His services were in demand. Once a blacksmith offered Jack a drink to hold a mule while it was being shod. Jack wanted his drink first but the blacksmith insisted that he work first. The

(Continued on page 52)

By ROBERT G. HUDKINS

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

"MEAT'S MEAT is a common saying in the mountains," George F. Ruxton wrote, "and from the buffalo down to the rattlesnake, including every quadruped that runs, every fowl that flies, and every reptile that creeps, nothing comes amiss to the mountaineer."

Game could not be counted to remain in any fixed or predetermined area. The trapper might luxuriate in a wealth of buffalo meat at one time, and the next be reduced to the verge of starvation. Frequently guns, ammunition and supplies were lost in crossing streams, destroyed by fire or storm, or stolen by Indians. Horses and mules were injured, killed, strayed or stolen, leaving the men afoot and without means of pursuing or transporting game.

Moses Schallenberger, snowbound in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in 1844, found a coyote in one of his traps. "I soon had his hide off and his flesh roasted in a Dutch oven. I ate this meat but it was horrible. I next tried boiling him, but it did not improve the flavor. I cooked him in every possible manner my imagination, spurred by hunger, could suggest, but could not get him into a condition where he could be eaten without revolting my stomach." On another occasion he caught two foxes, roasted one and found "the meat, though entirely devoid of fat, was delicious."

Lewis and Clark, on October 2, 1805, had "nothing except a small Prairie Wolf killed to day" and did not express an opinion as to the flavor.

Dog was a general favorite with the mountain men. Merriweather Lewis' journal entry of June 3, 1806 said: "Our party from necessity having been obliged to subsist some length of time on dog have now become extremely fond of their flesh; it is worthy of remark that while we lived principally on the flesh of this animal we were much more healthy and more fleshey than we had been since we left buffalo country. . ."

Charles Larpenteaur tells of having nothing to eat but a dog, which he turned over to a squaw for preparation. When she returned with the meal, some of the party cried, "Mad dog! Mad dog! Sure enough, he did look like a mad dog; for there was his head sticking partly out of the kettle, with a fine set of ivories, growling as it were, and the scum was frothing about his teeth. . . ."

Dog meat was exceeded in preference only by that of the panther (also called mountain lion, cougar, 'painter', and puma) which was considered "number one, in delicacy of flavour, richness of meat, and other good qualities, surpassing every other, and all put together."

Dog was also infinitely superior to bobcat or lynx, although lynx was said to be excellent when fat. Marmot, wolverine and woodchuck made their way into the pot, too.

JOE MEEK said he performed the meanest trick of his life one time when he and his companions were starv-

MEAT'S MEAT

You don't believe it? Just ask a starving man . . .

ing. A Negro boy, belonging to Jed Smith, was lucky enough to have caught a porcupine which he was roasting before the fire. The boy's attention was diverted for a moment, and Meek made off with the food. Jed Smith felt so badly about the incident, that upon returning to St. Louis he gave the boy a considerable sum of money and his freedom.

In 1825 James Clyman, on the Sweetwater River, became separated from his companions, and having but eleven bullets decided to try and reach civilization to the eastward rather than chance locating his companions. Thus began an eighty-day, solitary journey of approximately 700 miles during which he later wrote: "I came to a pool of water under an oak tree drank sat down under the shade a short time ate a few grains of parched corn (which my friends had given me) when I heard a growling of some animals near by. I advanced a few steps and saw two badgers fighting. I aimed at one but my gun missed fire they started off I geathered some bone (horse brobly) ran after and killed both I struck fire with my gunlock skined and roasted them."

Joe Meek once "found himself reduced to the necessity of shooting a couple of polecats to furnish a supper for himself and party." John R. Bell, on the Arkansas River in 1820, complained that "Our hunters came in having killed a skunk, which we must keep for our dinner tomorrow." The next day they "boiled the skunk, which tasted skunkish enough...." A short time prior to the skunk dinner, a member of Bell's party shot a raccoon on which they "feasted for supper." Edwin Bryant wrote on May 23, 1846 that "we met four trappers from the Rocky Mountains, returning to the setlements . . . and there were suspended from the saddle of one of the trappers, a wild turkey, a raccoon, and several squirrels, which they had taken last night. By the mystery of their art . . . they have contrived to supply themselves with a sufficiency of meat to keep themselves from starvation."

The prairie dog was eaten only as a last resort. Thomas Becknell on the Santa Fe Trail in 1821 said, "I killed one, a small part of which I roasted, but found it strong and unpalatable."

Field mice made even smaller game but, according to Joe Meek, one can "subsist, as did our trappers, by hunting crickets and field mice."

Otter, marten and muskrat filled out the hollows when nothing better could be obtained. The marten had a rank and disagreeable flavor, and the otters' flesh was spoiled by the roots and fish on which they fed. Muskrat was thought of a bit more kindly.

Beaver tail was considered one of the supreme delicies of the mountain larder. It could be roasted for immediate use or dried and put by for journeys. The feet when boiled were said to resemble pigs-feet; and cold, sliced, roasted ham was likened to pork. Osborn Russell reported that beaver feeding on wild parsnips were poisonous and "those who eat this meat in a few hours become sick at the stomach and the whole system is filled with cramps and severe pains but I have never heard of a person dying with the disease." One of the stranger tales told of beaver is that related by the Rev. Samuel Parker "that while the flesh of the fore part is of the quality of land animals, its hind parts are in smell and taste like fish," but he thought "it would require much assistance from imagination to discover the fish taste."

The mountain man's diet was supplemented and varied by the addition of birds such as ducks, geese, pheasant, prairie chicken, quail and sage hen. Other species were eaten when necessary, some exotic, some just repulsive.

Crow was apparently of the latter type, as William L. Manly had a stewed crow and wrote: "That abominable crow! His flesh was about as black as his feathers and full of tough and bony sinews. We concluded we did not want any more of that kind of bird. Ever since that day, when I have heard people talk of eating crow as a bitter pill, I think I know all about it from experience."

Josiah Gregg, the veteran traveler of the Santa Fe Trail who tragically starved to death near Clear Lake, California, in February of 1850, wrote in his journal that his companions "shot a bald eagle, and . . . a raven which was devouring a dead fish thrown upon the beach by the surf. These brought into camp, and all, eagle, raven and half-devoured fish, were stewed together for our supper. . . ."

Buzzards, curlews, hawks and pelicans, although coarse and unpalatable, are all mentioned as having been devoured by starving men and in many instances one bird would have to be divided among a sizable group.

Sandhill crane was said to be good eating, when fat. Isaac Rose reported swan as a "favorite food with the trappers; they were large, fat and tender, some of them weighing over forty pounds. One of the trappers, a little more ingenious than the rest, manufactured a swan-skin cap."

All eggs were considered edible regardless of their age or condition. Eggs with the embryos well developed, and small birds only a few days old, could be made more palatable by cutting them up in small pieces for use in soup or stews.

Joseph R. Walker and his party, all on the verge of starvation, frightened several Indian families from their lodges on the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada range. They were delighted to find skin bags containing what they took to be dried, pounded fish. After having eaten a hearty supper and while preparing for a similar breakfast, they discovered they had been eating worms. "The stomachs of the stout trappers were not proof against their prejudices, and the repulsive food was suddenly rejected."

A Mr. Preuss, separated from the Fremont Party, and without means of fire, "caught some of the smallest kind of frogs, which he swallowed, not so much in the gratification of hunger, as in the hope of obtaining some strength."

Lizards, with their scaly skins removed, were good eating either fried or broiled. Iguanas, though very unappetizing in appearance, were said to taste like the white meat of chicken. One time a Negro, lost on the prairie without any weapons, subsisted for thirty-three days on three dove eggs, wild onions, lizards and crickets.

(Continued on page 66)

REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POWDER RIVER EXPEDITION

By J. GREG SMITH

It extended an invitation to carnage —RSVP—and the Indians were quick to accept

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

General Patrick—Connor, commander of the forces engaged in the ill-fated Sioux campaign

THERE WAS NEVER a sorrier looking army anywhere than the hundreds of de-horsed cavalrymen who staggered into hastily constructed Fort Connor on a bitterly cold day in 1865. Starving and rotten with scurvy, they had come within a breath of being wiped out to the man, victims of the unrelenting Wyoming wilderness and the savages who claimed it.

Stumbling up the hill to the pitifully small stockade, they looked like lost souls returning from hell. They had been through their own kind of torment in the heart of the Black Hills, the remnants of the highly touted Powder River Expedition which was supposed to have brought the Sioux to heel. Looking at them, one would know that they had failed.

Scattered unceremoniously behind, along the Powder River, were hundreds of bloated horses, the stench of their carcasses fouling the frosty air. Scattered here and there were the remains of mules, their bodies torn open and the flesh eaten raw. Smoke still curled from dozens of quartermaster wagons junked together and burned with fighting gear inside.

And always, there were the Sioux and Cheyenne, poised like jackals to pick off stragglers and to appropriate desperately needed carbines to use on others who would dare penetrate their domain.

The Powder River Expedition had come to its inglorious end. The losses? More than the hundreds of cavalry horses and burned gear. More than the score of men now buried along the Powder and Tongue. Billed as the force that would bring peace to the Plains, it had instead convinced the hostiles that they could stem the tide of the white man's invasion. Because of this single disaster, men would be slaughtered on the plains below Fort Phil Kearny and the valley of the Little Big Horn.

And why not? Using the crudest of weapons the Indians had whipped a force bristling with carbine and cannon. Had the Indians been given a few more days, the scattered graves would have become a cemetery, the cavalrymen too weak to defend themselves from even squaws and children.

JUST EIGHTY-FOUR days before, 1,400 of these now-starving men had pushed off from Omaha, the eastern column of a giant three-pronged offensive. Commanded by Colonel Nelson Cole, they were to move through Nebraska's Sand Hills, skirt the eastern edge of the Black Hills, then cut west and south to rendezvous with other units. Cole had fought and won out over a general to get this choice assignment. Though his men of the Second Missouri Light Artillery and Twelfth Missouri Cavalry were inexperienced, he had no qualms about their ability to lick the inferior foe.

The central prong, another 600 cavalrymen under the command of Colonel Samuel Walker, embarked July 30 from Fort Laramie. Walker's Sixteenth Kansas headed almost due north, their destination the Black Hills, the very heart of the Sioux's warring bastion.

Both the Missouri and Kansas units were to meet with the western prong somewhere near the Rosebud River in northern Wyoming. This column was made up of California, Ohio, and Iowa outfits well sprinkled with "Galvanized Yankees." It numbered 475 officers and men. Heading it and the entire expedition was General Patrick E. Connor, the man who had dreamed up the idea of taking the war to the Indians. His unit embarked July 30 from Fort Laramie, swinging in two smaller columns west, north, and east to round up and crush any hostiles he might encounter.

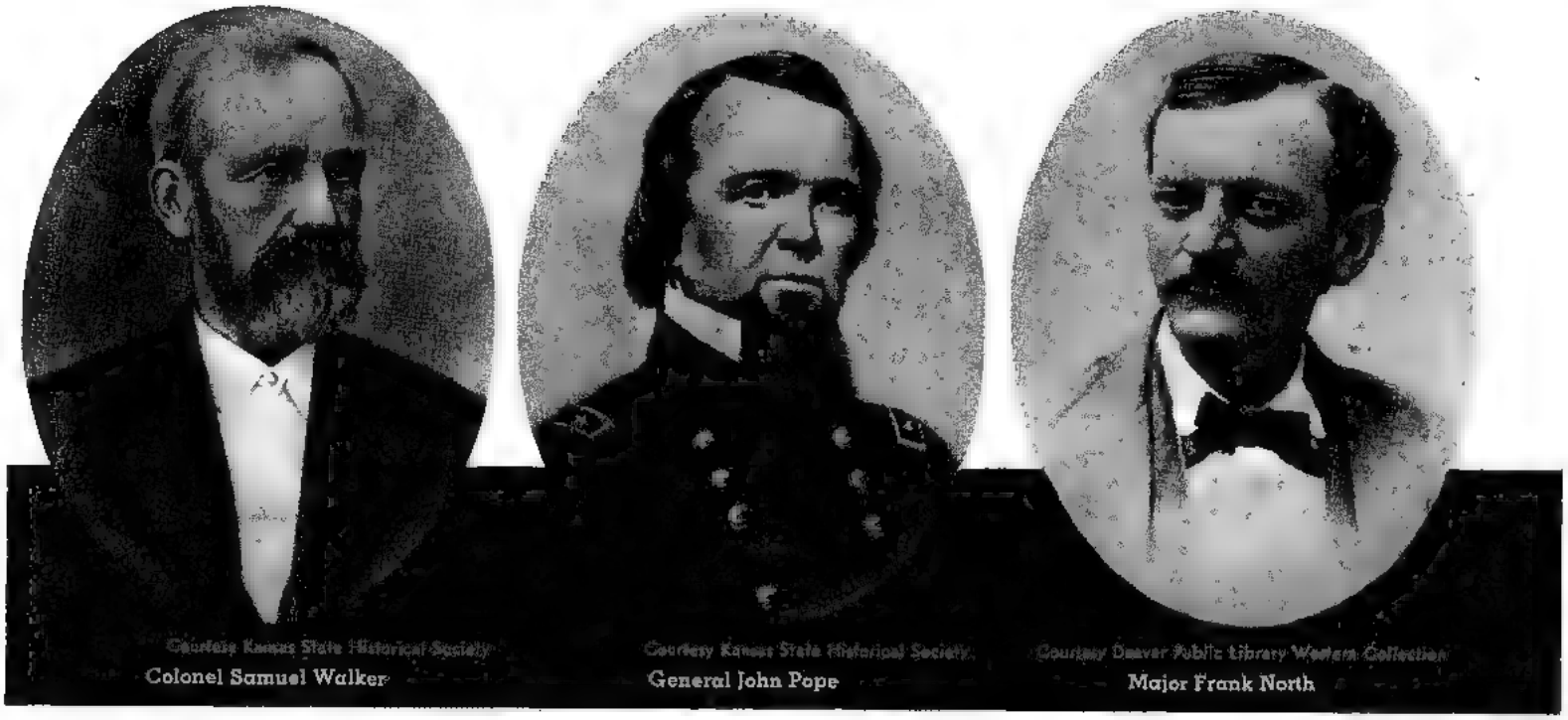
Major Frank North's Pawnee and Winnebago scouts were along for the fun, anxious to avenge injustices perpetrated by their life-long enemies, the Sioux. Six companies of Michigan Cavalry totaling 250 officers and men accompanied Connor to garrison Fort Connor once it was established on the Clear Fork under the shadows of the Big Horn Mountains. In addition, some 185 freighter wagons trailed along behind.

To serve as the expedition's eyes and ears were Jim Bridger, Jim Daugherty, Nick Janisse, Mich Bouyer, Antoine La-Due, and Bourdeaux. There was none better than these grizzled mountain men. Unfortunately, Cole's and Walker's front men had little experience with the western wilderness, and Connor had all the scouts.

With flanking forces coming up both sides of the Black Hills and another headed straight at its innards, the greatest military expedition the Plains had yet seen was underway. "We'll take this war to Egypt," Connor had predicted, "killing every male Indian over twelve without giving quarter."

Armchair generals who knew the type of terrain to be covered, the mobility of the hostiles, and the type of troopers Connor commanded would have shuddered at the foolhardiness of the venture. Unfortunately, there were no such learned men around to pass out sage advice. Connor was the only officer recognized as a veteran campaigner, his reputation garnered from a lone victory over the Nez Percé in 1863.

Cole's unit, with 1,100 unknown miles of the worst kind of terrain to cross, was the first to embark, leaving Omaha in late June. Two companies had refused to budge and only cannon convinced them that taking scalps was great sport. Three other companies were not yet equipped and would catch up later, accompanying 140 six-mule quartermas-



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society
Colonel Samuel Walker

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society
General John Pope

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection
Major Frank North

ter wagons loaded with a 60-day supply of food, grain, and ammunition.

Possibly Cole, looking back on the string of cavalrymen which stretched out along the Platte, had some misgivings about his earlier eagerness to grab the assignment. His men were bitter. They had not been paid for the past eight months and had enlisted to fight Rebs, not Indians. Ahead lay the unknown and he wondered if his scouts knew any more about the country than he did. He was to receive an exact route from Connor near the mouth of the Loup. Until then, he would have to play his hand by guess and by darn.

Once past the Pawnee Mission 110 miles west of Omaha, the Missourians left civilization behind. While camped along the North Loup a courier brought his orders. "You will not receive overtures of peace," Connor had written, "but will attack and kill every male Indian over twelve."

THERE was a lot of ground to cover if Connor's dream was to come true. First was the Sand Hills, a vast wasteland of blowing grit that even the Indians avoided. With scouts well out in front, Cole gingerly felt his way into the unknown. Once his course changed due south to "find passable terrain." Some have claimed since that he was lost. At the head of the Loup the Missourians paused to get their bearings, leery of continuing on across the barren sandy desert the scouts had reported. After two precious days, Cole decided to try a new route due north to the Niobrara.

Cole could not have known that his was a war against time. Those sixty days of supplies that the mules now strained to pull would be exhausted long before his mission was accomplished. The Snake, Niobrara and White Rivers were crossed, each taking its toll of men and equipment. Corduroy roads and bridges had to be constructed for the cumbersome wagons, wasting more time and provisions. In his grandiose scheme, Connor had never allowed for such setbacks, an error which probably cost him the campaign.

From the northern border of what is now Nebraska, Cole looked out on the dreaded "Les Mauvrais Terres," the weird other world of the waterless Bad-

(Continued on page 50)

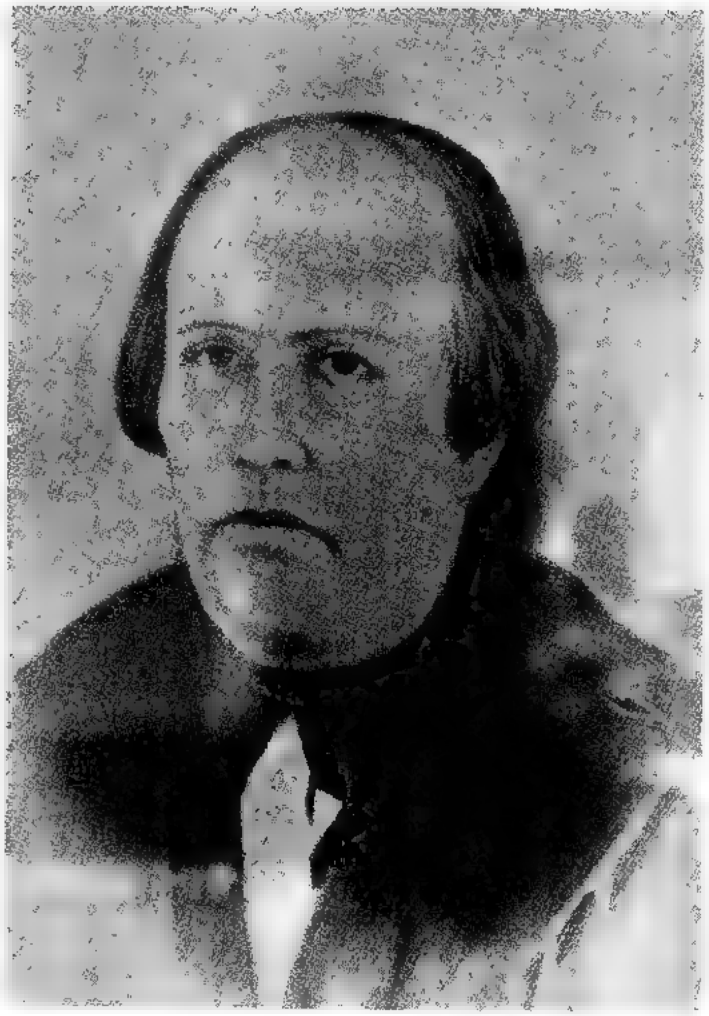
Fort Laramie, Wyoming, 1868, two years after General Connor led his troops into warfare from this post

Courtesy Montana Historical Society

SAINT OR DEVIL?

Whatever the Padre was, both his friends and foes could agree that the affairs of earth interested him exceedingly—heaven could wait!

By ERIC M. ODENDAHL



Courtesy Author

Padre Antonio Jose Martinez

A QUESTION still a mystery inside an enigma is whether Father Antonio Jose Martinez of Taos was a saint or a devil.

One of the most colorful and controversial figures in New Mexico's history, Padre Martinez has convinced more than one researcher that he was almost a saint. He has been credited with being the founder of the state's first school in 1826, editor of the first newspaper in 1835, an outspoken member of the Mexican Departmental Assembly from 1830 to 1836, a participant in the New Mexico legislature from 1851-1853, and the one man with the courage to stand up to a bishop charged with exacting excessive tithes from his flock.

Those seeing more of the devil in him recall that he was linked with the 1847 slaying of the first territorial governor, Charles Bent. They point out that Padre Martinez was defrocked publicly and excommunicated in 1856, charged not only with political activity unbecoming a priest, but with constantly breaking his vows of celibacy, keeping a harem and fathering several children. His critics have tied him in with the self-flagellation of the Penitentes in the days when their bloody rites on Good Friday often included the actual nailing of a man to the cross.

Born of a rich family in Abiquiu, New Mexico, in 1793, he married at nineteen. After his wife's death a year later (a daughter, Luz, died in 1835), young Martinez studied for the priesthood at Durango, Mexico, and was ordained in 1822. Four years later he moved up to his own mission at Taos, where he established a seminary designed to also serve as a school for boys and girls. Padre Martinez taught grammer, rhetoric, theology, Spanish and Mexican law to his students.

He has been generally credited with writing and publishing New Mexico's first newspaper, *El Crepusculo de la Liberated (The Dawn of Liberty)* in 1835. But on this point, as on almost any other about Padre Martinez, there is disagreement.

The late Frank Luther Mott, dean of American journalism historians, said that *El Crepusculo* was published at Santa Fe, not Taos, in 1834, not 1835, and credits it to Antonio Barreiro. Mott wrote that Barreiro used the newspaper to help his election to the Mexican Congress and then ceased publication.

No copies of *El Crepusculo* are now available to settle the argument. But Martinez is credited with printing a spelling book in 1834, *Cuaderno de ortografia, dedicado a los ninos de los senores Martines de Taos*, for the children of his school, and a political tract in 1839, *Discurso Politico sobre lo Importante y Necesario de que el Hombre Este Istruido en Sus Deberes* about the political obligations of a Christian. On the back of the title page of his *Discurso* are listed nine titles of other booklets published by the priest. None of these has survived.

Martinez may not have been the state's first newspaper editor, but he certainly was a learned man who valued the printed word in a vast territory populated only by Mexicans, the majority of whom were illiterate, Indians, and a few white traders and trappers.

GENERAL Stephen Watts Kearny's Army of the West had entered Santa Fe in 1846 and annexed New Mexico "without firing a shot." Charles Bent, Taos trader and one of the owners of Bent's Fort on the Santa Fe Trail in southeastern Colorado, was appointed governor of the territory.

The night of January 19, 1847, Indians of the Taos pueblo joined by Mexicans revolted against the Americans and went on a mission of death. The angry mob invaded Bent's home and shot him in the face and chest with arrows, fired so lightly as not to kill but only hurt him. Bent pulled out the arrows and the Indians scalped him. Holding his bloody head, Bent crawled into the next room where his wife, his children, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Kit Carson, cowered.

The Indians ended the governor's misery with the shot of a musket but continued to mutilate his body. They tacked his scalp to a board with brass nails and galloped through the village with their trophy. Mexican friends helped the women and children secretly bury Bent's body to save it from further mutilation.

The unruly mob hoped its revolution would spread across the territory. But

REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courtesy Author

Bishop Juan Bautista Lamy

word of the governor's murder reached Santa Fe, where American troops were dispatched through the snow to Taos. There were two small skirmishes with conspirators on the way, and the snow slowed the troops from reaching Taos until February 3.

A few hundred Indians and rebellious Mexicans had fortified themselves in the church of the old Taos pueblo which had walls four feet thick. Howitzers blasted the walls for all of one day and the troops charged into the church. Some of the rebels who escaped massacre tried to flee to the mountains, but the troops hunted them down—killing fifty-one without the loss of a soldier. This marked the end of the last armed rebellion against the Americans by native New Mexicans.

Little concrete evidence has been uncovered to prove that Padre Martinez was the brains behind the uprising and Bent's murder. But the governor and the priest were old enemies. Martinez had been displeased with the great grants of land which the Mexican Government had offered to foreigners who would establish colonies and promote agriculture.

Bent had been pegged as a silent partner in trying to obtain a grant covering almost all of northeastern New Mexico. Padre Martinez made accusations of illegal activities at Bent's Fort and used his influence in Mexico City to keep Bent from obtaining the grant. Bent, in turn, had no love for Padre Martinez, constantly referring to him as the "Calf," because of the priest's large head.

PADRE Martinez may have been wise enough to see that the Americans eventually would win, but he could not remain silent about his dislike of them. One story goes that about a month after the American occupation of New Mexico, one of the priest's students asked him to describe the new government.

"Let us pretend that the American government is a burro," Padre Martinez is supposed to have replied, "but that in this instance it is not the clergy riding the burro, but the lawyers."

His answer meant that the Mexican government was controlled by the clergy, but that they would not be controlling the American Government. This also meant the loss of a great deal of power for Padre Martinez.

Another story which is often repeated reveals that the priest made his religion fit the needs of those who held the upper hand. Back in 1838 Martinez had to flee Taos because of a small revolution among the Mexicans in power. He was appointed chaplain of dragoons by Governor Manuel Armijo and joined an expedition to suppress the revolution.

The leader of the revolt, named Jose Gonzales, came to Governor Armijo's camp to try to establish an honorable peace. Gonzales said his men would cease hostilities if the governor would agree to cease taxation.

Armijo answered that he would not agree at all, and saw an opportunity to get rid of an enemy. He turned to the Taos priest and ordered: "Padre Martinez, hear this man's confession, so that he may be executed by firing five shots into him."

There is no record that Padre Martinez made any objections on moral or religious grounds. He simply heard Gonzales' confession before the execution.

Kit Carson had been off to California on an expedition with General Kearny when his friend, Charles Bent, was murdered. His wife had suffered the ordeal of witnessing the brutal slaying. The famed scout put two and two together, and figured Padre Martinez was behind it all. Carson even said he would like the chance to kill the priest.

Yet it had been Padre Martinez who had married Carson and his wife, Josefa. And her sister, Ignacia, had been married to Charles Bent by the priest.

That Padre Martinez was a man who could change colors was shown four years after Bent's murder, when the priest served as a member of the New Mexico legislature from 1851-53. He was even elected president of the governing body in 1851 by an unanimous vote.

ANOTHER of the inconsistencies in Padre Martinez's life was his association with the Penitentes. The leaders of this strange order were called Los Hermanos de Luz (The Brothers of Light), and the followers Los Hermanos

CUADERNO

DE ORTOGRAFIA.

DEDICADO A LOS NIÑOS DE LOS SEÑO-

RES MARTINEZ DE TAOS.

Santa Fe 1834 Imprenta de Ramon Abreu á Cargo de Jesus Maria Boca

Courtesy Author

Title page of perhaps the first book printed in New Mexico. a spelling text written by Padre Martinez

de Sangre (The Brothers of Blood). The Penitentes date back to the 13th century, when self-flagellation in atonement for sins was widespread among European religious orders.

In some northern New Mexico villages the *morada* still stands out from the other buildings because it has no windows. This is where the secret rites are performed, culminating in Holy Week processions. One of the Brothers bears the cross to a hill, while the others whip their own backs bloody. The tying of a Penitente to the cross is said to still take place in remote areas, but crucifixions by nailing apparently ended years ago.

There are several references to Padre Martinez in connection with the Penitentes in the days when nails were driven through men's hands and feet. He even published a pamphlet in defense of the Brothers of Blood entitled *Order*

(Continued on page 65)

Courtesy Taos Chamber of Commerce

The unique architecture in the Mission St. Francis of Assisi at Ranchos de Taos accounts for its having stood for two centuries as the place of worship of Indians in the area.

The ATOKA TRACK

A Rock Island train stands at the station in Coalgate, Oklahoma, 1909, top. Above are the Jumbo Mines near Coalgate, 1909.

Who remembers the "black diamond" belt of the old Choctaw country where danger was a way of life above or below ground—

By WILLIAM S. FURNO

Photos Courtesy Mrs. W'ly Varga

"WHERE HAVE you driven a mule before?" the mine foreman asked.

"On the Atoka Track," the applicant replied, "in Mine #8 at Lehigh in what used to be old Indian Territory."

The pit boss nodded. "You're hired, son. Anyone who can drive a mule in the Atoka Track mines can drive one in any pit in the world!"

The old boy who was trying to get that job was a friend of mine, and his experience illustrates in what regard Atoka Track miners were held by foremen in other coal mining areas.

The Atoka Track was a railroad which ran from Atoka to Ada and then on to Oklahoma City, and it was known as the A.A. Route. The mines along the railroad had their beginning in 1885, when today's Coal County, Oklahoma, was still a part of the Choctaw Nation. Mines were developed at Lehigh, Midway, Phillips, and Coalgate, later the county seat. Midway was so called because it was situated halfway between Atoka and Lehigh.

Besides being a proving ground for muleskinners, the Atoka Track Mines developed a breed of miners who feared no danger and would tackle the devil himself to provide for themselves and their families. The mines were as perilous as any in the Southwest not excluding the pits of the Thurber District in Texas.

The Lehigh miners were a lively lot, and they had a song they sang when quaffing their potent Choctaw beer after a hard day's work. It was called *The Coal Miner's Lament*, and its ribald but meaningful words implied how dangerous the Atoka Track mines were considered to be.

I'm walking the ties
Down the Atoka Track,
I'm heading for the mines,
And I won't come back.

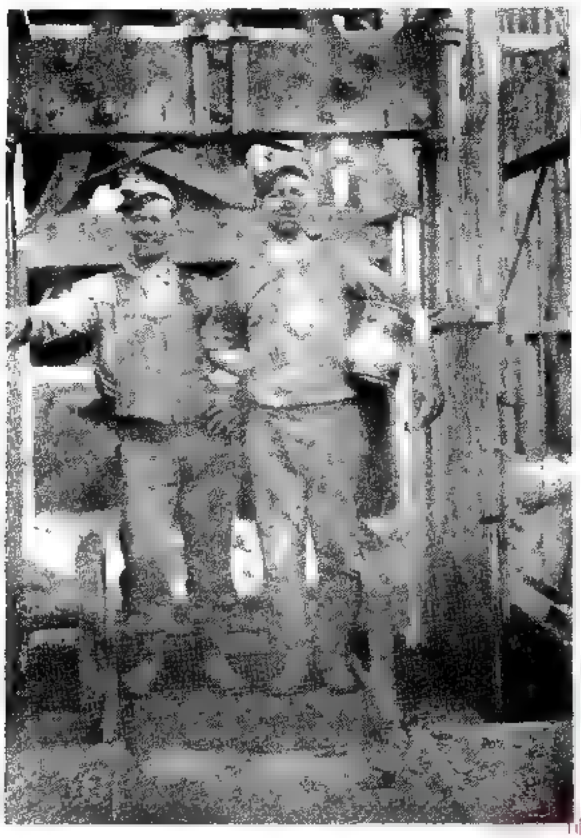
If a rock-fall don't get me,
Then a mule-kick must.
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust!

Don't weep for me, honey,
Just don't you sigh.

Don't worry a bit
As to where I'll lie.

Don't in a black coffin,
This body lock.
But pickle it, babe, in a keg of choc!

Miners have a robust sense of humor, and some of the nicknames for the area mines were Soupbone, Jumbo, Deadhorse, What-a-Pity, and Who'd-a-Thought-It.



This 1915 photo taken at the #8 Mine at Lehigh shows Tommy Travel, left, and Tony Thompson on the cage elevator.

THE workable coal vein of the Atoka Track extended from below Hickory Hill to above Coalgate, and it varied in thickness from about 3½ to 5½ feet. It pitched to the east, was inclined enough to allow coal cars on the west sides of the mines to coast to the hoisting shafts by means of gravity.

On all sides of the mine it was necessary to pull cars to or from the shaft bottoms, and this was done by tailropes operated by steam or electricity, by electric motors, or by plain old mule power. The east and west sides, without exceptions, used only tailropes or mules to move the cars.

The coal was bituminous, fairly hard, of fine quality, and was used mainly as fuel for the coal-burning locomotives of the Katy, which once operated the A.A. Route; the Rock Island; Oklahoma Central; and the Santa Fe Railroads. Beginning in 1894, the workable outcrop of the vein was stripped to a depth of about 60 feet from Midway to Coalgate, and as late as 1935 some stripping was still going on.

The mines were operated on the room and pillar system, and the coal was shot off the solid face, with the exception of the last Midway mine, where machines were introduced to undercut the coal. The roof over the coal was fairly solid, with from 4 to 8 inches of boney beneath it which had to be gobbed or loaded out. But the pitching vein and the soft bottom in some of the mines caused what

Shown above is the mine tipple of #8 Lehigh, c. 1915.

was called a squeeze, and the rock was likely to buckle and fall, often maiming or killing careless or unwary miners.

The depths of the vertical shafts varied according to their distance from the outcrop. That of #8 Mine in Lehigh approximated 600 feet, and the output of this pit was in the neighborhood of 600 tons per day.

The Midway mine had no explosive gas below, nor did the #8 Lehigh, but the north side of Lehigh #5, Phillips #6, the Hazelton and Keystone, and all the Coalgate mines were a bit gassy. The Shamrock and Klondike, the last mines developed in the Lehigh area, also were free of gas.

If in some of the mines there was danger of explosions, other and similarly constant perils kept the miners on their toes. One of the most dreaded was fire, and on February 22, 1911, a terrible catastrophe took the lives of eleven miners and thirty-odd mules in the smoke-filled entries and rooms down in Lehigh Mine #5.

Through carelessness, a fire broke out on the shaft bottom in an oil room, and flames suddenly erupted to ignite several carloads of hay. (The mine mules at that time were stabled below.)

In a moment the bottom became an inferno, and the hoisting crew, with the exception of a Mexican lad, panicked. They sprang on a cage and belled themselves to the safety of the top, leaving unwarned their buddies in the far reaches of the mine to become prey for deadly smoke.

Rufino Roderiguez, the Mexican lad, although beset by fear and dread, set off at a dead run to warn the men of the slope which had no escape shaft to the top. Through Rufino's efforts and those of the various drivers, all but eleven of the miners made it safely to the north side of the mine through a manway which had been opened just a few days before. Here the stronger men climbed to safety by means of the ladders in an airshaft, and the weaker ones were hauled to the top by rescue workers in a hastily devised sling.

This was Lehigh's only major disaster, although men, mostly drivers and diggers, met their deaths in the mines from time to time in single accidents.

GREEN or irresponsible miners often created perils of their own resulting at times in their sudden demise and the deaths of their buddies as well. Sneaking a smoke in a worked-out room or back-entry in a gassy mine could blow the smoker to kingdom-come and all the other miners along with him. An incident which happened to me at the age of sixteen in Mine #8 at Lehigh, will show how easily these unnecessary perils could be created.

Using 9-inch paper, I fashioned a 4-foot cartridge for loading a hole and filled it with powder. Although well-soaped, the cartridge did not hold, bulging in the middle and allowing powder to spill out on the dirt of the make-up area. I gathered as much of the powder as could be picked up, replaced it in the jack, remade the cartridge with 12-inch paper borrowed from a co-worker in the next room, and tamped and marked the hole for the shot-firer. Then I changed from my working togs into dry clothing, preparing to leave for the mine bottom where the other miners in the entry had already taken themselves.

Being addicted to tailor-mades, I lit a cigarette and was about to replace the lamp on my cap when I spied a grain of powder at my feet on the spot where the first cartridge had come apart. Bending down, and without a thought as to what the consequences would be, I set fire to a grain of coarse mining powder.

There was an immediate chain-reaction, but grain by grain the powder in the dirt ignited slowly instead of exploding in one mighty flash. The powder's being scattered about and covered with dirt saved me from being badly burned or killed, but it did not prevent the room from filling up with acrid smoke.

I had leaped back when the powder had hissed into fiery life, and had fled for the bottom like a corn-cobbed cat. Telling no one of what I had done, I spent a sleepless night thinking about what could have happened but for the grace of God.

I got out of it by swearing I had dropped a cigarette butt in the make-up area, and that I had forgotten to crush out the glowing end which continued to burn and set off the powder after I left the room. My explanation was accepted with tongue-in-cheek, and it was not until many years later that I confessed to an old friend just how foolish and thoughtless I had been when I was what we now refer to as a teen-ager. For many weeks thereafter my face became beet-red when I was referred to as the new "shot-firer"!

MANY of the mines became worked out before the turn of the century, and by 1915 there remained only one mine in Midway; two in Lehigh; and several in Coalgate, which at various times had mines Numbers 1 to 18 in operation, plus the #5 Choctaw, Keystone, and Hazelton mines.

World War I brought unprecedented prosperity to the area, but after the Armistice was signed in 1918, work in the mines began to slacken; 1919 was still a good year, despite a strike, but in 1920 most of the mines were temporarily shut down.

Except for a few operations here and there, the mines were never reopened, and at length the rails were pulled out and sold for scrap.

Many factors combined to cause the abandonment of a vein containing thousands of tons of coal still unmined, and chief among them was the increasing cost of operation. Too, the country was suffering from a slight depression. The deep shafts, long haulage below, and conversion of locomotives from coal to oil, dealt a crushing blow to the Atoka Track towns. Midway and Phillips were virtually abandoned, but Lehigh and Coalgate survived. They were less populous, of course, but still very much alive.

From their inception to the day the mines were closed, the Atoka Track towns were rough and tough, and there were brawls galore. Stabbing and shooting scrapes lent zest to a way of life which was dangerous below the ground

(Continued on page 68)

At the time this tattered shot was taken in the interior of the Picher #7 lead and zinc mine near Picher, Oklahoma, the author, right was a champaion shoveler. His fellow miners are unidentified.

WE WERE a family of three children —brother Andrew, Mary and Rosie, all natives of California. There was mother, Catherine, born in 1871 in San Bernardino, California, and my stepfather. Mother came of old pioneer stock; grandmother came to California in a covered wagon with the Mormons in 1847. Grandfather James Young marched from Virginia to California in the Reserves to enter the Mexican-American War, in about the year 1846, under General Fremont. Later he joined in with the Mormons.

With Grandmother in Utah, we were a separated family—Father being dead, Sister being of another father, Brother living with his cousin, and I staying with Mother and my stepdad who gave us a rough life. We traveled up and down the coast of California and far inland, by horse and spring wagon, and we slept on the ground.

Our equipment consisted of a few quilts piled on the seat, a piece of canvas to cover over our bed when we camped at night; a sack of flour, a bag of beans, some lard, a few potatoes, perhaps a little sourdough at times, a sack for our cooking utensils, along with a bucket for watering our horses. We hunted rabbits along the way for our meat.

We traveled rain or shine, and when it got too bad we would camp and dry out by a big bonfire. In those days the roads were rough and the hills were steep for traveling. The folks worked now and then in the fruit. We had many experiences along the way. When we were coming down the coast, we came to a rocky bend along the beach. There was no road there, but my stepfather was determined to drive around the bend. The tide was coming in and Mother and I went up the railroad tracks. The waves rolled in over the horse and wagon and all but washed "Dad" off the seat. Everything got wet. Later we camped on the sand and built a big fire and dried out our bedding. At low tide we went out on the rocks and gathered mussels and cooked them in a big pan.

One night we came over the historic Fremont Pass near Newhall. At the foot of the grade was a little inn run by a Mexican family. The young woman was pretty. Just before we arrived, two men had fought over her, and one was shot and killed there. The pass was very steep and the night was very dark, and it was raining. Our light was a lantern, hung in front of the wagon. The horse had to rest every few feet, while we put rocks under the wheels to keep the wagon from rolling back downhill. We were glad to find a house over the hill to camp in.

Dad was a drinking man and while he was drinking, he was very mean and would do most anything. He would enter houses along the way and would take things, too, if no one was about. One day we were camped near a river. Dad had been drinking blackberry brandy. He and mother were fighting, and they sent me down to the river to get a canteen of water. I had hardly got it filled, when I heard Dad call me to come quickly. I sure was scared, and ran all the way back. Mother had fainted. Mother did not ever drink liquor.

At times when Dad was sober, he could be good. Once when we were traveling north, we camped at an old vacant house near a river. The current was swift, the river was wide, and two people were sitting on the bank trying to rescue their little dog who had fallen in. The river was so swift that the dog could not reach the bank. Dad took off his coat and trousers and jumped in and rescued the dog.

ONCE we had come a long way. Our dog was lagging and our horse was very tired. We came to a big barn near the road. Across the road was the farmhouse. Dad went in the barn and took a big flake of hay, and as he was loading it in the wagon, a woman came out from somewhere and ran after us yelling. Our horse just made it over the

Catherine and her children

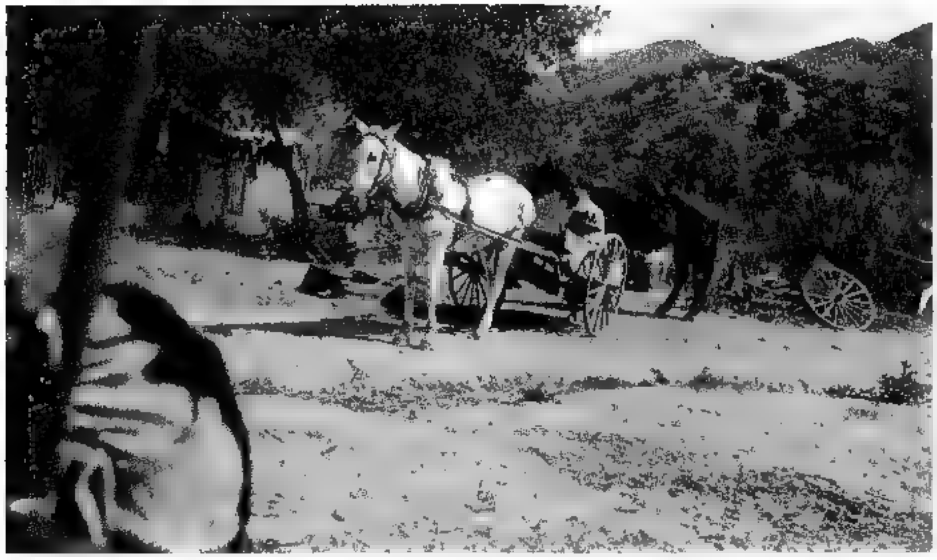
"Where do we go next?"
"Where the wind blows."
"And what do we do there?"
"Something—maybe nothing."

But those were the man's thoughts, and his woman and her child wanted it different even if it took a lifetime

By ROSIE M. NORRISH

Photos Courtesy Author

The WANDERERS



"Cactus Kate" sits in the old cart used to haul water to the homestead from a distant spring.

hill before it gave out, but she did not catch us.

Later on, we went to the beach and camped near the bay. There was a boathouse near by, and we took shelter there. Along in the night the tide came in and we were awakened by the water lapping at our feet. On our night trips, Dad would sing old songs and Mother would sing Spanish songs. As a child, I enjoyed traveling, bathing in the rivers and canals along the way.

One winter we were coming through Lancaster in a heavy snowstorm. We were very cold. We stopped long enough to heat some rocks to put at our feet to warm ourselves as we came down the canyon on our way to Los Angeles. We had come a long way so our horse was worn out and refused to go farther. Dad became so angry he unhitched the horse and whipped him without mercy. A woman came out of the yard nearby and told Dad if he didn't stop, she would have him arrested. We camped there overnight.

Our poor dog's feet were sore and bleeding. Mother made pads and tied them on his feet. After that we let him ride. Along our trip Mother gathered her little cactus wrens and raised them. When we camped, she would put out a mirror for them to fight with.

In a little northern town, we visited Dad's folks. They were such nice people and they felt so sorry for me. Dad's mother and sister made clothes for me, of which I was very proud. I hated to leave those people.

On our trip we met a family traveling in a big camp wagon drawn by two horses. We all camped at a ranch along the way. The people there were friendly and invited us in their home to cook on their stove. They had a big barn and that night we all gathered there for a visit. Our light was a lantern. The folks told stories and jokes and all had a nice time. Our new campers traveled a long way with us.

Later we camped at a Mexican ranch. Mother spoke Spanish, so we were welcome in their home. They had a pretty daughter, a son and a grandmother. The daughter cooked tamales for us and we stayed there for a few days. Dad used to play the violin for entertainment, when he wasn't out hunting.

Farther along, we camped at an old house in the hills. We were there but a short time, when we noticed our dog acting queer. He had been poisoned and my dad thought that if he bled him, he would recover. So he cut off his tail, but in an hour, our dog was dead. We soon left there.

At times, when it rained very hard, we would get under the wagon bed until it slacked up. I always enjoyed our campfires. We would wrap a piece of dove around a stick and cook it over the fire. Along the way, Dad invited a man to travel with us, for awhile. They both drank a lot. One night, we camped at Doba Station, a place where most travelers camped overnight. There were teams of many mules, pulling big loads of mining ore from distant places. Dad put our horse in the barn, and chickens roosted in one end nearby.

Art and Dad decided they wanted some chickens to take along with us. Late that night, they caught some. Everytime the chickens squawked, they would yell at the horse, "Get over there, what the hell is the matter with you?"

We could hear them over at the camp. In a short time they returned with some chickens in a feed sack. Next morning, we pulled out at daybreak. Mother was honest, but she never could control Dad when he drank.

I'll never forget the time a lizard got up my back. I ran up the beach screaming. A friend with us, ran after me, calling, "What's the matter child!"

I yelled, "Up my back, up my back!" May Finley grabbed me and released the lizard.

One time, at San Pedro, we were going up a steep hill, so we got out and helped push the wagon uphill. At the top a nice lady, living in a big house across the way, motioned me to come to her. She made me a bagful of ham sandwiches.

As we went down the hill, on the other side, something went wrong with the harness and our horse ran away. I don't remember how we got stopped, but we were very scared.

IN TIME, my folks rented a house in Los Angeles and settled down. I went to school. After a time, Dad found a charmer and went away with her.

In 1918, Mother found herself a homestead of eighty acres in the hills at Oak Spring Canyon and moved there. I got married but it was a failure, so I went to live with my mother in the hills.

To get to the homestead, she had to

(Continued on page 48)

The ranch, below, as it looked before a forest fire burned across the hills and left nothing but the charred remains at right.

In DEFENSE of the "OLD-TIME" COYOTE

By HAROLD SAWLEY

Photos Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

THE SEASON was getting close to the first of November, and frost was visible on the high peaks of Sky Mountain. The tamarack and maple leaves were all turning a golden yellow, a sure sign that snow would soon be on the low hills. Every indication pointed to an early winter in the Panhandle of Idaho.

It was the time of year when the backwoods kids were always happy, for school would close in October or November, a vacation we eagerly looked forward to—the season that free trapping would start for the boys in the wild country.

We would pick out our traps and start out on the trap lines, mostly for water rats, weasels, bobcats and coyotes. Some of the fur bearing animals and predatory wildlife would work down out of the mountains along with the game, to lower altitudes. Coyotes could be heard every night howling somewhere in the low hills. It was music to the country kids in the early days. All the chirp and chatter of the creatures in the woods was a radio broadcast.

We would sit by the old wood-burning heater and listen to experiences told by old-timers who did nothing but follow the wilderness trails and build little log huts for future use.

A good many changes have taken place over the last fifty years. No more old trappers leave to be gone all winter, and come out in the spring with a big bale of furs. One thing that kept the old trappers in the mountains more than anything else, coming and going as the seasons changed, was the bounty on coyotes, lynx and cougar. In those days the coyote was trapped out in low flat country around big open places.

In spite of the fact that we were just kids, we were not afraid to go alone into the low hills trapping. All of us wanted to travel on and on over the mountains and see what it was like beyond. Perhaps we carried nothing but a .22 single shot bolt action rifle or sometimes a .25-20 Winchester lever action. Firearms which were popular in the early days of the homesteaders were the .38-56; .30-30; .38-55; and the .25-35. These were later model firearms which took the place of the old single shots. The .25-35 Winchester was the best coyote rifle; and all calibers of the Marlin rifle could be seen in the dwellings of the early settlers.

There was plenty of wilderness, and game could be found in abundance long after the Indians left and immigrants filed on the land.

Roads were few or not at all. Just old Indian trails. It was a life of excitement and thrills for us kids, and our homestead was right on the lake shore. If we didn't want to travel the lake in a rowboat, we were handy to the freight and passenger boat run. The steamer *Defender*, operated by Captain Perry, was the only means of paid transportation.

Like all the rest of the kids who enjoyed the freedom of the back woods, I got to learn a lot about trapping from old-timers with years of experience. Strangers who came west later, were sure to ask, "What are the little old dilapidated log cabins we see along the rivers and lake shores?" for not too many years back, some were still standing. "What kind of people lived in those places?"

The old trappers never stayed too long around the towns in summer, and in the winters, maybe not at all. Their cabins were stocked up in the early fall and their wood cut before winter set in. A rifle did the rest.

THE YEARS that I speak of are from about 1898-1910—before the big fire which covered almost all of the Idaho Panhandle.

While those destructive fires were raging in the mountains, I got an opportunity to learn a lot more about coyotes and all the other animals lucky enough to escape to the lake shores.

Every creature living in the woods was near the water. But what seems odd—after the fires burned out, I never could find where one predatory animal killed any other wildlife. The only animals I saw feeding were some skunks that were eating a dead sucker which had floated in on shore.

If the deer had his hair scorched, so did the coyote. No one could ever imagine what the heat and flames were like unless he saw it with his own eyes. I found young half-grown native pheasants lying along the creek beds that were hardly scorched. The draft from the flames overhead had just sucked their breath out. Others would sail out of the smoke and flames and fall into the lake, a smoking mass of burning feathers, and sizzle when they hit the water.

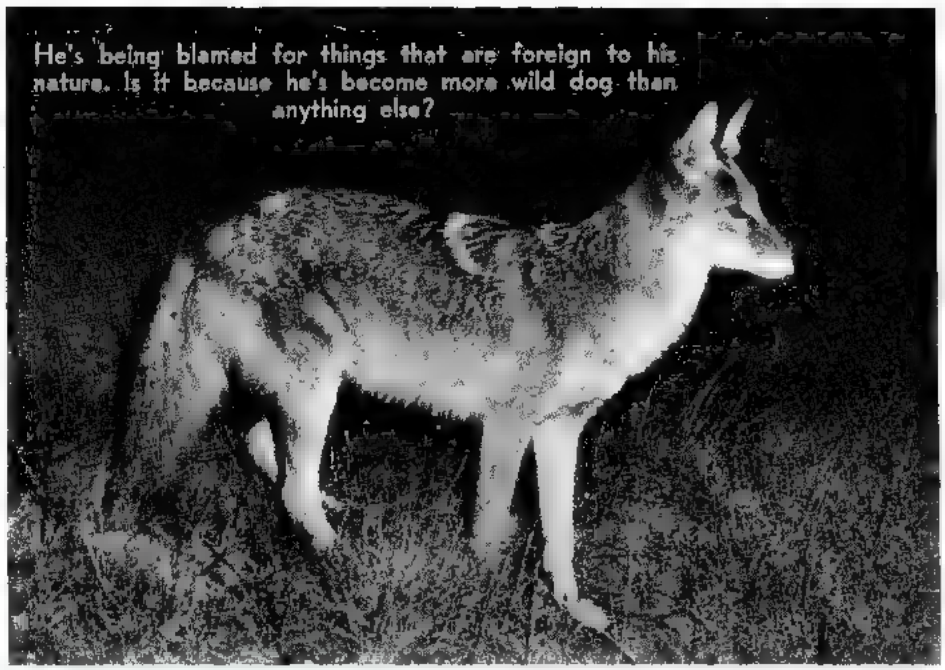
With a cloud of hot smoke and flames roaring back of the shore lines, all wildlife seemed to understand the other's predicament and they just didn't care to feed. One paid no attention to the other. The smoke came down within about three feet of the water, like a heavy fog, and stayed there. One old lone cougar escaped the flames and stayed under some cottonwood trees which had floated ashore during the high water. They were propped up by large roots, and made a perfect cover.

Well, perhaps the cougar didn't get too hungry, either, but just stayed concealed like all the rest of the wildlife until the back woods cooled off.

During the fire, I learned to have a lot of respect for the coyote. Before those days of destruction, coyotes could be seen at almost any time during the deer hunting season.

I have heard and read many stories condemning coyotes, the one animal the western states have been trying to banish from the forests. Everyone is after him by gunshot, ahead of hounds, poison, traps and snares; but coyotes seem to multiply in large enough numbers that they are still represented in most states.

MY experiences concern the Idaho Panhandle, where it's sometimes hard to get coyotes to touch any kind of bait if a plentiful supply of mice, gophers, and



This coyote fell victim to an old hunter's trick—a poisoned deer carcass.

rabbits is around.

One year, I recollect, I was staying on the homestead place. I had a flock of Plymouth Rock chickens running loose. Coyotes would sneak as close as they thought it was safe, and yelp a few times real low to see if the dog was on the job, before they would bother to try for a chicken. And I have had coyotes trot back and forth in a circle in the snow before they would touch a trap or go near any kind of fresh bait. Sometimes I think they smell trouble.

Once in a while coyotes will catch game birds, such as pheasants and quail, if the birds roost in the snow. But not too often. The trouble is nowadays, the coyotes catch pheasants and blue grouse while they are dusting in the new forest service roads and other places that have dry dirt. The coyotes will sneak up and just run in and grab a bird if the birds are raising a small cloud of dust—but so will the hawks and the bobcats. All use the same method. I have walked right up almost to such birds before they would even notice anything.

In the early days, we didn't have any open roads for game to come out into. Not so much visibility. All the smaller wildlife stayed under concealment.

It used to be a settled argument among most of the old early settlers, that coyotes stayed around ranchers' pastures where they were likely to find a dead animal. But not now, because dead animals go to the rendering plants instead of being dragged out into the woods. Present-day coyotes won't come near a dead carcass for days or perhaps not at all. The advance of civilization and the reports of guns and other confusion have changed the habits of wildlife. It's noticeable if anyone has lived up from the early times, and I have kept notice of it.

Indians kept the forests quiet and never made any noise. A brave walked into the hunting grounds with his old bow and arrow, got the game he went in after, and walked softly back to the village camp. The wildlife was never even excited enough to move out of the way. The reports of firearms have made an awful change in wild animals.

Coyotes stayed more around prairies and open places in the early days, and caught gophers and field mice. They hunted pocket gophers by digging the gophers' mounds open, and then just sitting and watching. When the gopher came up to cover the opening again, the coyote would just push the soft earth in behind him, and that gopher became coyote bait right soon. And that's what kept the coyotes near open places. Nowadays the pocket gophers almost dig up the fields.

I have shot coyotes and trapped them with all kinds of bait, but I have found nothing to equal the liquid bait. I have never heard of any offered for sale on the market, and I always made my own. Coyotes pay no attention to tracks or the scent of domestic animals, so I used a saddle horse and I'd ride by and pour a few drops of the liquid on the traps after they were set four days. Coyotes will come to the trap-set right away if there is nothing to call them elsewhere.

Fresh bait always calls birds and bobcats. With the right kind of fresh wild game bait, the bobcat will tackle a trap-set sometimes the first night. The *young* cats will.

I know that native pheasants and grouse will peck around at dead animals, so I never used poison on coyotes. I don't believe poison should be used at all, anywhere, or at any time above ground. The old Government trapper is a better answer.

I have put out poison for ground squirrels, but not on oats or any kind of grain. I made a thin paste of flour and water and mixed in the poison and placed that down deep in the burrows with a long-handled spoon. When the squirrel comes up and gets that on his feet and then licks it off, well, that's all it takes. It's sure, and you're not endangering any game birds. Of course, there is nothing to equal the .22 rifle, and it's clean and good practice.

Several years ago the coyotes were infected with mange. I caught some in my traps that were not carrying too much fur and often their tails were bare. Such coyotes are not likely to live through a cold winter in Idaho or any other adjoining states.

During the 1957 hunting season, I saw only one coyote and heard one bark, so coyotes must be traveling over a lot of territory, or there should be more sign.

Game birds have badly thinned out in the last fifteen years, especially blue grouse. The native pheasants were dying off in 1940-41, infected with some kind of worms. About two birds out of three were sure to be infected and the coyotes were picking up all the feeble ones. During those years, the coyotes wouldn't touch any kind of bait scent.

I'm sure the coyotes cleaned up all the wormy birds, and it seems they travel every year over new territory where birds and animals are infected with some kind of disease.

As I walked along the trails through the woods, pheasants would fly up and try to land in a tree, but in such a weakened condition they would hook a limb by their beaks, hang there and flutter awhile, and then drop to the ground, a sure easy catch for predatory animals or hawks and owls. The worms were a sure kill.

TWO COLD winter months in Idaho, our lakes froze over with solid ice. I was talking to the Kootenai County deputy game warden, when a report came in that the coyotes were killing deer on the ice on Coeur d' Alene Lake. I, of course, knew the location where the slaughter was taking place, so I was asked if I would like to go along to make the investigation.

I said, "Yes, I sure would," so we left that very afternoon on our skis for the point on the lake where the killings were supposed to be. When we got there, it was too late to investigate that day, so we stayed overnight. That evening coyotes could be seen on the ice not far away.

The next morning we started out in the direction we saw the last coyotes, and came across about eight deer carcasses. But as we looked around, we found as many dog tracks as coyote tracks. The dogs were at the dead animals in the daytime, and the coyotes at night. The latter were staying pretty much to themselves, so we decided it wasn't all the work of coyotes.

As we examined the dead deer, it was the same old tell-tale sign—"dogs." We decided the deer were chased on the ice by community dogs first, and when the deer fell down then, of course, when it got late enough, the coyotes ran in and made the kill. Before we completed our investigation it proved to be a fact. Probably nothing was wrong with the deer, they were good healthy animals, but had been destroyed by, you might say, "dogs."

If a snow falls on the ice and freezes, it is safer for deer to run on. When deer fall on slick ice, they're not likely to get on their feet again. It seems to tear them apart somehow in the hindquarters, and they won't try to get up.

There is a law against running deer with dogs, and should be; and it should be enforced more than it seems to be. Since the water grade roads have been cut out along the lake shores, it's bad for deer if they are chased by dogs. Should a deer get between two dogs on the road, it's bound to leap off the bank onto snow-covered ice, and if the ice is thin and the water is deep enough, the deer will plunge through. And it will not come back up through the same hole. Such deer are gone forever, wasted. I have seen it happen. I shot three of my own dogs that got started running deer. It doesn't seem to do any good to try to stop them once they get started.

We conducted an investigation to make sure that dogs were chasing deer on the ice. We took to the side hills and found no coyote tracks at all.

As we stood on the trail and looked across the lake on the ice, we saw, about a mile away, a deer just gaining the land

(Continued on page 56)

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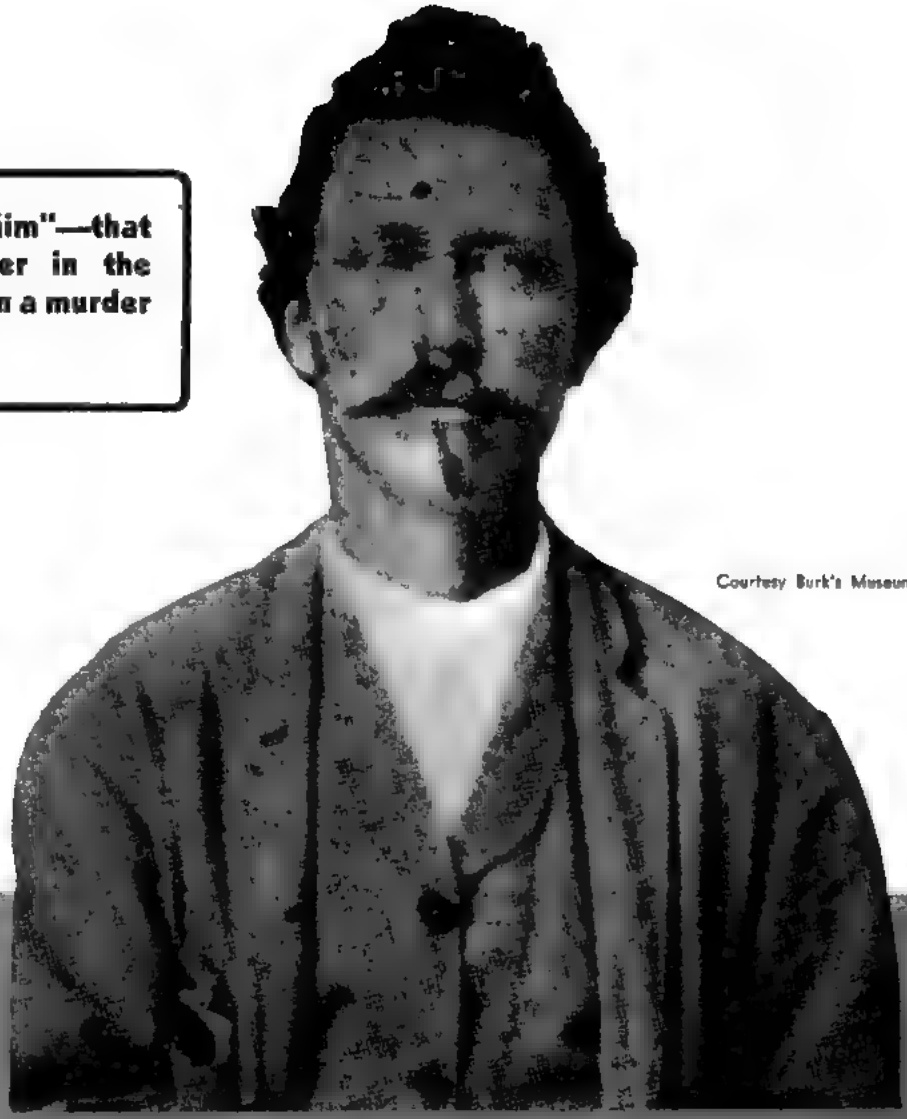
"Maybe today I'll find him"—that thought can keep a rider in the saddle for a long time when a murder is involved



Courtesy Burk's Museum

The BACKTRACKER

By W. F. CURRY, JR.

THE LONE RIDER sat very straight as he let his gaze sweep the rolling, rocky hills lying before him.

"Where?" The word had echoed through his mind countless times in weeks past. "I know he's out there somewhere, but WHERE!"

The chestnut mare beneath him took advantage of the momentary halt, eagerly nibbling the winter browned grass at her feet. The man in the saddle wore a straight, well-padded jacket, its collar turned up to protect his neck from the sharp chill at his back. A battered, wide-brimmed, old hat shielded his head and face. It was an imposing face. The thin mouth line below the heavy, gray moustache, and the hard-set jaw showed strength and firm determination. Faded, piercing, blue eyes under craggy, gray brows told even more. They were the far-seeing eyes of a hunter, eyes that missed nothing. Both the face and rough hands that loosely held the reins had been turned a copper color by exposure to the weather. The man seemed ageless except for the gray at his brow, lip, and temples. The only ominous note was a heavy revolver that hugged his right thigh and the worn rifle that lay snugly in its boot.

The man glanced down the shallow draw to a small spring bubbling from the rocks. For the first time he noted the lengthening shadows, the hills painted red by the sinking sun, and the biting chill that had crept into the evening wind. With it came an awareness of the stiff muscles and bone-deep weariness of a long day in the saddle.

He moved his hand slightly, touching the rein to the mare's neck, and moved into the sheltering ravine toward the spring.

Only a small heap of glowing embers marked his campfire. John Clarke lay on the ground, wrapped in a blanket against the cold night, his head resting in the hollow of his saddle. As he lay staring at the stars, his mind drifted back over the events that had brought him into the heart of the Indian Nations.

EDWIN had been determined to go. He had pleaded and cajoled his pa unmercifully. Finally John Clarke had agreed for his nineteen-year-old son to join the trail drive camped on nearby Leon River. After all, Ed was a man and deserved to be treated as one. The mother, Elizabeth, had been against the idea from the start, but she had never, nor would she ever, dispute her husband's decisions. The young man from Comanche, Texas, joined the drive.

Letters had come from Ed as frequently as he had passed towns where he could mail them. He thoroughly enjoyed the work. The drive snaked its way

northward, veering slightly to the east because of better grass and water. They had taken on more hands near Sherman, in Grayson County, Texas. The herd had crossed the "Big Red" just north of there, wound its way slowly across the Nations, into Kansas, and finally to their destination near Dodge City.

A letter from Dodge had brought with it a hint of uneasiness. Ed was not returning with the rest of the drovers. Instead, he and a companion, Bob Massey, were going to see some of the country first. Days passed with no word. First eagerness and then worry caused time to pass with leaden feet. Days became weeks, and still Ed failed to reach home. Then a letter had come from Sherman, from the sheriff of Grayson County.

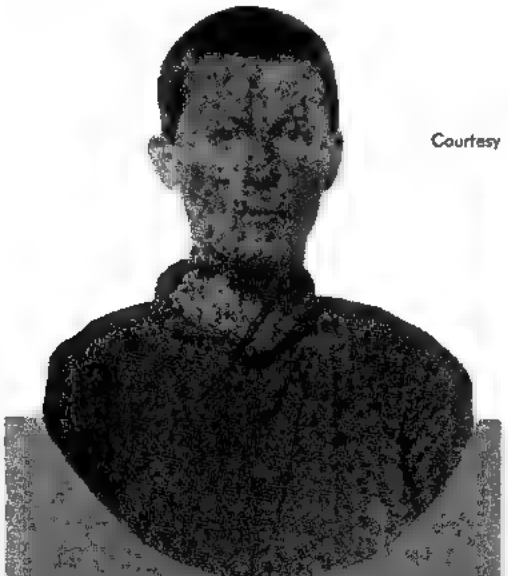
Bob Massey, a man of bad reputation who had joined the same drive near Sherman, had returned recently alone. He had a lot of money in his possession, new gear, and was riding a beautiful silver-gray mare. Another drover who had returned earlier from the same drive had called the sheriff's attention to the matter. The horse and gear, he said, were very much like those belonging to a young drover from Comanche, Texas, Ed Clarke.

On being questioned about the matter, Massey had claimed that he and young Clarke had struck up a deal and swapped, with boot. Doubting the man's story, but unable to disprove it, the sheriff had written the Clarkes in Comanche to see if their son had arrived home. John Clarke did not show the letter to his wife until months later.

Clarke bought a few extra items that he would need, and some cartridges for his rifle and six-gun. The next morning, he had taken Elizabeth Clarke over to a neighbor's house, kissed her goodbye and said he was going to look for Ed.

He rode hard but by the time he reached Sherman, Massey had left town again. Clarke felt icy fingers of fear for his son's safety as he learned more of the other man's unsavory character. He was convinced beyond a doubt that the horse and gear were those belonging to Ed. All that he was able to learn of Massey's departure was that he had crossed the Red River into Indian Territory. Nobody seemed to know where he was headed. From there on, it was anybody's guess.

Courtesy Burk's Museum



John Clarke, opposite, doggedly tracked down the murderer of his son, Edwin Clarke, above. Right, Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke. Below, the family homestead near Comanche, Texas.

Courtesy C. E. Straley, Sr.

THE TRAIL had lasted only a few miles into the rocky hills before it disappeared. Clarke had spent long and fruitless days combing the countryside for some trace of Massey, but none was to be found. Finally, in desperation, he had ridden to Dodge. He would learn what he could there and, if possible, backtrack down the many-weeks-old trail to Texas.

It had not been difficult to learn of his son's and Massey's movements in and around Dodge. Some had wondered at the strange pair; the quiet, well-mannered Ed and the sullen, vulgar Massey. The father's fear grew as he picked up their trail southward.

The route was a simple one to follow through the comparatively well-settled plains of Kansas. Many small towns had quietly marked their passage with the seeming disinterest of rural life. Yet they remembered. At Arkansas City, on the Kansas border, the pair had spent several days. Ed had ordered a new pair of boots made by a well-known bootmaker there and had waited until the boots were finished. Everyone had seemed to like the soft-spoken young Texan, but none cared for the company of his sullen companion.

After they crossed into Indian Territory, however, Clarke quickly lost the trail. Only dogged determination drove him on. He knew that his was probably an aimless and desperate search, but he also knew that he would continue it to whatever end.

Mile after mile of the rocky, undulating terrain slid by as the lone rider continued his relentless search. One day the sun was riding high toward its zenith, when John Clarke spied two riders approaching from the southwest. These were the first white men, other than an isolated rancher or two, that he had seen since leaving Kansas. He sat on his horse in the shade of a scrubby tree and watched them for a few minutes. Both men rode stocky sorrel ponies and seemed to be in no particular hurry. Clarke nudged the mare's flanks and moved out to meet the pair.

"Howdy." The call rolled across the waving grass to meet the stranger.

"Howdy," came the reply as the man reined up beside them.

"I'm Cal Suggs," said one of the men extending his hand. "I've got a little spread up near Erin Springs. This here is my neighbor, Ben Ingram," indicating his companion who also shook Clarke's hand.

"Name is Clarke, John Clarke, from Comanche, Texas," he replied quietly. "I'm heading in from Dodge City."

Suggs glanced up at the sun. "It's almost noon. Why don't we move over

(Continued on page 64)

Wild Old Days!

NOT EVEN A GHOST WALKS

By Lorraine Irby

SIXTEEN miles south of Arlington, Oregon, flows peaceful little Rock Creek. Well below the rimrock edge, it meanders through quiet farmland bordered by tall, stately poplars.

At the time of the Whitman Massacre near Walla Walla, Washington, the first settlers along Rock Creek were just setting up housekeeping in their one-room cabins and lean-tos. Their simple routine was rudely shaken when word came that the murderous Indians were riding down Willow Creek across the stagecoach route that stretched from the Blue Mountains to old Fort Dalles. It seemed likely that they would pass along the Rock Creek stretch of the road during the early evening or night hours.

The settlers already had reason to fear these roving Indian bands. There had been many skirmishes across the rolling sagebrush plains. A massacre near the mouth of nearby Willow Creek had almost wiped out a cavalry unit a few years before, and the area around Ukiah had twice been under attack.

Some of the women and children were sent to the nearest towns of Arlington or Condon. Other families hid out all night in the sagebrush and willows along the creek, or grouped together for stronger support. This time they knew the Indians were killers.

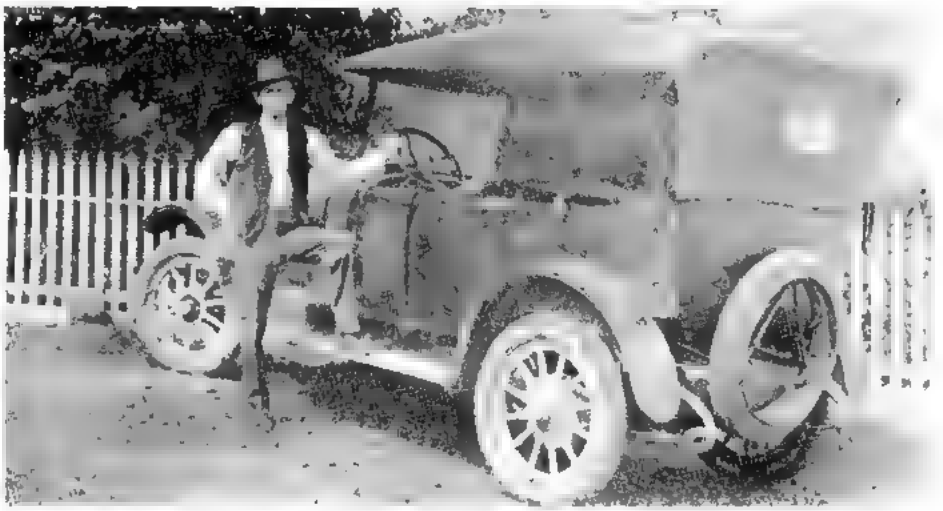
My husband's grandfather heard the news from the rider, and decided not to stay in his little one-room homestead shack that night. He had settled there just a short time before. His shack was across the creek about one mile below the settlement of Alex, and the homestead included an old Indian campground at the bend of the creek.

He gathered together his blankets and a package of food and packed them up the slope to the rimrock, taking along his old .50-70 caliber gun. After burying his most valuable possessions, such as knives, kettles, and articles the Indians would steal, he tethered his horse well up a side canyon.

Many times he told the story of how he settled down for the night and watched the trail for long hours. It seemed every shadow and movement along the whole stretch of road must be the movement of Indians. He worried about being caught by a scout along the rimrock, so late in the evening he moved his bed to a shallow depression at its base. There he could look down across the sagebrush side-hill to the road.

He dozed off after a while, and late that night woke with a severe cramp in his left leg. He felt something besides the pain had awakened him, and then he saw the Indians. A scout was moving along in the brush just below him, the main body of Indians following along the road.

He watched them move around his lean-to barn and into his house, but they didn't waste any time. They took most of the food he had left in the house and moved on down the road toward the John Day River ferry. Grandpa stayed right where he was until the sun was full up in the morning. He was the first to admit he didn't want to run into any of those Indians but as far as he knew, they hurt no one along the entire road.



Tip Mobley, one of the fathers of Olex, Oregon

Courtesy Lorraine Irby

THE TOWN of Alex flourished from that time on. More settlers moved in. The stage line established a regular stopover there, and Alex was mentioned for the new county seat. However, it lost the election to Condon.

Alex had two large mercantile stores, five saloons, a blacksmith shop, livery stable, stagecoach inn, about twenty-four homes, a community church and parsonage, and a two-room school complete with teacher.

The town was placed in a very scenic spot, lying up the slope from Rock Creek with a background of willow and poplar trees. The road from Arlington to John Day wound down the hill behind the town in a series of gentle switchbacks.

On Saturday night you could find as many as 200 horses tied up along the hitching posts of the main street, their riders competing for the favors of the saloon girls—and losing their money to local cardsharps. All types of buggies and farm wagons were nestled wheel to wheel at the livery stable. The Saturday night dances were famous all over the country, and some of the best fiddlers and banjo players in eastern Oregon kept the dancers in the hall over the mercantile store going at a merry pace until the early hours of the morning.

Many ranchers and families stayed overnight at the stagecoach inn and you would find them occupying church pews for the early Sunday services the next morning.

A slight mistake was made when the town applied for a post office, a result of the city clerk's not being too careful of his printing. Thus was Alex renamed Olex, which name it still bears.

During this era many families established homesteads along the creek and also on the highlands. Former Governor Earl Snell was born in a cabin about four miles from Olex. Many of our state senators and representatives, and Oregon's finest lawyers were early residents of the Olex area. The community even boasted of a traveling seamstress; she came to live at a customer's house until the year's sewing was done, then moved on to another home. It was a nice way to catch up on the news of one's friends and neighbors!

To get to Portland one had to take the stagecoach or a wagon over fifty miles of bumpy, dusty road, crossing two rivers to get to Fort Dalles. Then there was a wait to take the steam-packet down the Columbia River on the hazardous 100-mile trip to Portland.

There one entered the height of civilization. Portland had everything—hotels, restaurants, hospitals, furniture and clothing stores and high fashion. Most visitors spent at least a week soaking up the pure luxury of high living before they started the long, treacherous road back home. From two to four weeks was the average trip time.

Eventually the automobile started bumping its way across the Cascades into Eastern Oregon. A highway of sorts created a torturous route through the Columbia Gorge to The Dalles and on through Arlington to Pendleton. This meant a new highway would be started from Arlington on south into the interior of Oregon—and the residents of Olex were delighted at the prospect of closer contact with the rest of the world.

Surveyors and engineers arrived and started plotting the course of this new highway. Farmers were a bit startled to find they had to give a portion of their best land to the new road—but this was progress. And it was also the "black day" for Olex!

The new highway by-passed the town by a half-mile. Instead of using the graceful sweep of the old stage-road coming down into Olex, the highway was to be hacked out of a solid rock cliff one-half mile west, and out of sight of the town.

One of the city fathers, Tip Mobley, petitioned to change the highway to the old road site. Pleas were sent in from many citizens, but the highway commissioner stood firm. That was the day

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Olex began to die.

When the highway crew began to blast the new highway grade that fall, many of the residents moved away, abandoning their homes. Then the mercantile store burned, taking the saloons and several homes with it. The church parsonage burned, but the church remained standing. Houses were sold at salvage value and torn down—the blacksmith moved away to a new location, abandoning home and shop.

Mr. McCaughey, for whom the town was named, built a new store, combined with a gas station, at the bend of the creek where the highway crossed. The post office moved to the new location and "Old" Olex was dead.

My husband and I were the last couple to be married at the little old-fashioned church; our children the last children to be christened there. The last funeral to be held was that of my husband's grandmother. This little church, too, is gone; only the old cemetery remains.

The small homesteads have been incorporated into larger ranches; the lean-tos have either decayed and settled into weed-grown patches, or have been torn down. There is no sign that a thriving town stood here less than fifty years ago. Olex wouldn't even qualify as a ghost town. It is as if a giant eraser had removed its image from the face of the earth.

RED SAILS IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By Olga Cossi

SAN FRANCISCO restaurants, justly famous for their fine foods, at one time offered fresh bear steak and homemade butter which were shipped to them from Fort Ross. The butter was produced at ranches near the fort and near Sea View, Timber Cove and Salt Point. It was sent in squares wrapped in pure linen, each square bearing the seal of the ranch from which it came. The bears were trapped in the open flats above Sea View.

In even earlier years, San Francisco was purchasing another product shipped from Fort Ross—firewood cut from giant redwoods which grew in the coastal area. This trade was carried on by the Russians whose schooners brought many cords of such fuel to San Francisco Bay. The fort was home port to a fleet of Russian-built ships which sailed back and forth to the Bay area and were used to hunt such marine furbearers as sea otters and seals, and to haul lumber and supplies. Even in those days, the Russians were known for the hard bargains they drove and for their industrial achievements. Had they not bought Fort Ross from the Indians for "3 blankets, 3 pairs of breeches, 2 axes, 3 hoes and some beads"?

The Russians experimented in building ships out of redwood since it was easily accessible, but because they were inexperienced craftsmen and did not use well-seasoned lumber, this industry was not as successful as it could have been and they found other uses for redwood, such as fuel.

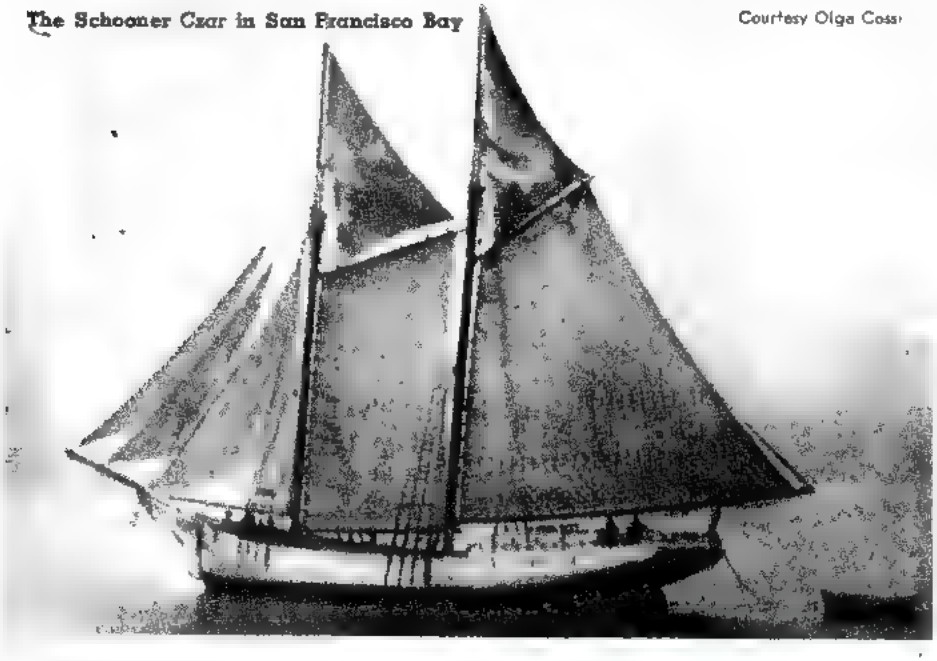
Other Russian products which were shipped to San Francisco and ports far and near included grain of their own sowing, vegetables of their own growing, and leather of their own tanning. The Russian colony, which spread from the Estero Americana to the Valhalla (Gualala) River, was teeming with life.

The Schooner *Czar* was built by the Russians at the fort, but was seized by the U. S. Government for poaching in U. S. Alaskan seal waters. The Government later sold the schooner to William Olsen of San Francisco, and Albert Thomas became her captain. Mr. Olsen in turn sold the *Czar* to the Mexican Government.

A one-time resident of Gualala, a man named Collins, had a model of a Russian schooner which he kept on his mantle. So closely did it resemble the *Czar* that it was considered by some (and might well have been) one and the same ship. The model was made by a crewman of the schooner. Collins had gone poaching for sea otter on the ship, presumably as mate, and boasted that although the schooner had been chased at least a half-dozen times, she was too fast to get caught. He told neighbors that Jack London had asked to see the log of his schooner, and it was lent to the author but never returned. The story told in the log, Collins claimed, was identical with that in London's *Sea Wolf*. Collins never forgave Jack London for keeping the log.

Although San Francisco restaurants no longer serve coastal bear steaks and homemade butter, stories of the Russian schooners are still told and retold today, adding historical flavor to many fine menus.

The Schooner Czar in San Francisco Bay Courtesy Olga Cossi



HE BIT THE HAND THAT FED HIM

By W. L. Marion

Old Tom Osborn, owner of the Quien Sabe Ranch on Upper Hoodoo Creek, in close proximity to the east slope of Bridger Mountain of the Owl Creek Range in Wyoming, got up one morning to get his breakfast and found his supply of sow bosom, beans and pancake flour just about exhausted. So he hooked up his team to a lumber wagon, tossed in a bedroll, and started out for Casper, some hundred miles away and a three days' trip, to stock up.

Arriving in Casper he put his team up at the livery stable and started up town. He bumped into a man by the name of Thorn. Mr. Thorn was on his uppers, down and out, hungry. Old Tom was an easy touch and took Thorn into the restaurant and fed him up.

After stocking up on groceries, Osborn took Thorn back to the ranch with him, and gave him a job riding after cattle. Thorn soon fell in love with one of the saddle horses and propositioned Tom to sell him the horse and saddle and let him work out the price. Tom agreed.

In the meantime Thorn had learned that old Tom could neither read nor write and his fertile brain concocted a scheme to undo his benefactor. After Thorn had worked out the price of the horse and saddle he went to Tom and said, "Tom, don't you think I ought to have a bill of sale for that horse and saddle?"

Tom readily agreed. "You fix it up and I will make my mark and have a couple of the ranch hands witness it."

Instead of a bill of sale for the horse and saddle, Thorn made out a deed to the ranch and the brand covering all the livestock. While Tom was making his mark, Thorn was very careful that the ranch hands did not see what was in the body of the deed. Immediately Thorn forked his cayuse and rode hell for leather to Lander, the Fremont County Seat, some sixty-five miles from the Quien Sabe, and filed the deed in the county clerk's office. Then he went up to the old Lanigan Saloon and made that his headquarters. He did not go back to the ranch.

Shortly after, Tom, while riding the range, met up with a neighbor. The neighbor said, "Tom, I see you sold the ranch and the livestock."

Old Tom said, "Hell, I ain't sold any ranch or livestock."

"Well," the neighbor said, "Thorn filed a deed in the courthouse in Lander that says you did."

When Tom realized that he had been "took" and how, his anger knew no bounds. "I'll kill that crooked s—o—b if it is the last thing I ever do," he said.

Thorn may have had misgivings, but it was a cinch that his conscience didn't bother him. He went across the street to Jim Patten's drug store and said to the druggist, "Jim, that old Tom Osborn is threatening to kill me. Do you think he will try to carry it out?"

Old Jim Patten said, "Tom Osborn

(Continued on page 49)

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Twenty Years Among Our Hostile Indians

(Continued from page 25)

would constantly shed, which would diminish the value of the skin and annoy the wearer. Among these presents were a number of beaver skins, which were not only of intrinsic value but were rendered more so by the way the pelts had been prepared. These were tanned with the brains of the animal and had a pleasant smell. I had some of the beaver skins made into a robe that was much admired, and which often served to cover me while lying on the ground exposed to the rain or snow.

I returned some of the presents to the donors. It may be asked why I did so. In the first place it required a long time for Indians to make such accumulations; secondly, I could not use them all; and lastly, and the most important reason was, they were filled with vermin.

The manner of ridding buffalo robes of vermin was to lay the robes on the ground upon or near the hills of the large black ants which were numerous in that country; the ants would seize the vermin and eat them. It took many days to rid a hide of the pests, as each hair had numerous nits or eggs upon it. These had to hatch out (which took some time) and be destroyed by the ants before the robe was entirely freed from vermin.

ON THIS occasion, there were present Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Old Smoke, The Trunk, Dull Knife, Long Dog, Ribs, Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, and many other Sioux notables. I asked Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses to answer one question, insisting that he should do so frankly—prefixing my question by saying, "You call me your son. What would you have done to me, had you met me in a defenseless position during the time of the massacre?"

He hung his head for a moment as if in deep thought, and without raising his eyes or looking at me, said, "My son, I should have regretted meeting you. I would not have harmed you, myself, but I could not have been responsible for the acts of my young men."

My reply was, "I understand fully what you mean; you would not have killed me yourself, but some of your young men would have had that pleasure." To this he made no answer.

Another instance illustrative of Indian character occurred at Fort Laramie. S. E. Ward, who had been an old trapper and mountaineer, and knew Indian character well, was the sutler or post trader. He was a man of keen perception and spoke the Sioux language well. On one occasion, when some Minneconjou Sioux were on a trading visit at this fort they met Ward, who was an old acquaintance. After a powwow with them, he offered to give to some army officers present an illustration of Indian character. A short time before this, one of the Indians had said to him, "You are rich, and I am poor. I want you to make my heart glad by giving me some presents."

Ward replied, "You may go into the warehouses and select anything you want, but when you have made your selection, you cannot return to the warehouse again for I will give you nothing more, no matter how small."

The Indian entered the store and selected articles which amounted to a considerable sum. Returning to Ward he said, "My heart is full, I have everything I want," and departed.

After a short time he returned, saying that he had forgotten to take some gun flints. The value of the flints would not have amounted to ten cents. He asked Ward to supply them. Ward reminded him of his former proposition, saying that he could have nothing more. The Indian turned on his heel, used a vile name, and then offered the greatest insult known in the Indian sign language, which was the closing of the hand tightly, with the nails of the fingers downward, thrusting it in Ward's face, then suddenly opening the hand. With a sneer and look of contempt he departed.

"This," said Mr. Ward, "is an illustration of one phase of Indian character. I have read and heard of Indian gratitude, but I have never seen an Indian who possessed that virtue."

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT LAND

THE BURIAL ceremony among Indian nations varied. Among the majority of them the death and burial of one of their chiefs was attended with great ceremony. Large numbers of warriors would assemble to attend the last rites. The body of the dead chief was always attired in the best raiment he possessed during life. His war equipments, bow and arrow, lance, shield, saddle and horse equipments, blankets, buffalo robes, and other personal belongings were left with the body when placed in its final resting-place.

The body of one of these distinguished personages was sometimes deposited in a tree particularly adapted to receive the remains. Others were placed on platforms, six to eight feet in width, and ten to twelve feet in length, resting on upright poles set in the ground, and from ten to fifteen feet in height. On these platforms were frequently placed the bodies of several important chiefs.

Scaffold graves were usually set on the summit of a hill or in a valley, selected because it was a favorite place of the deceased during life. On top of the platform was laid one or more bodies, over which buffalo robes, a lodge cover, or skins of different kinds, were tightly drawn and securely fastened by thongs to prevent them falling to the ground. In this manner the corpses were left until they rotted.

The bodies of common warriors were frequently disposed of in the same manner, usually being dressed in the best clothing they possessed during life. Some of them were placed in a sitting posture, and presented a peculiar appearance; others were left lying on their backs, all being covered to prevent birds of prey from eating the flesh.

On the plains, the scaffolds on which the bodies of the dead were left did not remain standing for a great length of time unless carefully watched. Buffaloes, their hair filled with buffalo gnats which ate great sores into their tough hides, would, in trying to rid themselves of their tormentors, rub against the poles and throw them down. If the buffalo did not do so, oxen and domestic cattle belonging to freighters crossing the plains, when turned loose to graze near these places, would rub against the scaffolds with the same result.

If the platforms were erected near the Overland road, the numerous emigrants, in crossing the plains, were usually vandals enough to cut them down for fuel for cooking purposes; consequently this was not so secure a method of disposing of the bodies as placing

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them in trees. The Indians, however, had an aversion to placing their dead in trees where members of the tribe were likely to make camp, as the stench from the decomposing bodies remained for a long time; because horses, mules and dogs belonging to the deceased were frequently killed and left at the funeral spot, the stench from the decomposing remains of warriors and animals was intolerable, especially when the sun came out very hot after a rainstorm.

I recall the illness and burial of one of Spotted Tail's daughters. A very noted Indian was Spotted Tail. He fought the whites only when he could be benefited by increasing his number of horses, mules, and stores by pillage. He had his headquarters and that of his tribe in the neighborhood of Rawhide Peak. When one of his daughters, to whom he was much attached, was taken seriously ill, he immediately repaired to Fort Laramie and asked assistance of one of the army surgeons. His daughter was kindly treated by the surgeon, but finally died, and was given the usual Indian funeral about twenty-five or thirty miles from that place. Her body was placed on a scaffold of poles set up after Indian fashion. Afterwards her remains were interred in the hills just outside the fort.

I was present at this burial, and was particularly interested in the prayers said by each one of the friends of the family who spoke. Charles E. Guerreu, who was the best interpreter of the Sioux language that I ever knew, stood near me and repeated the prayer that each one made. The body was interred in the early evening. One of the Indians in his prayer said: "We bury your body as the sun goes down, and as the sun rises in the morning, so your spirit will go to our Great Creator with the rising of the sun, which will take you to the spirit land, and there keep you until all your family and friends shall join you. You will be in life again with them, and live for a long time without want or care."

Other prayers were equally expressive, and all of the same import. The death of this young girl, and the kindness of the whites at the fort in caring for her during her illness, seemed to soften Spotted Tail's savage nature. For a long time he was quite friendly, and made almost weekly visits to the grave of his daughter, after which he would visit the fort where he was kindly treated.

The bodies of women and female children were frequently buried in caves, or in ravines or holes. As the Indians had no tools for digging the ground, the corpses were covered only with a little dirt, over which grass, leaves or branches were usually thrown. Bodies buried in this manner did not remain long undisturbed. Wolves and other carnivorous beasts in search of food would eat the flesh entirely from the bones in from one to two nights, and drag the remnants far away from the place where the corpses were left.

At nearly all funerals of warriors, and sometimes of their favorite sons, a sufficient amount of food was placed near the deceased to supply them during the journey to the new home. No Indians I have ever conversed with could tell me how long it took the disembodied spirit to make the journey to their imaginary heaven. The Sioux believed that the soul arrived at the spirit land at the adult age, ready and equipped for all the pleasures incident to adult life,

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and that their animals arrived with them in good condition. The Indians had no way of computing time; it was therefore exceedingly difficult for them to explain how long a time was required to make this journey, nor could they explain how it was made. When it is considered that the most intelligent of them did not attempt to account for the change from day to night, or why the seasons varied, it can readily be understood how difficult it was for them to explain anything about the time required for the journey of the soul to its future home.

I ONCE had a talk with Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses in relation to the soul from the time of death to its arrival in the spirit land, and asked him if he believed that the soul would have in its new home the articles which were buried with the body here, and if, during its journey, the road would be a pleasant and safe one, or one in which all sorts of wild beasts and other dangers or obstacles would be encountered.

I asked him if the soul made this journey alone, and whether it traveled during the light of day or the darkness of night; also to explain the flight of the soul from one point to another.

He said he could not explain anything about it, but he knew well enough that the articles that were buried with the remains would not be with the person in his new home; that such a person would know how to make exact reproductions of what was buried with the body here, and that the souls of horses and dogs killed at the funeral would accompany the soul of the deceased, and be the souls of those animals in the happy land.

I asked, if that was true, why they placed meat on the scaffold for the journey of the spirit. He replied that it was necessary for the soul to have something to subsist upon during its journey, be it long or short. I then inquired where he got all these theories.

He said, with some warmth, that they were not theories but facts; that it was necessary for everything that lived to have something to feed upon and, as the soul was alive, it was necessary that it should be fed in passing from one stage to another.

I then said to him: Suppose the soul had left the body for several days, during which time it had traveled a long distance. How could it feed upon the food which was left upon the scaffold and which still remained there?

He replied that the soul was a spirit, and that it extracted the spirit food from the meat, which accompanied the soul on its journey. I then asked him how he arrived at such conclusions. He said he did not reach them at all; that this belief had been handed down to him by his forefathers, that he believed they knew, and he did not trouble himself to learn anything further about it.

He abruptly turned and asked me what my belief was—whether the white man expected, when he died, to go to a happy hunting ground, or a spirit land. My answer was in the affirmative. He then inquired how our spirits reached that place. Frankness compelled me to reply that I did not know. The questions he propounded as to the change from one life to another required more of a philosopher than I to answer. Every one of his questions would be called, if asked by our children, "a poser," and I found it was much easier to ask questions of this nature than to answer them.

The Indian believed that the spirit left the body through the mouth, and that all Indians who were not scalped or hanged would go to the spirit land, where they would live forever after the manner they had lived here, but on a grander scale. He would need there all the things he required here, or he would not be happy. Hence the best weapons he possessed in life were buried with him, and his best animals were killed at his final resting place. As he expected his career in the future world to expand and be far superior to his earthly life, he would, therefore, all the more require the means of livelihood, and of defense against his enemies.

The Indian's idea of the future life was purely materialistic. He had no spiritual conception, consequently it was impossible for him to imagine a condition of things in a future state different from what he knew in this. The other world or state of existence was to him only a magnification of the present one. Anything that could be procured here he believed could be obtained there; hence, the only things that were buried with him were those that would be needful to him in procuring his subsistence in the spirit land.

If the warrior had not as complete an outfit as was deemed needful in this world at the time of his death, his friends endeavored to supply the deficiency before his burial. The final resting places were never despoiled. A superstitious awe attached to them, and no Indian would dare draw on himself the wrath of the Great Spirit by touching any of the articles left for the use of the dead.

Another phase of Indian belief was that the body in the next life would appear in exactly the same form as it was when the earthly life had departed from it. Young or old, whole or mutilated, it would remain in the spirit land forever the same. Hence the fiendish mutilations of the dead by the Indians. They would seek, after killing their enemy, to make his existence in the next life as miserable as possible.

The Indian's idea of a future life was based purely on tradition—he never reasoned on the subject. His fathers believed it and that was sufficient for him. He had no fear of death in its natural form or in battle. He was a stoic and a fatalist.

When Colonel Moonlight decided to execute the Indian chiefs, Big Foot, Black Crow, and others, about the years 1864-65, they were told of their approaching fate, tied, put in a six-mule wagon, and driven to the place of execution. During the time they were being transported to the gallows, on which they were to be hanged in chains and left for the birds to prey upon, or to rot down (which they eventually did), they did not evince the slightest fear. They sang their weird death chant, and were driven under a scaffold made of two poles twenty feet high, with a pole across the top, with the chains hanging therefrom. The chains were adjusted around their necks, the wagon driven from under them, and they were left dangling in the air.

"Mebbe we won't say anything to your mother!"

Apparently the least concerned of all were those who were executed and, as they were to be hanged—which, according to their belief, prevented the spirit from leaving the body through the mouth—their stoicism was all the more remarkable, as death came to them in its most dreaded form.

Some tribes of the great Athabaskan nation had different ways of disposing of the bodies of the dead. The Zunis, another tribe of this nation, burned the bodies of the dead. First digging a shallow hole in the ground, in this the remains were placed; logs and branches were then laid over the spot and set on fire; after all had been consumed, the location was marked with a stone.

The Chippewas of the Algonquin family buried the corpses in the ground in a sitting posture, and funerals were attended with great ceremony, often lasting for weeks. Among these people females and children received the same funeral as the males and adults. *(To be continued in the May, 1967 Frontier Times.)*

The Wanderers

(Continued from page 39)

cross over another piece of property, on an old road at the side of a hill. She hired a truck and driver to move her to her camp on the ranch. When nearing her land, a woman came running across the field, with a shotgun, and pointed it at Mother and the driver ordering them to stop. The driver got out, and took the gun away from the woman. They all went to court, and the judge ordered the woman to let Mother use the road to go to her land.

After that, there were many times when we had to break a lock on a gate to get through. Mother helped build a log cabin out of railroad ties, and helped dig a well. By that time, my brother was working and sent Mother a little money, now and then.

Our nearest neighbor was a mile away. We worked when we could for the neighbors, and raised hay. We had a hard time for a few years. There were times when we had nothing to eat. We had plenty of ammunition and a gun. Many times I had to shoot little birds out of the trees to make soup for us. Some years, we could raise a few vegetables in the spring, when the ground was damp.

Our well did not turn out so good. We had to haul water from a spring, miles up the canyon, over big boulders on the trail. We hauled our water in a two-wheeled cart. Mother and I worked hard grubbing brush and clearing the land.

People began coming into the canyon, and Mother sold a little land. She bought an old pickup truck, and turned our poor old horse out to pasture to spend his last days in peace and rest.

Mother was a woman of great courage. There was no turning back for her. We lived at the spring for awhile. It was such a beautiful place; waterfalls in the winter; ferns among the rocks and

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many nice trees. Mother had her water piped into her little rock reservoir, here and there, for watering her plants and cactus. She had become known as "Cactus Kate" by then.

I had taken up wood carving and oil painting for a hobby.

She sold more land and we built our home back down the canyon. I rocked up a little cabin, and Mother built herself a large rock house. We did our own construction. Mother carried many rocks in buckets, and I hauled many, too. She completed her house in about three years. We had to use coal oil lamps, and cook on a wood stove.

Mother's health broke soon after. She had worked too hard building her rock reservoir and taking care of her huge cactus yard, plants and birds. I kept house for us.

In 1935, we had a flood. It rained three days and nights, without stopping. Roads were washed out, and the bridges were gone. About that time, Mother had taken down with pneumonia, and I with bronchitis. What could we do? No doctors—no roads.

I prayed about it, and did what I could for Mother. In a few days, I opened my door to a friend, a nurse. She walked in. She was my godsend. She stayed for about a week and we nursed Mother back to health. She was never very strong after that, but she would not give up.

WE HAD taken in several hundred sheep. I raised many of them on the bottle. They grazed around the hills. I had many pets among them, as I love animals of any kind. One day while Mother was working at her place, she got a sunstroke and became ill mentally and physically. She went from bad to worse, and lost her mind completely. I kept her with me in that condition for seven years, which was a very trying time. In June 1959, she passed away, at the age of eighty-eight.

One year later, an awful forest fire came rolling over the hills. Some folks were living on the place then, and we watched the fire day and night, wondering if we should leave. All at once, a thunderstorm broke out with a terrific wind. Before we knew it, the fire blew all over the hills and canyons and we had a hard time finding our way out because of the dense smoke and new fires along the way. It was a terrible thing.

One old man on the place refused to go out. He saved one of my cabins—my rock house—by putting water on the roof. His faced was burned and he was quite overcome with the heat.

Next winter, after the fire, there wasn't anything to hold back the water and great boulders came down the canyon and sand filled the ditches. It all but washed away my cabin. In the night, I heard the water roaring just outside, and I prayed as I turned on the radio. An organ from Salt Lake City was playing *The Holy City*. It was so beautiful. I felt the Lord was with me, and my fear was gone.

Our canyon was a lake of water. With all of this, and Mother gone, I did not want to stay there any longer. I sold the ranch and left. Since then, I have never wanted to return, but I still have my memories of how my mother and I felt to have a sill that we could step over and call our own.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 45)

wouldn't hurt a fly." He couldn't have been more wrong.

That afternoon Tom came riding into town, and tied his horse to the hitching rack in front of the Lanigan Saloon. As he opened the front door, Thorn made for the back door with Old Tom right after him. He ran around the back of the saloon and made for the street. There was a high board fence between the saloon and a Chinese restaurant some ten feet distant. Thorn got as far as the gate when Tom got one shot at him. Thorn reeled into the restaurant and handed a waitress some papers and said, "See that my mother gets these." Then he keeled over and that was the last of Mr. Thorn.

Sheriff Charley Stough arrested Tom, and Judge Jesse Knight gave him ten years in the Wyoming pen. After serving two years, Governor Richards pardoned him out.

The deed to the ranch that Thorn had tricked Tom into giving was canceled. Before going to the pen, Tom deeded the ranch to Butch Cassidy, the famous leader of the Wild Bunch or the Hole in the Wall Gang of train and bank robbers. To show that there was honor among thieves, when old Tom came back, Butch deeded the ranch back to him.

The old Quien Sabe ranch was long a stopping place of the Hole in the Wall Gang on their trips from Robbers Roost in the northern part of Utah to the Hole in the Wall in Natrona County, Wyoming, and the old ranch house looks the same today as it did in the 1890s.

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Powder River Expedition

(Continued from page 33)

lands. The rolling hot sea of sand the Missourian had driven his men through was a veritable Garden of Eden compared to the hell that lay ahead.

Neither Connor nor Walker realized Cole's plight at this point. Both were more troubled by their own phases of the campaign. Walker's Kansans refused to budge from Fort Laramie, contending that they hadn't enlisted to fight "heathen savages." Again cannon had to be hauled up and pointed at the mutineers to get them on their way.

Though unhappy with their plight, the men appeared at this point to still be capable of making a fight. It was another story with Cole's men. They had been in the saddle for many arduous days, coated with dust and broiled by the sun. Their mouths were cotton, their skin baked red. At rests, they had stiffly eased from their saddles and crouched low under the horses' bellies, the only escape from the sun's searing rays.

The Missourians ground onward, looking more avidly for water and grass than for Sioux or Cheyenne. Each night the stock was spread over a wide expanse in the hope that the now-bony animals would gain enough sustenance to carry the men out of this end of the earth.

By the time Connor had set his men to work completing the fort on August 14, Cole's troops had reached Bear Butte. Cole had at last found an oasis in the shadows of the Black Hills.

On August 16, Walker and a small detachment of Kansans rendezvoused with Cole at Pine Creek while the main body of the Sixteenth moved up Red Water Creek. Connor had never intended that the two units be so close at this phase of the campaign. In looking at Cole's men, Walker had a glimpse of things to come. Too soon, his Kansans would be suffering from this same desperate hunger and tiredness.

Forcing themselves to move forward, the Missourians left the cool Cheyenne River tributary behind and pushed on to the Little Missouri and Three Buttes. The terrain was meaner, if possible, than the wasteland they had covered.

Scurvy had become prevalent in the command. When some small onion-like roots were discovered along a dry stream bed, the men clawed at the earth like animals. Wolfing the plants down, they hoped to stave off the disease that rotted their gums and skin. Stock which had enjoyed the short respite on the Cheyenne tributary were again in a bad way, and scouting parties fanned out in search of grass. Cole's Missourians came upon many Indian trails, but all were five or six weeks old. The unit pushed on westward into Wyoming up the gently undulating hills leading to the Panther Mountains.

Most waterholes had dried up and those which still existed were brackish. Others might claim that such foul rot was not fit for man nor beast; it was fit to the Missouri cavalrymen.

"If it's wet, we'll drink it."

Exhausted beyond description, Cole's men groaned on till they were within six miles of the spot where they were to rendezvous with the other prongs of the campaign. They had forced themselves to move toward the setting sun, believing that a great storehouse of rations awaited them.

Their hopes were shattered over the ugly formation of shale someone had aptly named the Panther. Stumbling up to its edge, they stared down on a desolate country that oozed out from the bottom of the cliffs, 200 feet below. And nowhere, it seemed, was there even a vestige of a passable trail to the bottom.

Cole led his men back to a small valley to rest for a moment. There was no water, only a small pool containing maybe six barrels that buffaloes had recently wallowed in. Troopers crowded to the brackish pool and stuck their faces in it, pushing aside buffalo droppings to get at the water.

CONNOR, now moving up the Tongue, had no idea of Cole's plight. The black-eyed Irishman had got a sniff of Indian and was tracking the plains ahead like a bloodhound in search of his prey. North's scouts had run into a Sioux war party on August 16. On the 19th a still larger force had been spotted but was not attacked. Finally, on the 26th, Bridger spotted what the general had been hoping for—smoke from an unsuspecting village.

Connor's plan to attack the village had already had its test under fire. Chivington had proved its worth against the Southern Cheyenne at Sand Creek, slaughtering men, women, and children in one of the most sickening battles of the Frontier.

That night Connor led 250 men and 80 Indian scouts along a dry creek bed to the sleeping village. He had hoped to strike before sunup but the sun rose and began to arc the sky before he reached the mesa where the Indians were encamped. Its broad surface was covered with ponies. To the left was the thick circle of lodges.

Connor slid down from his vantage point and whispered the word to close up, warning the men not to fire until he gave the command. Then, wide-eyed with excitement, he mounted and spurred his charger up and onto the bare mesa. The Indians were jolted by the strange apparition of flying mustaches and waving saber that presented itself. But the real shock came when the rest of the unit wheeled into line.

The general paused for a moment, then with a mighty heave forward of fist-clenched sword, he bellowed the charge and rammed toward the Indians. With the first volley, the pony herd stampeded. The half-naked braves tumbled from their tents, grabbing what weapons they could, and fled up Wolf Creek with Connor in hot pursuit.

Connor drove the Indians ahead of him, believing that his men would follow. Only when the braves turned and fired did he discover that he led not an army, but fourteen panting men. The rest were fighting and leading their own little wars. Later, Captain H. E. Palmer reported that "every man was a general. Not a command was given by Connor after the first order to charge."

Only after Connor had fought his way back to the rest of his troops did he discover the trouble he was in. His had been an offensive action from 9 A. M. until 11. After that it was a matter of survival against 500 revenge-seeking Arapahoes.

Connor's troops were able to burn lodges and food stores before they were forced to pull out. The general claimed 63 warriors killed and 1,000 ponies captured. But he was in trouble. Almost out of ammunition, the soldiers retreated toward the main body, the Indians in hot pursuit. The latter vainly tried to

recapture the pony herd but were driven back.

This was the victory Connor would brag about later to the awed citizens of Colorado, his brave story of bringing the "hostiles" to heel. Had the listeners been there, they would have seen him not quite so gloriously, making tracks to the safety of his base camp. His men had been in the saddle thirty-three hours and were so tired that it would have been an effort to defend themselves had the Arapahoes continued the attack.

Cole and Walker's men knew about tiredness. They had not yet had their lesson in Indian fighting, but that would come soon enough.

ON AUGUST 29, Cole's men finally escaped the Panther that held them from their desperately needed supplies. Cole sent out twenty-two men in search of Connor and to find the best route to the rendezvous point. Using the map that Connor's courier had provided him at the Loup, Cole traveled fifty miles during the next three days, only to find on the third day that the country was impassable for wagons. He thought he was at the Tongue River, the place where Connor was to meet him.

Walker, whose unit was only two miles from Cole's command, came in to hear the Missourian's plan. Neither thought that Indians were about, and Walker, whose men were in as bad condition, agreed with Cole that the best thing to do was to head for food before all 1,700 men starved to death.

It is difficult to believe that the two commanders were so naive as to think that there were no Indians around. While Walker was still in camp, 500 Cheyennes crept in and stampeded over 100 horses. This first encounter was a brief affair. Only six herd guards were killed when they were cut off from the main body. Cole rallied the cavalry and quickly dispelled the hostiles who left behind the captured horses.

Connor, leading his column up the Tongue, thought he heard cannon shot that day. Thinking it was a signal from Cole, he ordered two units ahead to the meeting site. But Cole was heading south, his men keeping their eyes on the string of smoke signals that curled up from the bluffs.

That night the Missourians bedded down along the river. Sweat trickled down their dust-caked bodies but they could have cared less. These men had learned to live in an inferno. By midnight, however, the men began to grumble. The air was cold and they hauled their blankets over their shivering frames. Out on the picket line, the horses began to whinny and roll their eyes, a warning of the storm that would come.

In a breath, the hot night air had become a cooling breeze. And from cooling it went to freezing, the temperature spiraling down to leave the soldiers a shivering mass of misfits. Although the men had the strength to withstand the blast that roared through the canyon, not so their horses whose only nourishment had been green cottonwood bark. One by one they toppled to the ground.

The realization that his stock was dying was a bitter blow to the commander who had already had his share of bitter blows. By sunup, Cole had his men up and ready to move back over the road they had come. He hoped that the scant forage at the last camp would bring needed strength to the animals. Through that night and the march that followed, 225 horses and mules perished. Wagons without teams were put to the torch. The bonfires warmed the flesh of the men who crowded around them, but the flames chilled their souls. They were burning the very equipment they depended upon to survive.

The column moved only a mile and a half on September 4, so weak had men and animals become from lack of food and the cold. Troopers sent out to more completely destroy the wagons left behind were attacked by Sioux and Cheyenne, and by the 5th, thousands of warriors had been lured to the valley of death. Only well-placed cannon shots kept the painted vultures at bay.

The Indians, not liking the taste of cannon, played cat and mouse with the foe. They lured small parties out, attempting to cut the troopers off before they could get back under the protective cover of cannon. After three hours of this kind of game, the hostiles became bold with hunger for coup.

True to every movie version of such awesome conflicts, they lined up as one in bold view. Every hilltop, divide, and margin bristled with Indians where there had been none before. But the Sioux and Cheyenne could wait. They only had to look at the half-starved men to assure themselves that victory would soon be theirs.

COLE saw no more of the Indians until September 8. He had been able to pull back about fifty miles. Walker's forces, not belabored by cumbersome wagons, moved out in front and that afternoon camped three miles to the south. Cole was checking his gaunt horses when he received word that Walker's force was being attacked by 3,000 hostiles. He quickly ordered the remaining wagons to circle and moved out with one battalion of cavalry and a section of artillery toward the poorly armed Kansans.

Again the cannon saved the day, dispelling the combined forces of Sioux and Cheyenne just when they were about to flank the Sixteenth. The foray had been costly, for the Spencers were almost out of ammunition. Cole and Walker weren't attacking all those "male heathens over twelve." Theirs had long since become a desperate defensive action.

Both commanders pondered their fate while the two units camped together. Again a storm howled out of the north to mock their plight. As night came on, it grew worse in its intensity. First rain, then hail, then rain, then in succession snow and sleet pelted down on soldiers and stock. Again the temperature rocketed down, and with it more horses and mules than Cole and Walker dared count.

At sunup, if you could call it that, the storm was still going strong. Officers howled themselves hoarse in a desperate effort to get their men and stock up and into cover two and a half miles up the trail. But the move was more than the animals could endure. Some 414 perished on the picket lines and along the trail between the two camps. Only one who had been there could have described the desperate scene. Walker later wrote:

"A scene of horror took place. No sooner had the command started than the horses that appeared to be pretty strong would drop down and in two minutes be stiff and dead. If it happened to be in good flesh, twenty men would pounce on it, and in less time than it takes to tell, his bones would be

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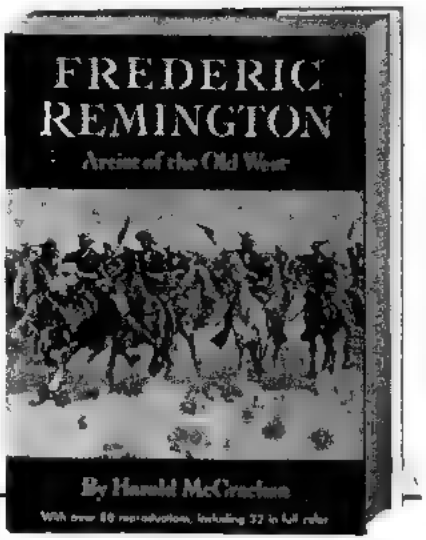

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stripped and the flesh devoured raw. Order them not to do it, and you would get a vacant stare with, 'Colonel, I cannot help it. I am starving.'"

Walker's men had been barefoot for fifteen days. During that time they were out of rations and subsisted solely on what game they could get close to camp. Connor had envisaged the Kansans as a fast striking force, giving them nothing more than mules to carry their gear when the Sixteenth embarked from Fort Laramie, another one of his costly mistakes.

Nor was Cole any less eloquent in speaking out against the tragedy which enveloped him and his men:

"Fatigue and starvation had done their work on both men and animals, insomuch that they were unable to pursue with vigor the savage foe that circled around their starving way through this desert whose oases were but motivating delusions, for however pleasing to the eye were the green dresses of the prickly pear and the sagebrush, they were bitter mockery to the other senses. They contained no life-giving essence for man or beast. . . . Starving soldiers might well wonder why there were no provisions made for such contingencies; why old Indian fighters had not with their knowledge planned a more consistent campaign; created depots here and hunted Indians there, not had a command starving here unfit to cope with Indians everywhere around them, and the supplies they needed so much away no one knew where. . . ."

Bitter? The term couldn't even begin to describe the feeling that swelled in the frustrated Missourian—hate of his predicament, hate of the land, hate of the Indians, but most of all, hate for the man who had deceived him with a grandiose plan.

Burning still more equipment and shooting those animals too weak to move from the picket line, the two units slogged on. Word finally came from Connor on the 13th, but instead of joining his column, they moved on to Fort Connor alone. Neither Cole nor Walker dared be too close to the Irishman at this point, regardless of how tempting his presence might be. Finally, on September 22, they attained their long-sought goal.

THE POWDER RIVER Expedition, the campaign that was to have clobbered the Indians once and for all, had come to its ridiculous end, a failure no matter how you look at it. True, Connor had killed 63 Indians and captured 1,100 ponies. But these were not the hostiles he had set out to tame. And in attacking the Arapahoes, he had made them bitter enemies where they had been friends. Cole and Walker claimed they killed many Sioux and Cheyenne, but the Indians say otherwise.

Instead of taming the Plains Indians, Connor had made them truly hostile, had firmly convinced the Sioux and Cheyenne that they could whip anything the white man aimed at them. It would take them many bloody years to be convinced otherwise. They chuckled in their camps at the ineptness of the leaders, the weakness of grainfed horses. And while they laughed, they counted the tons of gear that for all practical purposes had been handed them on a silver platter, fighting gear which would be used against other whites who would dare penetrate the Black Hills.

Connor was relieved of his command upon reaching the fort. General John Pope even threatened court martial for Connor's order to "kill every male Indian over twelve."

The next summer, Sioux, Cheyenne, and other nations would be out in force, and the next, and the next until their greatest hour at the Little Big Horn. These long years would see more battles, more costly expeditions, each led by an officer who knew a lot more about the Indian and his land than the one who led the ill-fated Powder River Expedition.

Jack Healy, the Horse Tamer

(Continued on page 29)

mule was unruly and finally kicked the smith. Jack got his drink then and the shoeing went on successfully.

There was a small horse roundup about twelve miles from Toston and Jack Healy was one of the hands. In the evening the men wanted to go to town to celebrate but left Jack at the ranch because they knew he would get drunk and it would be hard to get him back on the job. To be sure he stayed on the job, they turned all the horses out into the big pasture.

In less than an hour after their arrival in town Jack Healy drove up before the saloon with a horse and mule from the wild bunch hitched to an old buckboard. He had gone into the pasture on foot, captured these two that had never been worked before, harnessed them up with some old harness, and drove them to town. He left the team standing before the saloon and started for refreshments. The owner of the outfit stepped out and remarked they would run away but Jack went ahead, saying they would be all right if left alone, which they were.

In fact, Jack did not bother to tie his own horse but usually left it on the outskirts of a town to graze. When he wanted it, he had no trouble catching it.

An old-time storekeeper in Helena tells how the sheriff came inquiring for Jack Healy one time. The storekeeper had not seen him, but in a little while he did come in. The sheriff returned and Jack said, "I suppose you are looking for me, Sheriff." Then he confessed he had picked up a horse in a field out of Townsend but he intended to leave it when he went back. The sheriff went his way, knowing Jack would return the horse to its pasture. In those days horse stealing was a serious offense, but the community tolerated Jack Healy, knowing he would return the property.

Another typical story is told about a farm sale. A young, unruly horse was up for auction but it could not be led into the show ring. Word went around it was an outlaw. Jack Healy was in the crowd and offered to show it. To him no horse was unmanageable. He led the horse into the ring, put his hands on him, rubbed his ears, picked up his feet, crawled under him, and then rode him around the ring. The horse sold at once.

Once in Billings a friend of Jack told a sheepman of Jack's ability. The sheepman was "from Missouri." Just then Jack came in and was introduced. The sheepman suggested he demonstrate on an outlaw horse down at the stockyards. Jack accepted the challenge without reservations, and a crowd accompanied them to the yards.

The horse was in a box stall, stamping, snorting and rolling his eyes. Without hesitation, Jack reached over the side of the stall and patted the so-called outlaw. The horse quieted down. Jack

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climbed into the stall and crawled under the horse. Then he let him out and rode him without a bridle. The sheepman was convinced.

The owner of the River Side Ranch near Toston had about seventy-five mules, which had been rounded up for sale. He had a customer but how would he handle them? They had never been haltered, and the hands sent into the corral to catch them found the task impossible. A messenger was sent to town for Jack Healy, who came at once.

He climbed the fence, walked among the restless animals, ducked under some, climbed over others. Then he called for halters, and walked from one mule to another, haltering the entire herd without effort. They stood still and Jack finished the task in a matter of minutes. It is unbelievable but true.

Another incident took place at Dorsey on the "Jaw Bone" Railroad to Castle. A rancher came into the saloon, inquiring for someone who could break forty head of range horses to ride. The barkeeper said Jack Healy was capable of the job and was lying drunk in the back room. The rancher sobered him up and made a deal for a minimum sum and board.

Jack went to the ranch and in a week or so reported to the stockman that the horses were ready. The horses were in the big corral and while the owner watched, Jack crawled the fence and the horses came to him. He rode them bareback and without a bridle. The horses were apparently tamed. The rancher gladly paid the agreed price.

Jack went on his way. The horses were held until the next day when a party of riders came in to get their mounts. The horses were as wild as ever, not even halter broke. Every rider had to break his own horse. Jack Healy's influence was gone. Their wild spirits had never been subdued. It was another of Jack Healy's jokes.

DRIVING horses without lines was Jack's specialty, but like many other specialists he had failures. He attempted an exhibition at old Fort Logan of driving six horses on two wagons around and through the trees. Something went wrong. The six horses became excited and the wagons were left against the trees with the horsepower gone in every direction.

Success was the rule, however, with Jack. Perhaps his most daring feat was with a wild horse that had thrown all the riders at Winston. Jack saddled and bridled the outlaw and after riding him around for a while, went off down through the brush to the creek. When he returned, he had a five-gallon coal oil can tied to the horse's tail. On entering the corral he deliberately fell from the saddle with one foot still hanging in the stirrup and the horse dragged him around the corral without becoming excited.

In his later years Jack often stopped at a ranch north of Belgrade. One evening he came in at suppertime. The work horses were being turned out to pasture. There was one big team of half-brothers that had seldom been separated. Jack suggested he could lead the pair to the ranch gate about a quarter of a mile from the pasture gate, take the halter from one, and lead the other back to the pasture, and that the lone horse without the halter would stand there until he was sent for. Jack accomplished this feat and anyone who has had ex-

(Continued on page 56)

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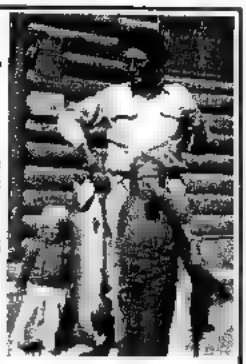

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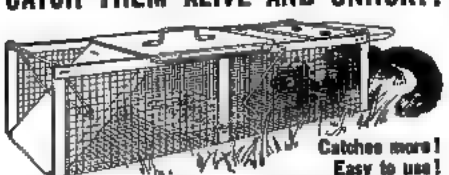

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Jack Healy, the Horse Tamer

(Continued from page 53)

perience with horses knows it is next to impossible to leave a lone horse standing when his partner is taken away.

Jack craved liquor more than anything else and seldom worked for money. Someone at Toston had a wild horse, and in a crowded saloon a man offered Jack a jug of whiskey if he would take this horse to the depot and keep him there when the train came in. Jack was delighted at the prospect of so much whiskey and offered to take three horses for three jugs of liquor. Only one wild horse was available, however.

Jack led this horse to the depot at train time, had him lie down on the platform, threw a blanket over him and lay down beside him. The train came roaring around Horseshoe Bend, its whistle echoing from the bluffs of the Missouri River, and chugged into town. Not a move from the horse! After the train had gone, Jack stood up and ordered the horse to get on its feet. Then he took his jug of whiskey off into the brush and was not seen for several days.

How did he do it? Some say Jack didn't know. All he would say was he inherited the ability from his Indian mother. One old-timer remembers he always carried under his hatband a small package of powder made from the bony portions of the inside of a horse's leg, the protuberances called "chestnuts." Jack's mother provided him with this "charm."

His usual procedure in working with wild horses was to walk up slowly and rub their ears. However, it was only necessary for him to be nearby. Some have suggested he transmitted his influence through his eyes. This seems likely.

As a joke Jack cooperated with a friend at a Fourth of July celebration in Belgrade to "sell" his power. They got some salve cans at the drugstore and filled these with axle grease. This they demonstrated by rubbing it on the ears of horses that Jack controlled. It was well known that Jack rubbed horses' ears whenever practical. They sold a few cans of "axle grease horse tamer" for a dollar each, but Jack could not influence men as well as horses, and it is said women were afraid of him.

His influence over animals other than horses is debated. Once at Belgrade he received a bad mauling from a bear. However, one rancher reports he tamed a wild bull.

Jack bragged there was only one man in the world who held the same power as he. I myself have been able to find only one other record of such talent. In *Coronet*, June 1960, there is a story of John Solomon Rarey, born in Franklin County, Ohio, about 1835. He reportedly tamed a wild colt at the age of twelve and went from one success to another throughout America and England, where he performed before Queen Victoria. Rarey became famous and wealthy while Jack Healy lived a lonely life, living from hand to mouth—or more correctly, bottle to mouth.

He died in a Sheridan speak-easy May 16, 1932 and the county paper didn't even mention his death. (Prohibition days!)

But what did it really matter if Jack Healy didn't get formal recognition? Certainly it didn't mean that his life had been of no consequence. When I was collecting stories about him, one of the ranchers in Wisdom, Montana, wrote me the following:

"Did I know Jack Healy? I have ridden the range with Jack when alkali dust was so thick it burned our skins. I have watched his witchcraft with horses many a time. I have listened to his stories and enjoyed his companionship when the shadow of the loneliness of the prairie was our only entertainment.

"I have watched him work with a wild horse in a manner that was plain suicide. He was a product of a time and place that is forever gone. He was the best of his trade. His like has seen their day and passed on like the buffalo."

In Defense of the "Old-Time" Coyote

(Continued from page 41)

on the far shore. Two dogs were not far behind, still chasing. So we just sat down and waited. In about an hour, the dogs left the chase and come trotting back. We continued to wait, with our rifles ready.

But the dogs disappeared out of sight behind rocky bluffs and timber. By the time we spotted them again they were at the deer carcasses, so we just followed up. I don't know if coyotes will eat dogs, but we added some to their menu if they do.

So it's not always coyotes that chase deer. I have seen deer and coyotes staying around the meadows and fields together, and the coyotes seemed to pay no attention to the deer. Of course, let one get wounded or sick and see how quick coyotes will butcher it down. But I never have seen where one coyote had killed a deer alone. I don't think it can. I couldn't say that coyotes won't kill deer. They will. But not unless they are pressed to starvation. A coyote can catch a snowshoe rabbit a lot easier and he knows it. And he doesn't have to gang up on rabbits, gophers and mice.

ABOUT 1948, snow had come early. It was already past the third week of November's hunting season. One shy lone buck deer had been staying around the fields. I had seen him several times. He was one of the lightest deer I had seen, almost a blue gray or white. I never could get anything but a flash shot at him, so he always went free.

We noticed that coyotes were always on his trail, and no coyotes were around until he showed up. But he was wise; he would sneak right through some rancher's barn lot to shake the coyotes off, and he succeeded every time.

I said all the time, when I saw the coyote tracks after him, that there was something wrong with that buck.

One day we ran across his tracks, and about three coyotes were after him. Right through a barnyard. We went around and took up the tracks again, more for curiosity than anything else. We found he had disappeared under the big rim and my hunting partner decided to go in after him. I started out for a low pass in the rimrock, and I didn't any more than land there until I saw him coming my way. I knew the wind was in my favor, so I just stood still.

I shot him not over a hundred feet away. He had a full set of horns, and seemed to be in good shape. I rolled him over a couple of times, but still could see nothing wrong, except he had a peculiar odor. When we started to dress him out, however, we soon found out what the trouble was. He had been shot between the hams with a small caliber rifle, a .22 perhaps. The wound had already started to exude a light green substance, which we had noticed on the snow but had taken it for grass juice, from browsing. And that's why the coyotes were after him, following that scent.

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In Montana it's either ruff neck or prairie wolf, or timber wolf or half-breed coyote dog that kills lambs and calves and scatters cattle. I caught one old fellow in my traps I didn't think was really a coyote. He was larger and his fur was thick and dark gray. He tried to put up an awful fight, but had a double spring trap on two of his feet.

For bait I used a small kid goat that had died. I first roasted the goat in a fire. The traps were set two weeks before the "coyote" touched anything, but he made several trips to the traps. He knew something was there and he just trotted back and forth until he beat trails in the snow. That kept up until other coyotes came around the bait, and of course, he more than likely decided to get there first. I believe he was a wild coyote dog.

Living close to our stock ranch, a neighbor was pasturing a band of sheep with small lambs. Something was killing lambs and scattering the ewes down into the night pasture. At first, our neighbor thought it was a bear but he could find no bear tracks. So he put out bait scent for coyotes, but no coyotes even came near it, as far as he could find.

One evening he noticed the breeze always blew towards the barn lot and sheep sheds. He decided to put up a scaffold in a tree with heavy foliage, and sit there every evening.

Nothing happened until the fourth evening and then, all of a sudden, away went the sheep for the open spaces, bleating and stampeding. And about the same time a large timber wolf got a charge of buckshot from a ten-gauge shotgun.

The old-fellow had three toes off of one front foot, so he was trap wise. His hind leg had been shot off away above the hock joint. It takes a tough animal to stand that kind of treatment and still live.

TODAY, if a coyote should come into my field, believe me, I would think twice before I would bother to shoot—as long as there are no more coyotes than I have seen in the last few years.

Like in the early days, I enjoy hearing them yelp. And the fact is sure, they catch more rodents than any other animal I know of other than a fox, a snake, a field owl, or a domestic house cat. (And the last three mentioned aren't apt to dig any mice or gophers out of the earth.)

While the Indians were still dominant over the prairies, forests, and lakes, there was no waste of wild game. It was his butcher shop and he knew it. The Indians consumed a lot of meat but so did hawks, owls, eagles, weasels, bobcats, cougars, lynx, wolves, coyotes, and all other animals and birds of prey. It doesn't seem possible that wild game could multiply in the early days, with so many more predatory animals depending on the more helpless for their survival.

Coyotes can catch almost anything if a heavy crust is on the snow, but he is really helpless in light deep slush, but will try. Lynx and bobcats get above the birds and small animals and leap down. A cougar breaks through a snow crust like a horse, so the cougar had his own way of catching deer by just hiding behind some object and bounding out when it was only a leap to the prey. Hawks and owls had timber and brush to contend with, but nature gave the little weasel all the advantages of predatory skill.

So let's not get too excited about the real old-time coyote, but take up the consideration of crossed coyote-dogs—or cross-breed stray dogs.

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The Bane of Thieves

(Continued from page 28)

known criminals.

Musgrove was a brilliant and shrewd man, one of the most resourceful thieves who ever plagued a lawman. He had a genius for organization that would have taken him far in an honest pursuit. Instead, he chose crime. His headquarters was a saloon on Holladay Street.

Dave used his Association against Musgrove and his widespread operation. He alerted members in states surrounding Colorado and sent them descriptions, directing them to be alert for any suspicious men in their area, especially those who seemed to be overly interested in horses.

Reports began to come into Denver. One told of three rough looking strangers who had shown a great deal of interest in the stock on the ranch of John Elmore, a horse breeder, thirty miles from Denver. Dave Cook, Frank Smith and Colonel Egbert Johnson saddled up and headed for the ranch. Their hunch was right. The outlaws had struck a few hours before. They had been driven off by Elmore and his hands, after an exchange of shots.

For two days and nights, in rugged wilderness country, the lawmen trailed the fugitives. They made a wide circle and then veered off toward Denver. The posse cut across and intercepted them seven miles from the city. Barricading themselves in an abandoned log cabin, the thieves held the officers off for two hours before Dave worked his way closer and wounded one of them. That ended the fight. The prisoners were arrogant and cocky. They boasted about being members of Musgrove's gang, and predicted that their leader would break them out very soon.

The Detective Association proved its worth again. More raids were attempted and were rewarded with immediate pursuit and capture. Willetson was overtaken with two others in New Mexico and hanged on the spot. The leader, Musgrove, and Ed Franklin became the only important ones still at large.

Musgrove was captured in Cheyenne, Wyoming, by United States Marshal H. D. Haskell and brought to Denver.

Somehow, Musgrove got word to Ed Franklin. He ordered him to round up some gunslingers and come to his rescue. Rough looking characters began quietly drifting into Denver. Ed Franklin and a hardcase named Sanford Duggan were among them.

They were short of cash and decided to pull a few holdups, which was a serious mistake. They stuck a gun in the face of Judge Orson Brooks, who recognized them.

The Judge's report of the incident served to warn Dave Cook that Ed Franklin was in town. It was obvious the outlaw would risk coming to Denver for only one reason—to free Musgrove. Extra guards were stationed at the jail and the search for Ed Franklin and Sanford began. They were trailed to Golden, eighteen miles away. Just as the posse entered Golden, Duggan left a bar with a friend. In the darkness and confusion that followed, Duggan escaped, but his friend was killed.

Franklin was asleep in his hotel room. When Dave Cook and Frank Smith shook him awake, he came up roaring like a lion, gun in hand. Dave drew on him and sent a bullet crashing into his heart.

The posse returned to Denver with the body of Ed Franklin. Bad news awaited them. During their absence, a committee of aroused citizens had taken Musgrove from the jail and hanged him from the bridge over Cherry Creek. He died as he had lived—arrogant and contemptuous of the law. He was not a coward. He calmly smoked a cigarette as the preparations were being made. When the wagon was being driven from under him, he leaped high in the air to insure himself a quick and painless death.

The roundup of the gang was completed when Sanford Duggan was captured at Fort Russell, Wyoming. There were a few small fry left, but the loss of leadership ended the reign of one of the most efficient gang operations of the early west.

DAVE COOK did not run for re-election as City Marshal. He devoted his time to strengthening the Rocky Mountain Detective Association and handling cases which came to its office.

In 1869, he ran for Sheriff of Arapahoe County and was elected. He was re-elected in 1871. In 1874, he was appointed a Major General in the Colorado Militia. Many called him General Cook from that time.

Dave Cook's best known bit of detective work began on October 25, 1875. The police received a complaint of a nauseous odor, perhaps that of a dead animal, coming from a vacant house on Lawrence Street. The place had been abandoned for some time and was used by drifters now and then for shelter. The police entered the house and were confronted by a scene of indescribable horrors. Huge blotches of blood stained the walls and floors. There were many bloody handprints on the walls. A trail of blood led to a trapdoor in the kitchen floor. When the door was lifted, the stench of decaying flesh was overwhelming. In one corner of the dirt basement was a pile of sheets and blankets, weighted down with junk. Underneath, they found four horribly mutilated bodies. All had been stabbed and slashed repeatedly and each throat cut, ear to ear. Although hardly recognizable as humans, it was finally determined that the corpses were those of an elderly man and three boys.

There was some physical evidence scattered about the house. The officers found a bloodstained axe and several razor-sharp stilettos. There was a scissors grinding machine, and several stringed instruments. No money or identification was found anywhere.

Dave Cook entered the case. A canvass of the neighborhood was profitable. The last known occupants of the house had been an old scissors grinder and several boys, who seemed to be his sons. At times, the neighbors heard music—at other times they heard the harsh voice of the man, berating the boys. They appeared to be Italians, and there had been a few swarthy visitors of the same nationality.

An intensive search of the city was begun. Saloonkeepers were questioned on the assumption that the boys had been itinerant musicians, wandering from one dive to another for the coins they could pick up from the drinkers.

A young Italian was located who said he might know the victims, and a visit to the morgue confirmed his fears. The bodies were those of Giuseppe Pecorra, his two sons and a cousin. The young man said that the boys were not really

Pecorra's; they were children he had kidnapped and forced to beg for him. He was miserly and kept all of the money they earned. Pecorra was thought to have carried a large sum of money in a belt, so the motive pointed to robbery.

With this bit of knowledge, the trail came to a dead end. None of the visitors could be located. No one had heard any unusual sounds coming from the house the day of the murders.

Dave Cook changed his line of questioning. He haunted the Italian section, talking—questioning—looking for the tiny shred of evidence he needed to put him back on the track. He found a bit of information, seemingly unrelated, to which he attached great significance.

Several Italians had recently made large purchases of farm machinery. The fact that all of it was delivered to the same address made it seem worth investigating. The address was that of a tinshop owned by Filomeno Galloti. He was not to be found. His neighbors said he had gone somewhere to look for an apprentice who, he claimed, had stolen some money from him.

A thorough investigation of Galloti's background revealed some surprising facts. He had been an outlaw in his native Italy. His countrymen chased him out of the country because of his brutality. He migrated to the United States and chose Denver as his home city.

The tinshop was a front to hide his real business—extortion from his countrymen. He was so feared by those who knew him that they paid tribute to him and remained silent. There was great relief among his victims when he told them he was leaving the area. He said that he was going south to become a rancher.

DAVE COOK felt strongly that he was on the right course, though he hadn't yet proved a definite connection between Galloti and the murders. Fear was so great among the Italians, it took a great deal of persuasion on Cook's part to get any information from them.

Bit by bit the story began to unfold. He learned that the murdered scissors grinder was a member of Galloti's extortion gang. The dark visitors to the house had been other members of the group, paying a social call.

Dave called in another detective, an Italian named Joe Lewis who spoke Italian and Spanish fluently and several other languages a little. Cook felt that Lewis would be able to get information through his ability to communicate and the affinity the Italians showed for members of their own race. The plan worked to perfection.

Lewis learned of an unusual situation. Galloti had become very friendly with Enrico Fernandez, a Mexican. It was unusual in that the two races seldom mixed. Fernandez disappeared at about the same time as Galloti, along with two more members of the gang.

The picture became clear to Dave Cook. Galloti and Fernandez were heading for Mexico to locate a site for the ranch. Fernandez was needed for his knowledge of the country and its language. When the location was determined, the farm machinery would be shipped to Galloti, the rest of the gang would join him, and they would be in business again.

The Rocky Mountain Detective Association was brought in on the case. The telegraph was in use now, so Dave wired descriptions of the wanted men to all members, with special emphasis on the states south of Colorado. He got an immediate reaction.

A member telegraphed from Littleton, who said that men answering the descriptions had boarded a freight train heading south about a week before. They were carrying musical instruments.

Three detectives were sent to Littleton to try to pick up the trail. The four fugitives split up somewhere along the route; the detectives caught up with the two lesser members of the gang, but Galloti and Fernandez had gone in another direction. From the prisoners, the hiding place of the bloodstained money taken from the scissors grinder was learned. They also told of the hiding place for the farm machinery.

Joe Lewis, still working among the Italians, found a clue that led to the arrest of Galloti and Fernandez. He talked with a Mexican who showed him a letter he had received from Fernandez. From the information in the letter, detectives were sent to Taos, New Mexico. There they made the important arrest.

The rest of the sordid story came out at the trial. Galloti had found that the law, under Dave Cook, was too alert and inquisitive so he got the idea of a ranch in Mexico—and it took money—lots of it. Pecorra, the scissors grinder, had money, so Galloti and his accomplices went to the house for a social visit, or so it seemed. While one man played loudly on a harp, the butchery took place.

Four of the principals received life sentences, two got ten years each, and three were released. The longest term served by any one murderer was nineteen years. Galloti, the arch fiend, was given a pardon after nine years. That made it seem more risky to steal a horse than to kill a man and three boys.

The solution of the "Italian Murders" by Dave Cook and the Rocky Mountain Detective Association solidified its position as an organization that was of immense value to Colorado and demonstrated its methods were years ahead of its time.

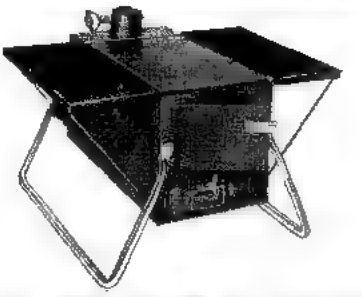
Dave Cook was in law enforcement in one capacity or another for over forty of his sixty-seven years. He was an elected official seven times, in government service other times, and headed the Association all of the time. He led a life of excitement and adventure—survived hardship and exposure—narrow escapes—gunfights—Indian battles—blizzards and snowslides, and came through without a single serious injury.

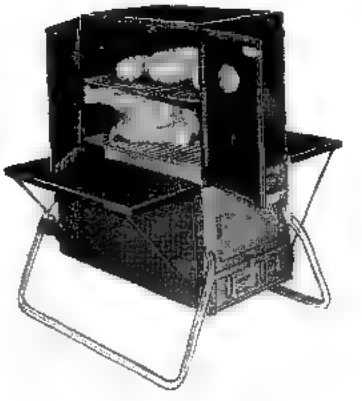
Never once did he fail an important assignment or lose a prisoner in his personal custody. He arrested more than three thousand criminals, solved more than thirty murders, broke up riots, mediated labor disputes, and battled corrupt officials. He was a stern man, a deadly enemy, but always fair and completely honest.

In the relaxed atmosphere of his home, he was a different man. He had hundreds of friends. They knew him as a genial host—a good friend—a man of great personal worth.

In 1907, he retired from active law enforcement. His only activity was as head of the Rocky Mountain Detective Association. On April 29, 1907, he complained of heart pains and took to his rocking chair for comfort. His wife tended him lovingly. When she asked him how he was feeling, he could not answer. With his last strength, he smiled at her, pressed her hand and was gone.

Dave Cook was, in all ways, a man for the times.

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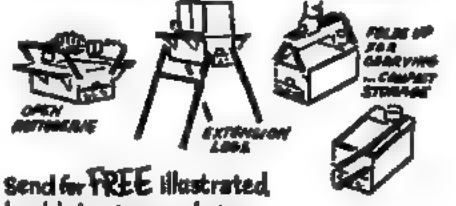
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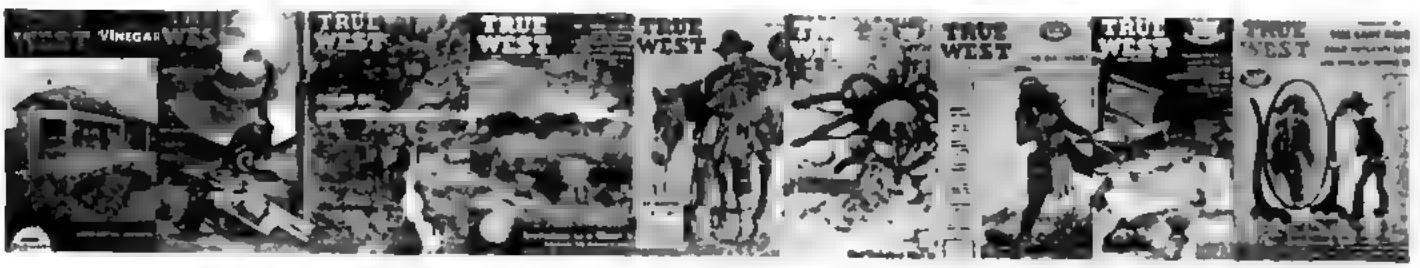

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

RANGE LIFE

The Range Men (Argonaut Press, University Microfilms, $22.50) is a reprint of L. V. Kelly's famous book about the ranchers and Indians of Alberta. The one new thing in this edition is an introduction by Michael Ginsberg, Boston bookman and collector. Mike provides an interesting sketch of the career of Kelly, the Canadian newspaperman, who homesteaded in Alberta in 1902. His book had long been regarded as the Canadian counterpart of *The Prose and Poetry of the Livestock Industry* (Denver and Kansas City, 1905) one of the "Big Four" of our great cattle books. In recent years the Kelly book (Toronto, 1913) has become increasingly more difficult to find and more expensive. It is a must for U. S. range collectors since there is much on Montana cattlemen and some first-hand material on cattle smuggling along the Montana-Alberta line. This, of course, brought the Mounties into action. The Indians liked beef and were inclined to help themselves and the Redcoats took care of that problem, too. This issue has the illustrations that appeared in the first edition but the index so badly needed is not present.

WESTERN MONTANA

The Long, Long Trail (Houghton Mifflin Co., $3.95) by Virginia Weisel Johnson is a reminiscence about her childhood in the western high country—Western Montana. In addition to personal details she recounts the roles of the Indians, the fur traders, miners, cattlemen, and farmers in the changing of this area. Much of the country has been exploited, and it will never be seen again in its pristine beauty. The book is a plea to preserve, before it is too late, some portions of the American Western Mountains.

ON THE FUR TRAIL

George Frederick Ruxton's firsthand accounts of fur trappers and Indians in the Rockies are presented again in *Mountain Men* (Holiday House, $3.95) edited and illustrated by Glen Rounds. Rounds has enhanced Ruxton's original narrative through rearrangement, explanatory notes, and numerous drawings which furnish a running commentary on the text. *Mountain Men* is a companion book to Round's *Trail Drive*, the true story of cowboy life adapted from Andy Adams' *Log of a Cowboy*. Rounds is a product of the West with experiences as a mule skinner, cowpuncher, logger, and soldier. This experience and his artistic ability have enabled him to bring new life and color to Ruxton's story, a new package that will appeal to many additional readers.

WAGONS, MULES AND MEN

The Wagonmasters (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by Henry Pickering Walker covers freighting on the High Plains up to 1880. The first of the great wagon routes was the Santa Fe Trail—the first wagons used it as early as 1822. The Santa Fe Trail was primarily a trade route although later it was used in part by settlers of the Southwest. It became an important military road during the Mexican War. The Overland Trail that branched to Oregon and California was, on the other hand, the settlers' road west. The migration to Oregon in the '40s was followed by the Mormon trek to Utah and still later by the gold seekers en route to California. The Julesburg Cutoff to the Colorado mines (and Denver) and the Bozeman Trail to Montana were other major routes branching off the Overland Trail. The problems of supplying Salt Lake, Denver and the miners of the Rockies with the necessities made freighting profitable until well after the Civil War. In addition, Uncle Sam was a good customer. Wagon goods, guarded on occasions by troopers, were often en route to distant forts and posts. Dr. Walker does not burden you with statistics but provides the data to permit a fair appraisal of the size of the problem. There is a chapter on the efforts Indians made to interrupt the flow of supplies to settlers and the Army. The bibliography is extensive and the illustrations include a frontispiece in color and three others by Charlie Russell and "The Sentinel" by Remington. Well done, Dr. Walker!

RENO—VICTIM?

A major new work on western military men is *Faint the Trumpet Sounds* (David McKay, $6.95) by John Upton Terrell and Col. George Walton. This biography of Major Marcus A. Reno explains his controversial role in the Battle of the Little Big Horn and the Custer Massacre. Reno's life is an absorbing story of determination, mistakes, bravery, romance, frustration, and tragedy. Reno lacked the political ties to achieve military stardom or high rank in spite of distinguished service in the Civil War and in Indian warfare. He was overshadowed by political favorites including the ambitious Lt. Col. George A. Custer. Reno was courtmartialed twice after Custer's Massacre. In the first case he was exonorated of any misconduct at the Little Big Horn and was commended for saving his command against tremendous odds. In the second case, Reno was found guilty of trumped-up charges of actions unbecoming an officer and was dishonorably discharged. That Reno was occasionally indiscreet, there is little question. That he was a capable and dedicated officer who was tragically wronged, is conclusively shown by the authors. Terrell and Walton, experienced writers and thorough researchers, do an excellent job of bringing Major Reno's full story to light. It is an absorbing story.

The Saga of Blue-eyed Herman Wolf

(Continued from page 9)

twenty years short. Wolf was eighty-nine when he died.

During the last few years of his life he often mentioned to friends that he had given Whipple $1,500 for a bronze casket to be buried in. My father was among many who said so. However, if true, the famous old frontier Indian trader's wishes were not carried out.

Undertaker Whipple presented Lind, administrator of Wolf's estate, a bill for the following as appears on county court records:

1 cloth covered casket	**$150.00**
1 granite tablet	**50.00**

The sale of Wolf's estate as probate court records show, amounted to $5,328.93. This was dispatched by Lind, again on the court records, to Wolf's brother General Franz Wolf, and his sister, Frau Geheimrathin Becker, both of Kelbra am Kyffhauser, Prussia.

There never existed any two such people anywhere in Germany. Arizona's Senator Carl Hayden and I spent years trying to obtain a trace of them, and the real names of his brother and sister. The records show that no General Franz Wolf ever served in the German, Prussian or Bavarian armies. That "General Wolf" assumed his brother's alias to protect him indicates that the mystery surrounding the old trader was far from a small one.

The youthful clerk's disappearance before the funeral at once raised a great cry concerning Wolf's buried fortune. Accusations were made that the clerk found and decamped with it. Located a few weeks later, county officers arrested and jailed him, but he was released for lack of evidence.

Historic Wolf Post was fated to die in a few short years. George McAdams in partnership with his nephew, S. L. Richardson, each paid $500 for the property. This was for the stock of goods left, a mere remnant. It was the custom in those days that the buildings went with the sale of the merchandise.

McAdams having received definite knowledge from Lind as to Wolf's buried gold, agreed to split it with him if found. Many an afternoon he spent prowling the canyon stone walls. Supposedly Wolf cached it in a crack some years before when he could see well. It was then filled and the surface disguised with a cement-like preparation much the same color as the salmon-pink cliff face.

In 1902 Richardson disposed of his half of the trading post to McAdams and went to Texas to get married. McAdams sold out to Edward Smith, of Detroit. A greenhorn to the most exacting of all businesses—the trading post—Smith was closed by creditors as bankrupt in November, 1903.

Wolf Post was never stocked again. Little by little the old stone walls fell apart. Not much of them remain on the scenic site where the first trading post among the western Navajo was established.

The stone mesa surface has been covered with black sand (fine volcanic cinders) and when it blows off in spots, square nails, broken colored glass and many cartridge cases are picked up by visitors as souvenirs. Treasure hunters have also been there in recent years with detectors looking for Wolf's gold. To date none has found more than a few old Spanish coins, and some American silver.

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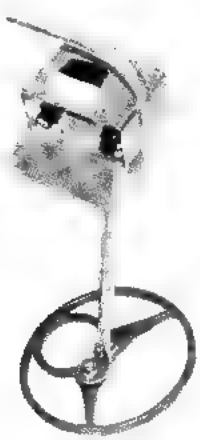

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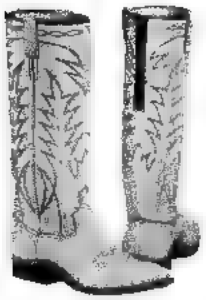

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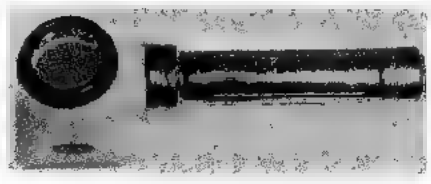

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The Backtracker

(Continued from page 43)

behind that wash, have a bite to eat, and visit a spell?"

"Reckon I've got plenty of time," was Clarke's reply. In fact, nothing could have suited him better; he would have an opportunity to ask questions without seeming too curious.

AS THE three rested, ate, and talked, the hunter probed carefully for any clue that might help him in his quest. When it came, it came unexpectedly like the resounding crack of a sudden peal of thunder.

Suggs was talking. "You're the second rider that we've crossed trails with this morning. Kind of unusual for this neck of the country, too, except for the redskins. He was heading up into the Chickasaw country. Probably intending to camp at the springs over there." A thumb was jerked toward the west.

Ingram spoke up. "That silver-gray he was riding was a mighty fine looking piece of horseflesh. Wish we had gotten a closer look."

Clarke looked up. "You didn't talk to him?""

"Naw, I don't think he even saw us. We were quite a-ways off. I figure he was headed for the springs."

"Humm," murmured Clarke, "sounds like a drover that I know from down my way, leastwise the horse does. How far would it be out of my way to ride by those springs?"

"Not much," Suggs replied. "It's about ten miles due west, over on the Washita. He was coming from down toward Texas, all right. Might be the man you know."

The men broke camp shortly and shook hands around. "Pleasure meeting you, Mr. Clarke," said Suggs, "and if you're ever back up this way again, stop by my place."

"Same here," Ingram shook his hand warmly.

"Much obliged," came the reply. "I may just take you up on that."

The trio mounted their horses and, with a friendly wave, the two ranchers watched the other man resume his trek southward. As he rode out of sight, they turned their faces homeward.

As soon as Clark had ridden a few miles, he turned his mount due west. The afternoon was almost gone when he topped a ridge and saw the silver ribbon of the Washita River lacing its way through the trees that lined its banks. His sharp eyes almost immediately spotted thin wisps of smoke off to his right.

Clarke dared not hope. Would he reach the end of his search at that campfire, or would he be off again chasing a man that he had never seen? The chestnut mare picked her way down the steep, rocky hillside toward the unknown.

Dusk hung heavy when the man reined in the mare. He guessed that the camp was about a half mile distant, upriver and upwind. Tying the rein to a low hanging branch, Clarke slipped the heavy .44 saddle rifle from its boot, and melted into the thick brush.

The man squatting by the fire was fairly young, but his cold eyes and harsh face spoke of a ruthless and bitter past. The gray horse tethered nearby moved restlessly as it grazed.

As he raised a cup of coffee to his lips, a voice boomed out of the darkness. "Massey!"

Like a striking snake, the hand released the cup and leaped for a six-gun at his hip. At the same move, he half rose. A single roaring shot stopped both motions short. The cup, having fallen only a few inches, was sent caroming off the rocks in the darkness by the bullet. The half crouched man, his hand frozen just above the gun butt was as motionless as a statue. Again the voice of death echoed from the darkness.

"Massey, you make one wrong move and the next bullet will blow your head off! Use your left hand to unbuckle your gunbelt and lay it on the ground. Then move over against that bank." Slowly the man complied.

THERE was a slight rustling of brush, and Clarke stepped into the ring of firelight. The heavy rifle in his hands held an unwavering bead on Massey's midsection.

Massey looked closely at his captor's set face. "I don't know who the devil you are or what you want, mister, but you've got the wrong man. I don't even know you!" His voice was hard and belligerent.

Clarke's eyes seemed to cut through him like a freezing winter wind, and Massey shifted his weight uneasily under the silent stare.

"I'm John Clarke, Ed's pa."

"Look, mister, just you take it easy with that cannon! I still don't know what you're talking about."

Clarke knelt and ran his hand over the gun and belt lying on the ground, but neither the rifle nor the eyes ever left their target. Deftly, his fingers sought out the "E" that Clarke already knew he would find cut into the hand grip. Then he rose and moved toward the mare who pricked her ears and snorted softly. Her hip was in shadow, but as she turned to him the flickering firelight fell across the overlapped "E C" that was Ed's brand.

Clarke patted the mare on the nose. "So I've got the wrong man, huh? Suppose you tell me who you are and where you hail from."

"My name is Massey, Bob Massey, from Texas, but I never heard tell of you or your boy, either."

"Where did you get the horse and gear? They aren't yours."

"I bought them off of a drover." Massey's mind worked fast. "He was broke and needed some cash to get home on."

"Them fancy new boots, too?" Massey almost jerked his eyes to the boots that he wore.

A quick reply, "Naw, a bootmaker up in Kansas made them for me. Look," he growled, "you haven't told me anything but your name. What is your business with me?"

John Clarke looked straight into the man's eyes. "You killed my son and I'll see you dead for it," he replied quietly.

Clarke looked on as Massey broke camp and, after getting his own mount, they began the long ride to Fort Sill. Massey continued to expound his own innocence and to curse the silent horseman at his side.

Near midnight, they reached the top of a low ridge and saw a small cluster of corrals and ranch buildings lying in the valley below. The pair rode down and stopped in front of the main house.

"Mr. Suggs?" Clarke called out. "Hello!"

After a moment of silence, "Yah, who

is it?" The question traveled down a rifle barrel aimed through a window.

"It's John Clarke. We met on the trail today. I've got a man that I've been looking for with me."

Cal Suggs recognized both horses. Still holding the rifle, he moved to the door, warily opened it, and told the men to dismount and come in. Clarke had his captive carry the saddle bags and bed roll in with them. After a brief explanation to Suggs about his son's disappearance and his own subsequent search for Massey, they went through the man's things. There was more than enough evidence to prove that Massey was, indeed, the man for whom Clarke had searched so long and tirelessly.

For the rest of the night, the prisoner was tied to a bed and Suggs stood guard over him. John Clarke slept a restless sleep.

DURING the night, Massey suddenly —and boldly—admitted to Suggs the murder of Ed Clarke, and told where he had hidden the body. The whole incident had taken place only a few miles from Cal Suggs' ranch, over near Ingram's place.

At daybreak, the three men saddled up and hit the trail to Fort Sill. There, Massey was turned over to the authorities. Clarke repeated the story of his search; then he, Suggs, and a Deputy U. S. Marshal rode out to the place of the murder.

Ingram joined them and he and Suggs, both of whom were familiar with the terrain, had no trouble in locating the campsite that Massey had described. A small, gray mound of ashes and some charred embers marked the campfire. A short search led to the discovery of Ed Clarke's half-naked, badly decomposed body under a brushpile in a nearby ravine. He had been shot in the back of the head.

Only the pain in the father's eyes and the tears that ran down the leathery cheeks gave a clue to his inner emotions. Tenderly, he wrapped in a blanket the remains of what had once been his son. The other men sifted the campfire ashes. A few buttons, rivets from Ed's chaps, his belt buckle, and several other small items that hadn't burned were found.

It was a solemn group that returned to Fort Sill bearing its grisly burden. John Clarke's search had ended as he had feared, in violence and heartbreak. The next morning, he appeared at the marshal's office.

"What will happen to Massey?" he asked.

The marshal leaned back in his chair. "He'll be sent to Fort Smith, Arkansas, to be tried for your boy's murder. That's headquarters for the law here in the Territory."

"Is there any chance that they will turn him loose?"

"Always the chance, but not likely with so much evidence and his own confession. Anyway, he'll be tried by old Judge Parker—Isaac Parker."

Clarke's face hardened. "They might as well hang him, because if they don't he'll never walk out of that courthouse alive. I'll blow his head off!" The marshal had no doubt that the threat was sincere.

Later that day, Clarke wrote a letter to Judge Isaac C. Parker, Fort Smith, Arkansas. It read in part: "I have just arrested one Bob Massey of Grayson County, Texas, for the murder of my son, Edwin. I placed him in charge of the Fort Sill authorities. He had in his possession my son's gray mare, his pistol with the letter E cut into the handle, and his gear. I came up here, found him, and arrested him one evening, then took him to Cal Suggs' ranch, twenty-five miles from Fort Sill. He admitted to Mr. Suggs that he killed Edwin. If it is needful, Mr. Suggs will come to be a witness. For God's sake, hold Massey until I find all the witnesses, for I have heard that without witnesses you let them go in a few days. I wanted to arrest the party first, then get up the witnesses later. They said they would be sending him to Fort Smith soon. . . ."

After mailing the letter, Clarke rode out for home. Trailing on a lead rein was the silver-gray mare who bore his son's remains. He was being returned to Comanche, Texas, for burial.

IT WAS early winter before word was received that Massey's trial was set for December 5, 1882. True to his word, John Clarke rode up to Fort Smith.

Once under way, the proceedings there moved rapidly. One by one the witnesses placed fact on fact to build an airtight case against the murderer. On completion of the testimony, the jury filed quietly from the room. Only a very short time elapsed before the verdict of guilty was pronounced.

The prisoner, his face an ashen gray, was led before the bench for sentencing. The judge's words cut through the silent courtroom. ". . . I sentence you, Robert Massey, to be hanged by the neck until dead for the murder of one Edwin Clarke of Comanche County, Texas, . . . on or about the first day of March in the year 1882. The date of execution shall be set by this court at a later time." The trial had lasted only six days.

Clarke watched silently as the guards led Massey away. The man had not been out of his sight during any part of the trial. Finally he rose, his battered, black hat clinched in his fist and, with his broad shoulders sagging, walked out of the courthouse. It was a broken, lonely, old man who turned his face toward Texas and home.

On February 1, 1883, at his official sentencing, Robert Massey was sentenced "to be hanged by the neck until dead . . . in the presence of witnesses, between the hours of nine o'clock in the morning and five o'clock in the afternoon on Friday, the thirteenth day of April. . . ." —a rather appropriate date for a man who had brought so much ill luck into the lives of others.

Saint or Devil?

(Continued from page 35)

of the Holy Brotherhood. It is not recorded that the Taos priest ever walked in any of the processions whipping himself but he was in the *moradas* and probably preached to men half-naked and soaked in their own gore. Although genuinely interested in education, Padre Martinez also was not unaware of the power of primitive religion among primitive people.

It was in the religious arena that the priest finally met his match. His downfall began in 1851 with the arrival in New Mexico of Bishop Juan Bautista Lamy. With the bishop came his able lieutenant, Father Joseph P. Macheboeuf, who later became bishop of Colorado. *(Continued on next page)*

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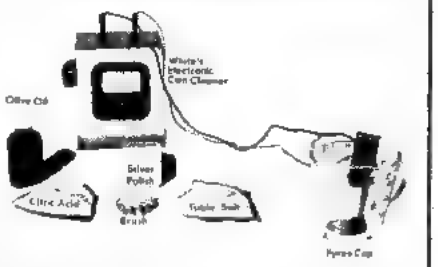

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Bishop Lamy and Father Macheboeuf began building more churches, at the same time removing priests they considered tainted by wine and women. Arizona and Colorado were added to Bishop Lamy's diocese, and in 1875 he was named archbishop. It is Archbishop Lamy who provided the basis for Willa Cather's novel, *Death Comes to the Archbishop*, with her archbishop called Jean Marie Latour and his lieutenant Father Joseph Vaillant.

At first, Bishop Lamy and Padre Martinez seemed to get along, each having a let-live attitude. Differences between the two men were brought to a head by the bishop's exacting of tithes to build the cathedral of St. Francis at Santa Fe. In 1854, Bishop Lamy announced that priests were to exclude from the sacraments all household heads who refused to pay their tithes. On top of that, other members of such families were to pay triple fees for baptisms. Females known to lead immoral lives were to be denied the confessional and communion. Many people fitted into these categories in the sparsely settled and mostly desolate territory.

These people could not pay their tithes and were refused baptism; they lived in concubinage because they could not be married by the church, and families were forced to bury their own in the desert without religious service.

Padre Martinez was much less rigid than the bishop in these matters, although for years he had been exacting his own payments for services rendered. The priest was incensed about any meddling from Santa Fe, and publicly spoke against the bishop's system of tithing.

Another bone of contention may have been $1,000 which Padre Martinez is supposed to have lent Bishop Lamy. The story goes that the bishop was long overdue in paying back the money, so the priest simply took the amount out of church funds being sent to Santa Fe.

TECHNICALLY it was a charge of Padre Martinez's engaging in political activity against a direct order of the bishop which resulted in the public defrocking and excommunication of the Taos priest in 1856. But the bishop's real reason for stripping Padre Martinez of his vestments generally is considered to be the constant breaking of the vow of celibacy.

One explanation which Padre Martinez is supposed to have given for breaking this vow is that celibacy was so contrary to nature that the Church could not reasonably expect a priest to live by it. Another argument which he was said to have used is that a priest cannot understand true repentance and forgiveness without sinning himself.

One of his defenders has written that rumors of Padre Martinez leaving children are unfounded. The explanation is that these children may be descended from his wife's side of the family (her maiden name also was Martinez) or from other men named either Antonio or Jose Martinez.

On the other hand, one of his critics says that Padre Martinez's will mentioned every one of his children, and they were Santiago Valdez, Vicente Luz, and Soledad and Julio Romero. Another writer mentions a harem which Martinez is supposed to have kept for many years, with a woman named Theodora singled out to live with him and to be the mother of several of his children.

Another story goes that one son later became a Presbyterian minister. And even those critical of Padre Martinez's morals agree that his "children" were well-educated and cared for.

Despite the defrocking, indomitable Padre Martinez kept saying Mass and preaching in his own church until his death in 1867 at the age of seventy-four. Whether a saint or a devil, and probably a little of both, the Santa Fe *New Mexican* of August 3, 1867, was willing to give him the full benefit of any doubt:

"The painful intelligence of the death of Padre Antonio Jose Martinez of Taos, was received by Wednesday's mail. He departed this life on the evening of the 27ult at 9 o'clock P.M. and was buried the following day at 10 o'clock A.M. The deceased had lived many years in Taos, and was universally beloved by all who knew him. Taos County has lost one of her most worthy citizens and will sadly lament his loss."

A final ironic note is that Padre Martinez and Kit Carson were both buried at Taos in what later became Kit Carson Cemetery. In 1952, New Mexico purchased the cemetery and nineteen additional acres to establish Kit Carson Memorial Park.

Meat's Meat

(Continued from page 31)

Joe Meek said that in times of starvation "everything was eaten that could be eaten, and many things at which the well-fed man would sicken with disgust. I have held my hands in an ant-hill until they were covered with ants, then greedily licked them off. I have taken the soles off my moccasins, crisped them in the fire, and eaten them. In our extremity, the large black crickets which are found in this country were considered game. We used to take a kettle of hot water, catch the crickets and throw them in, and when they stopped kicking, eat them. That was not what we called . . . good meat . . . but it kept us alive." Another ant eater stated that dried ants and their larvae were worse than poor bull.

Indians of the Salt Lake area pulverized grasshoppers which they mixed with a jam of service-berries and dried in the sun to form a "fruitcake." Those purchasing this cake were strongly prejudiced at first, but it soon wore off. Large grasshoppers with their legs and wings removed were toasted on a stick, while hairless caterpillars, wood-boring beetle larvae, termites and spider bodies were better disguised in a stew.

Rattlesnake was occasionally eaten. One man thought it as good as eel, and others even considered it a delicacy. Today, of course, it is considered a gourmet food.

Nuts being one of the most nutritious of plant foods, many varieties were used, among them hazel, walnut, piñon and acorn.

In the absence of meat, various plant foods were used in an effort to provide enough energy to forage for game. The rosebud was considered neither palatable nor nourishing and little better than nothing; but one starving journalist reports that "I crept to the bushes and after a long search, found two red rosebuds! These I gladly ate, and went by my couch to dream of feasts." The camas root was much prized by the Indians,

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and the yampa, when properly prepared, was nourishing and fairly palatable. Roasted cactus was also eaten but sometimes produced stomach and bowel pains of an extreme nature.

Stems of the young milkweed and of Solomon-seal were found to be excellent either boiled or roasted, with the Solomon-seal said to taste much like parsnips. Water plantain was used for food, as was the root or stem base of bulrush which was eaten either cooked or raw.

Z. Leonard reported his party's "camp kettles had not been greased for some time, as we were continually boiling thistle roots in them during the day." On other occasions there was nothing for supper but nettles and sweet briers, or cakes made of sea grass and weeds.

Fish did not play an important part in the mountain man's provisions, although trout, steelhead, salmon, sturgeon, catfish and various crustaceans were used at times.

William Ashley's Journal (May 28, 1824) records that "during the last two days we have lived on fish we caught with hooks and lines. . . ." Hooks and lines were infrequently mentioned in lists of the mountain man's outfit of "possibles." Joe Meek tells of arriving on the Snake River with a mule which had a sore back. Upon examining the saddle stuffing he found a large brass pin-which was used with a woven horsehair line to catch enough trout to furnish a "hearty and a most delicious repast. In the morning we went on our way rejoicing, each man with the five fishes tied to his saddle, if without any loaves."

Salmon was to the tribes of the Lower Columbia what the buffalo was to their brothers of the Plains. Peter H. Burnett, who later became the first constitutional governor of California, tells of purchasing dried and fresh salmon, giving one ball and one charge of powder for each dried fish. He also reports that while crossing the Snake River "we killed a salmon weighing twenty-three pounds, one of our wagons running over it as it lay on the bottom of the pebbly stream." In addition to dried and fresh salmon, their eggs were also eaten.

Lewis and Clark's crew made a seine of willow brush, catching trout as well as suckers, which they considered by "no means as good as the trout." On Sept. 21, 1805 they killed "a few pheasants, and a prairie wolf together with the balance of our horse, beef and some crawfish . . . made one more hearty meal, not knowing where the next was to be found."

In the absence of anything better, the skins of animals were used in men's desperate efforts to stay alive. Daniel T. Potts wrote that "we were reduced to the sad necessity of eating anything we could catch as our provisions were exhausted and no game to be had, being advanced five hundred miles above the frontiers. . . I have seen some gather the skins of dogs . . . and eat hearty . . . ." Robert Stuart's instructions for preparing beaver skins to eat, was to "singe them well, after which they must be boiled for several hours, then cut into small pieces so as to be fit for bolting or gulping." The Astoria party had a tantalizing supper on their beaver skins, while another party cut off the thicker parts about the head and legs of fresh beaver skins and made a broth.

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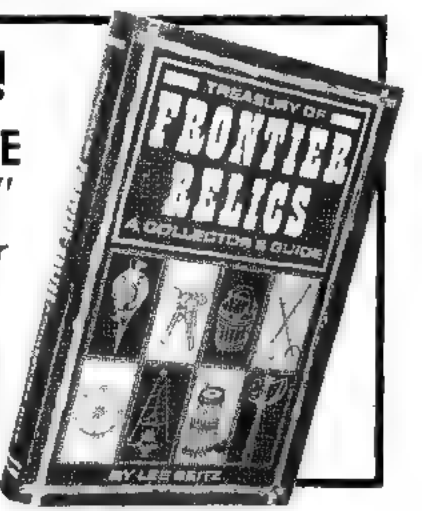

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roasted sheepskin, saddle blankets, boots, belts, knife scabbards, buckskin fringes, gun and ammunition bags, moccasin soles, tug ropes, and rawhide snowshoe strings, were cooked and eaten. One party soaked a bullet pouch in the creek before it was eagerly devoured, while another made rawhide tender by boiling for two days.

Rufus B. Sage came upon an abandoned Indian camp where he and his companions gathered up a few pieces of dry buffalo hide so tough and hard the wolves could not gnaw them. "These, after being boiled some twelve or fourteen hours, afforded us a paltry substitute for something better, but of so glutenous a nature it almost cemented the teeth."

After long periods of hunger the mountain men were so voracious in their appetites, all traces of civilization vanished. They would not wait for meat to cook, eating great quantities raw or nearly raw. Old Bill Williams was said to have eaten and relished the raw legs of a fetal calf. Daniel T. Potts, not having the means for making a fire, lived on raw frogs, snakes and young birds. Buffalo liver flavored with a slight dash of the gall bladder contents, was a delicacy said to be spoiled by cooking.

Mountain men were, at times, reduced to eating undesirable and even decayed scraps of game left by other humans or animals. John Bidwell, en route to California, came into camp late to find his companions had killed and eaten a coyote—"all except the lights and the windpipe, on which I made my breakfast."

Tom Fitzpatrick, whose hair turned white due to his ordeal while unarmed and pursued by Indians, happened upon the remains of a buffalo. "Here I satisfied my appetite by collecting all the meat together and cooking it. From the gluttonous fill which I took of this meat, I was enabled to travel three or four days. . . ."

Members of the disastrous Fremont party found a dead otter on the ice, which they cooked and ate, one man saying, "It was, by long odds, the gamiest I ever attempted to swallow." They also found a dead wolf, with one side and the entrails eaten away, but "divided the skin and roasted it, hair and all, for one meal, drank the meagre broth for another, and then ate the meat and even devoured the bones."

The horse was a common article of food for the mountain man during times of stress, though he hesitated to use it as such, especially in country where replacements were difficult to obtain. Starvation was considered far off as long as their horses remained for they could always fall back on "portable soup." Without their mounts, survival was more precarious.

To Zenas Leonard "it seemed to be the greatest cruelty to take your rifle, when your horse sinks to the ground from starvation but still manifests a desire and willingness to follow you, to shoot him in the head and then cut him up and take such parts of the flesh as extreme hunger alone will render it possible for a human being to eat." His party had lost twenty-four horses, seventeen of which they had eaten to keep from starving to death, as they crossed the mountains into California.

Other journals reflect a uniform reluctance to the use of their animals for food by such phrases as: "reduced to the necessity," "only alternative," "we were obliged," "it seemed like murder," and "it was the only thing that saved us from death."

In the event an animal had to be eaten, it was chosen with deliberation. Lewis and Clark on September 17, 1805 report, "a colt being the most useless part of our stock he fell a prey to our appetites."

Opinions varied as to the value of horse meat. Alexander Rosa, who had much experience in the Northwest fur trade said he had "seen the whites, in a camp teeming with buffalo, fowl, fish, and venison, longing for horse flesh, and even purchasing a horse in order to feast upon it." General George Crook said, "Fat colts are ever so much better eating than beef, though one does not like to see them killed." Kit Carson purchased an old mare which "was killed and eaten by the party with great gusto; even the foal was devoured." Another delicious dish was the foetus of a mare, boiled in its own liquid.

On the other side of the ledger, James O. Pattie observed that "the actual thing without bread or salt was as bad as the anticipation," and Ezekiel Williams once shot a venerable wild horse which was so coarse, strong and indigestible that for several days "they belched up the old stud as strong as ever."

In the trapper's life the mule held the same position of need as that given for the horse.

John C. Fremont wrote of having "an extraordinary dinner—pea soup, mule and dog."

Benjamin Kern noted on December 31, 1848 that two men had "minced boiled mule meat for pies for tomorrow's New Year's treat. . . ." and the next day mentioned the pies had been very good.

In a letter to his brother, Jed Smith wrote, ". . . I pass over the Sandy Plains, in heat of summer, thirsting for water, and am well pleased if I can find a shade, instead of water, where I may cool my overheated body. . . . I go for days without eating, and am pretty well satisfied if I can gather a few roots, a few snails or, much better satisfied if we can afford ourselves a piece of horse flesh, or a fine roasted dog. . . ."

The mountain man made good use of any provisions available showing great resourcefulness in its location and preparation. The simple fact of his survival, by the use of such substitutes, proved valid the old saying that "Meat's Meat."

The Atoka Track

(Continued from page 37)

and equally perilous above it. Except for rustling, robbery, or murder, however, the lawmen of the period seldom threw anyone in the clink, even when they were filled to the gunwales with Choctaw beer, called "choc" for short. Booze-happy miners were allowed to stagger on their merry way, so long as they did not make a nuisance of themselves.

Lehigh, in particular, was a salty town, and it had more than its quota of beak-busting, knife-slashing, and even killing. "Old Lehigh" was located on flat terrain, and in it resided the mining company officials, doctors and lawyers, the school personnel, and the foremost businessmen of the area. Many miners lived in Old Lehigh, too, but to the rank and file it was considered to be the snooty, aristocratic section of town.

ELECTRONIC REPROD

East of Old Lehigh, sprawled out on both sides of what was called the "Hill," were the homes of the majority of miners and of those who operated shops located on that side of the railroad tracks. At various times these business places consisted of eight grocery stores, a meat market and two bakeries, and were individually owned and operated.

The more pretentious business houses were situated in Old Lehigh, of course, and these were many and varied. There was even an opera house where plays were put on, and an Odd Fellows Hall, a frame building which had been moved to Lehigh from the mining community of Savannah. Through the center of the town, in the no-man's land between Old Lehigh and the Hill, were located unpainted company houses, occupied chiefly by Negroes and Mexicans. There were also small clusters of these company houses in the vicinity of Mines #5 and #8.

Just across Brier Creek, north of Lehigh and between Phillips and the stream, were some shady grounds where picnics were held on the 4th of July and other special occasions. Farmers and ranchers came to the picnics with their families in wagons and buckboards, and most of them camped on the grounds until the festivities were over. Here were the sideshows, the balloon ascensions, concessions, pink lemonade and popcorn stands, and where Booger Red and his cowboys performed rope tricks and rode wild bulls and mustangs in a canvas-enclosed arena. Here, too, there once took place a lively fracas between a certain Parke Thompson, a very salty hombre, and Bill Cummings, marshal of Lehigh. Why the men fought was never made clear, but Cummings came out second best.

IT WOULD SEEM that maintaining law and order in such turbulent towns should have been a hefty problem for the lawmen, but such was not the case. In those hectic days law-enforcement officers had more leeway and freedom of action than they do now, and they settled many cases on the spot without recourse to the tedious and costly process of a court, judge, and jury. During early territorial days, the seat of local government for both the whites and the Indians was located at Atoka, nine miles southeast of Lehigh and fourteen from Coalgate, and white peace officers and the tribal police had their headquarters there. Later, when Coalgate became the County Seat of Coal County, the legal and law-enforcement machinery was transferred to that town.

Among the peace officers best remembered were Jesse Phillips, sheriff of Coal County, Bill Cummings, city marshal of Lehigh, and Jim Aslin, a deputy under Phillips. Before becoming a lawman, Phillips was an engineer on the A.A. Route, then being operated by the Katy Railroad, and years later he served in an official capacity at the State Prison in McAlester. Many of the kids of that day who are still alive remember him as "Uncle Jesse," the big, good-natured engine-man who gave them rides in the cab of his locomotive. In the later 1920s Cummings also served as sheriff of Coal County.

One of the best known jurists was Judge Linebaugh, who was paralyzed and obliged to hear all his cases seated in a wheelchair. The most noted of the area lawyers was Maj. Gen. Patrick J. Hurley, who became Secretary of War under President Hoover, Minister to New Zealand in 1942-43, and Ambassador to China in 1944-45.

The most noted shoot-out of the era took place at Coalgate in the early years of 1900. Previously, George England, city marshal of Coalgate, had shot and killed Jim Thompson, a deputy U. S. marshal and England's predecessor as city marshal of the town. Later on, Parke Thompson, a relative of the deceased man, became involved in a gunfight with England in which both were killed. A friend of mine, Albert Fenoglio, now of Topeka, Kansas, lived in Lehigh at the time of the shoot-out, and his description of the affair is as follows:

"I don't remember just how they happened to meet in Coalgate, nor do I remember the exact date, but I'm reasonably sure it was in 1916. When the two men met on the street, England drew a .45 and shouted, 'I want to settle this here and now!' This I remember reading in the Lehigh paper.

"When Thompson realized that he would get nowhere with words, he grabbed England's arm, causing him to toss the .45 out in the street. It was Thompson's intention to pick up the gun, give it back to England, and tell him to calm down and talk things over.

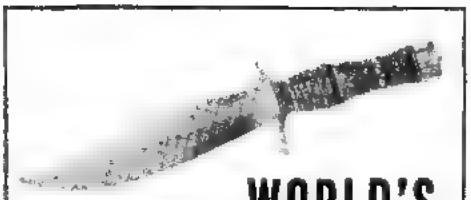
"But as Thompson stooped to pick up the .45, England drew a smaller gun from a pocket and began firing. Thompson then fired the .45 he was picking up, firing low, barely raising the weapon off the street but hitting England. The shooting took place at 11:00 A.M., and England died at 12 noon. Thompson was hit three times, and he died in the hospital at 8:00 P.M. This is the story told by Thompson on his deathbed, according to the Lehigh paper."

Other gun duels took place during the era, but none were as spectacular as that which brought death to Parke Thompson and George England.

SOME of the better known mine foremen of the area were Bill and Ed Veitch, Dick Travel, Jim Kerr, Dutch Pax, and Jack Brown. Pat Malloy was the last super, and Ches Caldwell, Johnny Duncan, Gene Farmer, and John McLaughlin are a few of the boss drivers recalled to mind. Some of the Atoka Track old-timers may disagree, but the cagers, rope-riders, and muleskinners of Mine #8 at Lehigh were considered to be the best in the district. Among the most noted diggers of the area were John Fenoglio, Louis Watteau, Ambrose Chappelle, and George Bolosky.

Not only is the Atoka Track area famous for its coal production and salty towns, but it once was and still is good cattle country, being situated only a few miles from Boggy Depot, Wapanucka, and Olney, towns near which passed the Texas trail herds on their way to the Kansas railheads. South and west of Lehigh was the setting for "Hell and High Water," one of the many fine western novels written by William MacLeod Raine.

Among the area cattlemen were the Calverts, Mentons, and Mayers, and the Mentons and Mayers operated slaughterhouses and meat markets in Lehigh and Coalgate respectively. Cattle, cotton, and corn are still raised in the Atoka Track country, but coal, the black diamond of other days, is no longer mined to any extent, and great quantities of it lie untouched deep below the surface of the ground.



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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

This was the Salvation Army that in World War I served American boys in the trenches in France with hot coffee and doughnuts.

Without a Star, a Coronet or Garter,
Kind hearts are more than Coronets,
And simple faith more than
Norman Blood.

This, too, was a part of the American West.—B. H. Mallory, 3 Michell Place, Glen Ridge, New Jersey, 07028.

Dear Editor:

Sooner or later I get around to reading your magazine. That is, after my husband, brother and three of my children get through with it. I was, as always, thrilled with the various interesting characters and episodes covered in your November-December issue.

But one in particular really rocked me, "This One's on the House, Boys!" One paragraph which reads, "The first church services in Hays City, Kansas, were conducted by Reverend Leonard Bell in Tommy Drum's Saloon," interested me tremendously, inasmuch as I was born in Hays, Kansas, lived there for twenty-seven years, and my father's name is Leonard Bell.

After discussing this with my mother and other members of the family, I wrote to my father, who is in a California hospital. Herewith is his answer which I think you will find interesting:

"Dear Neva and Milt:

"The paragraph you had marked was about your great-grandfather. I remember my dad telling about the incident.

"Tommy Drum's Saloon was the worst and most notorious. The way my dad told it to me, Grandfather Bell walked into the saloon on a Sunday morning, climbed up on the bar, hollered for attention and proceeded to give those drunken bums the kind of hellfire and damnation sermon that they enjoyed hearing. As I remember hearing about it, they were completely silent and then gave him a big cheer when he had finished.

"Grandfather Bell moved his family from Pennsylvania to Hays in the early 1800s. He homesteaded a farm one mile east of Hays, on the road to Victoria. The last time I went that way, the old farmhouse was still standing. I could tell you many a story about the early days in Hays, as it was still wild and woolly when I was a youngster, but I had better stop now as I'm growing a bit tired.—Love, Dad."

So, my great-grandfather was that same minister who preached in Tommy Drum's Saloon. I might add, my brother, Leonard Bell, is the fourth consecutive generation, and is living here in Aurora, Colorado, just four houses down from me.

We will continue to read your magazine because even though the articles may not be as personal, I'm sure they will be every bit as exciting.—Neva Bell Haerich, 1033 Jamaica Court, Aurora, Colorado 80010.

An Indian legend is connected with the shadow of a face on this mountain near Dayton, Washington.

Face on the Hill

Dear Mr. Small:

I am enclosing a photograph of the shadow of a face which appears on the cliffs of the Touchet River about four miles south of Dayton, Washington. It is said the face is that of an Indian brave who rode off the high cliff at the left of the picture into the river 1,800 feet below after losing his loved one, a comely Nez Percé maiden. During the long days of midsummer he returns to haunt the hills where he met death.—Levi Ankeny, Dayton, Washington.

Mysterious Outpost

Dear Hosstail:

Anybody know about the old forts in West Texas? My hunting partner, A. T. Evans, his wife and my wife drove down to an old historic site on the Pecos River known as Horsehead Crossing. While we were scouting around for clues at the old crossing a Piper Cub airplane made a few passes over us and looked us over. The pilot brought the little plane into line with the road and set it down. He was John Dittmer of Midland, Texas, and he had his family with him. He invited me and A. T. Evans to go up with him and look the river over from topside.

We climbed into the plane along with A. T.'s son, Gary, and took to the clear West Texas skies. About two minutes later Gary looked down into the desolate country below and yelled, "I see a house down there." Mr. Dittmer banked the plane and made another pass over the location. Sure enough, down below we could make out the outline of a fort-like building with delapidated walls. On closer inspection we could see into the darkened top of an old cistern located nearby.

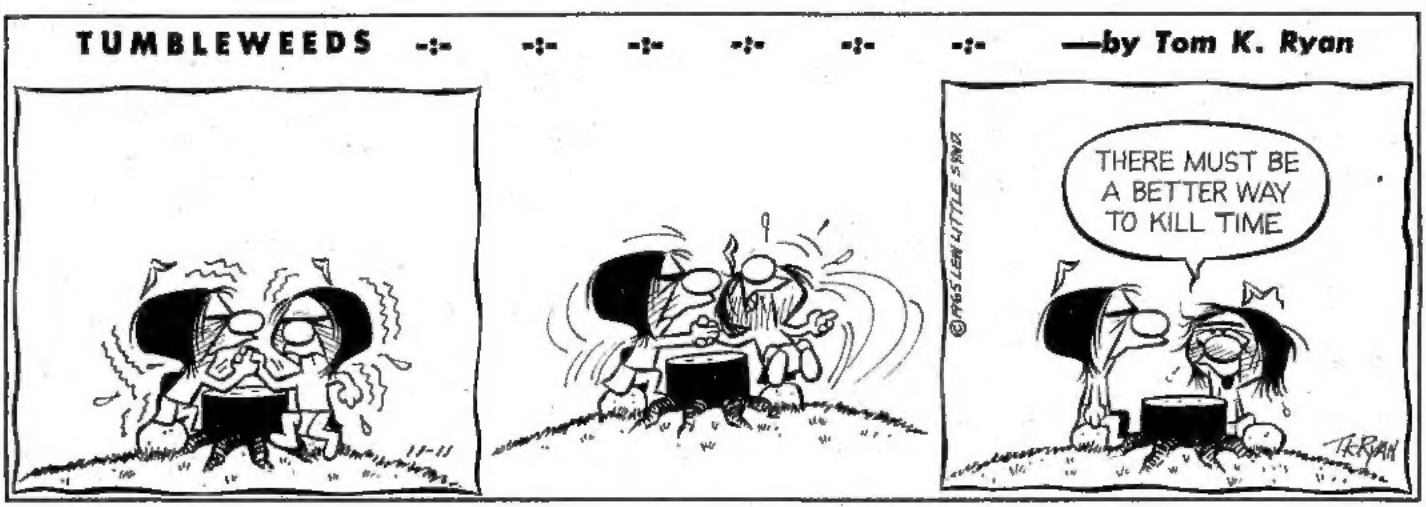
With our hearts jumping with joy we headed back to the makeshift landing strip and landed. Our next move was to locate the old fort via ground travel. We loaded A. T.'s paddle boat into a pick-up and drove upstream a couple of miles and put it into the Pecos River. Another two miles of hard paddling and we were still not at the location. We put Mr. Dittmer and Harry Goddard across the river and they hiked upstream another mile and found the "fort" about a hundred yards east of the river. Inside the cistern was carved the date "1883." A few old bullets were picked up around the location, but as the sun was setting we had to hit the river and start our voyage back downstream to camp.

Does anyone have information on this fort-like structure? It is located on the east bank of the Pecos River about four miles upstream from Horsehead Crossing where the Butterfield Stage Line ran. A time-station was located at the crossing as well as a stage stop to the east in the heart of a Castle Gap Mountain. I have checked with the historical society, the local library and old-timers and no one seems to know of this particular building. Perhaps a reader of Western Publications may be able to shed some light on it.—Harley Smith, Box 6018, Odessa, Texas 79760.

Needs Help with Almanac

Dear Mr. Small:

Thank you very much for three wonderful magazines. If I may, could I ask for some help from your readers? I am collecting material for a book on how people in the West lived—what they ate, clothing they wore, etc. Right now I am trying to find someone who can read the Almanac like my grandmother could. She could tell just when to plant her crops, when to bottle- and diaper-break a child without any trouble. She went by signs. I have two Almanacs before me now and still can't understand how she did it.—S. A. Neal, Route 1, Box 346B, Prosser, Washington 99350.



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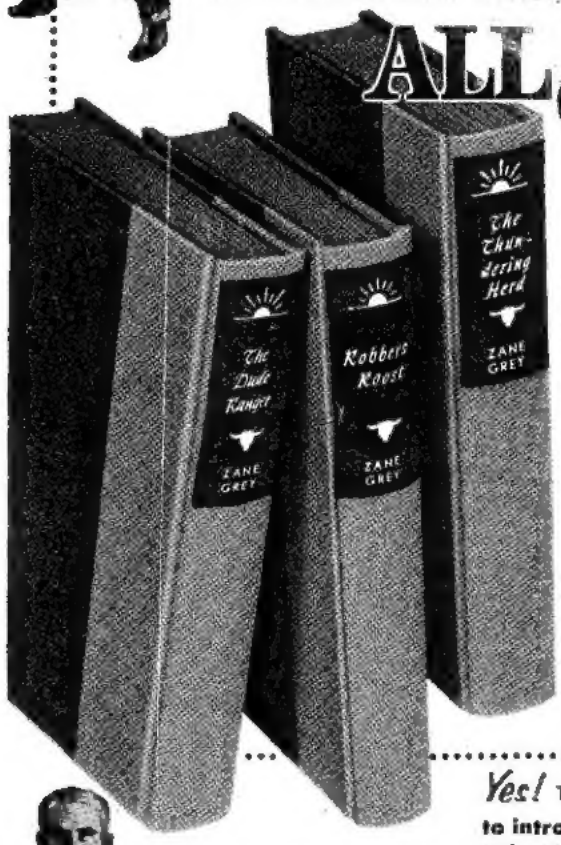

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